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THE POLITICAL STATE OF ENGLAND AND EUROPE.

SINCE we last addressed our country, an event of the most extraordinary rank has been completed, pregnant with the most formidable prospects to Europe, and involving the first interests of the British empire in the most anxious and menacing perplexity. The Turkish empire has been broken down to its foundations. The direct results of this tremendous revolution are the immediate hazard of that balance of power which the ablest minds have deemed necessary to the general peace of nations; the seizure of the highest European influence by an empire essentially warlike, ambitious, and devoted to territorial aggrandizement; and the corresponding fall of England from that highest rank, casting down with her the principles of peace, public justice, and the enlightened self-interest of the civilized world.

This is the primary evil of the success of Russia; and none can be greater. The world must, from this time forth, prepare for war. The overthrow of Napoleon had given Europe the prospect of times when the invention of man might be turned from mutual undoing to mutual good; to a noble rivalry in the arts of peace; to literature, commerce, the cultivation of the human race and the human understanding, in those vast, outlying portions of the world which had till now been the empire of the lion and the serpent; the magnificent increase of human happiness by the secrets and opulence of the earth; the wringing from stubborn nature, by the grasp of mechanical and philosophical discovery, that sceptre whose possession makes man only a little lower than the angels. But all this must be, for the time henceforth, at an end. No government, from this hour, can feel secure in throwing its strength into that gentle but noble emulation which covers its field with the harvest of national industry and virtue. It must treasure its resources for another field. No man can send his glance into the future without finding it obstructed by the clouds of a fierce and general hostility, the rising clouds of blood and conflagration. A power has started up in the midst of the richest pros-

pects of peace, that throws a shadow to the furthest horizon; that threatens to eclipse every kingdom, by the mere course of nature, as its shadow sweeps round; and compels every friend of the independence of nations to look upon every addition to its height with an ominous feeling of dismay.

It is idle to ask at what time those results will be realized? a year, a dozen years, are a moment in the history of nations. It would scarcely relieve our alarm, if we were to be told that they would not be visited on our country till we were in that slumber which the rise and fall of empires would disturb in vain. It is enough for the patriot and the christian to know, that such things will be; he feels no relief in the chance of personal escape from the shock that covers his grave with the ruins of all that he was bound in life to honour and to love; he weeps for his country; he bleeds with every wound of his children.

But the progress of Russia has been hitherto of such swiftness, that the consummation may outstrip even the step of mortality. Within half a century she has possessed herself of dominions half the size of Europe. She has tripled her population, and with an invincible security in her deserts, her climate and her population, she has advanced on every frontier into the finest territories of the Asiatic and European world. In the north, the Russian standard waves from the Baltic to the sea of Japan; in the west it sweeps Poland; in the east the Persian empire hourly shrinks before it; and now in the south it has been planted at the gates of Constantinople. And will it stop there?—The policy which might determine an European power to peace, has never been the policy of Russia. Always to conquer, and add territory to territory, has been her maxim. It has been imposed upon her government by the habits of her people, and the nature of their soil. The Russian is of the Tartar blood: the old spirit of rapine, the love of seeking a more propitious climate, the passion for the fierce delights and lavish luxuries of military triumph, the "*gloria cruenta luxusque pugnae*" have been the incentives of his ancestors to rove from the wall of China to the furthest limits of Greece and Italy; and the same barbarian impulse which rolled the tide of the Hun and the Calmuck on Athens and Rome, will urge the subjects of the Czar down, tribe after tribe, upon the opulent cities and rich landscape of the southern world. There was still one grand obstacle: the Ottoman lay in the way, like the dragon of the Hesperides, a power whose resistance was less to be measured by its actual strength, than by its fierceness. Its force was in its vigilance and its venom; there it lay, a startling but brilliant combination of subtlety, splendour and poison, repulsive to every feeling of man, but sustained for its fierce, untameable guardianship of what every nation felt to be the secret of human supremacy.

This guardianship is at an end. The Mediterranean is open to Russia; the single impediment to an ambition as boundless as the earth, and as devouring as the grave, has been broken away; and that it has been thus broken is the exclusive crime, as it must speedily be the condign punishment, of England.

We utterly disdain the imputation of canting, or bringing religion into affairs with which it may have no concern; when we pronounce on our most solemn conviction, that this crime is the almost direct consequence of another crime, whose deep offence has scarcely passed the lips of the English legislature,—the annulling of our covenant with God as a Protestant people.



During the whole period of the late discussions on the Popish question, the Protestant writers of England resisted it on one especial ground: professing, and with the truest sincerity, their desire that every man should be free to keep his belief as he liked; and, deprecating all restraints upon conscience, they yet insisted on the unquestionable fact, that the constitution of England, the glorious constitution which had given irresistible pledges of its excellence in the unequalled prosperity, freedom, and Christian knowledge of the empire—was essentially Protestant. They showed that the fullest toleration of the rights of private opinion, did not imply the admission of the tolerated into the power of doing evil to those by whom the toleration was given; that the Roman Catholic was, by the open tenets of his creed, under a bond to overthrow the Protestant; that the introduction of Roman Catholic influence into the legislature, must instantly dethrone England, as protectress of Protestantism throughout Europe; that the pretext of reconciling popery by submission to its menaces, was as absurd, as the hope of reducing its antipathy to Protestantism by increasing its power of evil; finally, and most urgent of all, that by seating the superstition of blood and idolatry in the temple beside the religion of the Gospel, we attempted to make a worldly and impious contract of evil and good—and offering a direct offence to religion, we broke our solemn national covenant with that mighty Being in the hollow of whose hand we had been sustained through long ages of triumph and matchless prosperity.

At the period when the discussion had approached its height, some papers were published, proving from the unanswerable facts of English history, that from the day of the establishment of Protestantism in this country, in the reign of Elizabeth, down to the close of the French war in 1815, the connexion of Protestant principles in the government with national success had been uniform, had been actually unbroken in a single instance; and that the connexion of a popish tendency in the government with national misfortune, had been so constant and palpable, that it less looked like a result of human action, than an open and irresistible promulgation of the will of Providence.

We shall now see, whether even in the few years that have elapsed, the same promulgation, the unanswerable promulgation by great national facts of good and evil, has not been made.

The year 1815 completed the overthrow of Napoleon and the deliverance of Europe from the yoke of France. England was the great leader in this glorious achievement, and the close of the war placed her incontestably at the head of Europe. Yet, humanly speaking, nothing could be more extraordinary than this distinction. England, essentially a naval power, had suddenly, and for the first time within a century, become a great military power; and had, from the beginning of this new trial of her strength, been committed against the most practised and resistless sovereign of Europe, whose strength was wholly military, at once practised by continual experience, and flushed by continual conquest. With an army not amounting to a fourth of that enemy's force, she fought him out, and finally destroyed him with a completeness of destruction unequalled in European war. With a territory not equal to a fragment of the chief continental kingdoms, she virtually ruled the Continent; and in the midst of domestic sacrifices and efforts that would have pauperised all Europe besides, in the payment of enormous sums of money to enable the struggling empires to defend themselves,

and in all the commercial and territorial pressures of a war which extended through the world, and required the expenditure of her strength from the poles to the equator, England grew in territory and in opulence. In the very uproar of war she was foremost in the arts of peace. She bore a charmed life; in the general conflict which covered the earth with the havoc and spoils of the mightiest nations, she moved in the front of the encounter without a wound; during twenty-five years of the fiercest war that the world had ever seen, when the fall of thrones had become a casualty that scarcely excited a passing wonder, England, protected by the hand that turns away the arrow and extinguishes the pestilence, never suffered a single memorable reverse in arms.

It is not to be forgotten that this extraordinary succession of triumphs was sustained by but few of the ordinary means of national supremacy. The British cabinet was at no time more destitute of men of commanding ability. There was no Chatham, with his powerful sagacity, his eloquence, and his promptitude; no Pitt, with his practised wisdom and lofty possession of the national homage. The age of great statesmen had passed away. And with our deepest respect for the abilities of the men who followed them, it would be idle to enroll the names of Percival, Castlereagh, and Liverpool, in the record with the Burkes and Pitts of England. But they possessed an ability without which the loftiest genius might have been worse than useless. They honoured the Protestant principles of the British Constitution. Avoiding all offence to the consciences of men, and using the language and spirit of the truest toleration, they would have looked with the sternest hostility on any attempt to pollute the legislature by the influence of popery. Their decision on this point is unquestionable. The alleged declarations of Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh on the Catholic bill, never amounted to more than the *possibility* of admitting the Catholics to a share in the government, when they should have dissolved their unconstitutional connexion with a foreign priest and sovereign, and given satisfactory pledges of their acknowledgment of Protestantism as the religion of the people, and the principle of the state. Those conditions were essential to the public safety; but they were notoriously incompatible with the superstitions of Rome, with the hatred of Popery to the great Protestant government of England, and with the determination born in every Popish heart, and strengthened by every practice of his guilty church to look upon Protestantism as a heresy, the Protestant as a traitor to Rome, the Protestant church as a prey and a victim, and the weapons of the rack and the flame, the hideous instruments of blood and fire, as the legitimate means of bringing back the Protestant population throughout the world to their old prostration of soul and body before Rome.

The condition was equivalent to a denial of the possibility. Those noble persons might as well have asked the Papist to abjure the worship of stocks and stones, to declare the doctrine of absolution for murder and treason at a set price an insult to common sense and public safety, or the denial of the Scriptures to the people a criminal contempt of the direct command of Heaven that the Scriptures should be the property of all mankind. Pledges to the security of Protestantism were incompatible with the whole system of Popery. The mere demand of pledges was but another form of complete refusal. And this, the example of their successors has shown beyond all misconception. The "Atrocious Bill" scoffs at securities.

For nearly fifteen years from the accession of the Protestant ministry under Mr. Percival in 1807, the course of government was strictly opposed to the Popish demands. The question was urged every year, and every year the answer was the same: "The British constitution excludes no man, whose presence in the legislature is compatible with the public safety. Let the Papist give the pledges essential to the public safety, and let him enter like the rest. If his religion refuses those pledges, he must not be suffered to enter and do evil."

The prosperity of England during this period makes the most brilliant period of her history. In the period from 1815, the pressures arising from the gigantic public expenditure, and the natural revulsions of a state of universal peace instantly succeeding a state of universal war, tried the substantial vigour of the country. It was found still salient, indefatigable, creative. New sources of commerce rapidly supplied the failure of the old; the partial alarms of the manufacturers were exchanged for a conviction that the triumph of British Commerce was about to establish itself upon a more magnificent scale of supremacy than even the prowess of the British sword. Our ships rushed to every shore; the most secluded corners of the earth were laid open by the sagacious intrepidity of British enterprize; and commerce almost lost its name in the new grandeur and lofty ambition of an intercourse which united the ends of the world, founded great civilized communities in the wilderness, poured the knowledge, the arts, and the religion of Europe, on the desolate and darkened savage, and laid the foundation of that boundless and hallowed edifice, in which a more glorious day shall yet see joined the whole scattered family of man.

But in 1823 a new influence was brought into the government. The death of Lord Castlereagh opened the cabinet to Mr. Canning, and for the first time since the day of triumph, a spirit of Popery was felt in the public councils. Its result was instantly felt in the check of public prosperity.

It is remarkable that at the precise period of Mr. Canning's accession to the cabinet, the prosperity of the empire had attained a singular height. The distresses of war, and the exhaustions of the first years of peace had been obliterated. The country was pronounced on all hands to enjoy the most vigorous resources, with prospects of their increase almost too dazzling for the sober views of statesmen and philosophers. Undoubtedly never in the memory of man was the public consciousness of national wealth, successful enterprize, and enduring energy, so universal. The difficulty seemed to be, how to discover new conduits for this overflowing opulence. And we are to recollect that this was not the language of mere enthusiasts or ingenious speculators, but of our public men, of our statistical writers, of every man who had eyes to look round him, and a tongue to express his surprise and congratulation. Canals were dug; manufactories erected; immense tracts of land brought into sudden cultivation; the command of that colossal instrument of sovereignty over the rude force of the earth, Steam, that sets at nought the winds and the waves, that searches the bowels of the earth, that levels the mountain and uplifts the valley, that gives at once preternatural speed, and preternatural strength, that can weave the finest texture of the loom, and build a pyramid, was pre-eminently ours, and was hourly increasing in its superb applicabilities to the uses of man. A new era was pronounced to be opening upon the human race, and England was



to be the opener of the golden gates of this magnificent futurity. Those feelings were justified, for the prosperity of England *was* magnificent in those days; the prospect *was* boundless; and standing at the head of Europe in military renown and in political influence, she possessed within her own dominions, a freedom, a spirit, and a knowledge, the true substance of a grandeur, which would have disdained a rival in the circuit of the globe.

We ask no man to take this picture from our colouring; let him look to the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1825, and discover there language more expressive and exulting than we have ventured to use. Now let him mark the moral.

In 1825, Mr. Canning, after long coquetting with the papists, suffered their question to be brought forward with a strong alliance in the cabinet. It was rumoured that even Lord Liverpool was prepared to betray the cause that he had so long and so unhesitatingly upheld. The rumour was so strong that he found himself, immediately before the debate, constrained to take the humiliating step of defending his character in the newspapers. But without impeaching the memory of a nobleman, who had long exerted such ability as nature had given him, for the public good, it is painfully true, that he had, for the last three years, suffered Mr. Canning to gain an ascendancy over his declining intellect, which left him scarcely a free agent. Unhappily, to Lord Liverpool, as to all men bred in the routine of office, the possibility of existing *out* of place seemed utterly Utopian. Place had given him rank: it had given him influence. He had been from his boyhood an aspirant through the gradations of the ministry: now an under secretary of the Foreign department, now of the Home; now sitting at the Admiralty, now auditing accounts at the Treasury; his whole life had been a transit from one desk to another, a signing of dockets for his quarter's salary, a succession of memorials to get a better thing than the last, and a regular deposit of the public pay in his escrutoir. Lord Liverpool, during many a long year, received for his services the ample remuneration of thirteen thousand pounds sterling, paid with quarterly punctuality. He loved money, and died, leaving an addition of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds of public money to a paternal fortune, every shilling of which was made in precisely the same way. He loved place, and he held it until it was torn from him by the grasp of an incurable and most melancholy disease. To this man the idea of quitting office was like the idea of quitting existence. Power, patronage, money, every thing was included in the name, and to office he clung, long after the drooping frame and the lack-lustre eye told every stranger that his years were numbered.

We can have no anger with the memory of this decorous but feeble statesman. But we owe to Lord Liverpool's love of office the "Atrocious Bill." To secure himself in place, he suffered the cabinet to be possessed by men, whose value for Protestantism was like their value for all other forms of belief. *Liberalism* was found to be no disqualification, where it secured votes for the Treasury bench. A *divided cabinet* was formed—the ministry of England was authorized to have two opinions, whether the Protestant religion should, or should not, be polluted by the presence of popery in the Legislature?—A question, as vital as whether a man should, or should not, drink poison, was, by compact, left to be settled by the several consciences of the cabinet; and of this fatal compromise, this first taint of the ulcer that will yet eat to the heart of the

Constitution, Lord Liverpool was the patient witness, if not the unhappy perpetrator.

The Catholic question, thus promoted by the negative resistance of Lord Liverpool, by the affected neutrality of Mr. Canning, and the increased activity of the pro-popish members of the ministry, perfectly well acquainted with the true state of their leaders' bosoms, made an instant advance. The debate was less a discussion than a decision, less a trial of opinions than a triumph of resistless and ostentatious superiority. The motion was feebly opposed by men struggling under the dispiriting consciousness that there was treachery where they looked for faith, and hollowness where they had calculated upon established honour. It was daringly and contemptuously urged by the combined force of the Ministerial party, the Democratical party, and that whole loose crowd who float up and down the stream with every turn of the tide, and are incapable of any thought higher than how to keep themselves buoyant, the question was carried by an unusual majority. But the degree of the success was to be still more measured by the unequivocal knowledge that the cabinet was only waiting to capitulate, that the decency of resistance was only to be kept up for a season, and that the commandant of the garrison had in his hand the white flag ready to be unfurled on the walls.

Now, let us turn from Man ! Within three months from the exulting speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the prosperity of the Empire received the most tremendous blow in human experience. The blow was not inflicted in any of those parts of public strength which might seem peculiarly exposed to the chances of public evil. It was no loss of a fleet by storms or the enemy, no havoc of our population by pestilence, no waste of the fruits of the soil by the inclemency of the skies. It struck us in that portion of our national vigour on which we had raised our highest hopes, and of whose permanence and resource we had no more doubt, three months before, than we had of the foundations of the Island. The blow fell on our wealth, and fell with the force of a thunderbolt. Before December of that year, the whole country was convulsed from side to side, credit was a dream, the most opulent and flourishing establishments sank as if they had been swallowed up by an earthquake; no man could trust his fellow; national bankruptcy stared us in the face; rich men lay down on their pillows at night, to awake beggars in the morning. The shock spread its skirts through all nations wherever an English connexion existed; and, when the first ruin had ceased to fall upon ourselves, we heard the successive sounds of English overthrow echoed from all the regions of the world.

The arguer will only deceive himself, who shall attempt to answer this, by looking for its causes in the rapacity of commercial avarice, in extravagant foreign speculations, or in the imposture of Joint-Stock Companies. For all ends there are means, and the ruin to be wrought by human hands must be impelled by human motives. But the true question is, by what influence was a whole experienced and singularly sagacious commercial people plunged into this madness of speculation? How was the wisdom of the wise baffled, and the sanguineness of spendthrifts, and the weakness of children, suffered to displace the habitual caution of men, furnished with the experience of a life of public dealing? Why was their wealth, the god of so fond and eager an idolatry, risked on ventures, whose giddiness was palpable, and was even

publicly proclaimed and denounced by the tribunals? It is a subject of minor curiosity, that to this hour the "panic of 1825" is a problem; that no man has been able to give a satisfactory account of its immediate cause; and that while every arguer has his theory, the impulse that hurried a whole empire to the very edge of the gulph of bankruptcy is as unaccountable as ever.

The South Sea bubble is the only similar event in our financial history; but it dwindles down beside the gigantic mischief of the "panic." It was the giddiness of our financial boyhood; the loss was confined to comparatively a few individuals; the sum thrown away was trifling; the injury to public credit was scarcely felt beyond the moment; and the financial system actually seemed to have derived vigour from its accidental contact with the ground. But the catastrophe of 1825 was the work of our maturity: the chastisement was, like the frenzy, universal; it cast millions of wealth like dust into the air; the effects of the visitation are still felt through the depths of the land; the Egyptian plague of darkness and fatuity that covered the people, has left the atmosphere lowering, and the countenances of men distempered, to this hour.

In this argument we assume nothing. We allow the whole impression of popular feelings, popular follies, and human casualties; we know of what a strange and desultory creation are the vapours that from time to time arise and blot out the national day; but it is only reason to believe, that even the shifting and mingled nature of public affairs has a loftier guide. The vapours are not suffered to gather into thunder clouds and fling out their fires, with capricious vengeance; there is a Hand that brandishes those fires, a Voice that marshals the rude elements and agencies of mortal things, and a Wrath that compels Chance to shape itself into the minister of the Supreme Justice and Wisdom.

We disclaim the idle and presumptuous idea of measuring the motives of Providence, or of pursuing it into the minute details of human or national conduct. We only, and it is in humility, attempt to trace the connexion between its declared will, and its conduct of those larger transactions which from time to time give a new character of good or ill to nations. The wind bloweth where it listeth: but if we refuse to know its direction, we throw away a knowledge which was intended for the safety of the vessel.

From the first infusion of popish principles into the cabinet under Mr. Canning, we feel that perplexity was brought into the State. We have not space here to follow the illustration through its details. But it is notorious that our political supremacy then first began to totter. Extravagant declamations in the senate—so peculiarly menacing to the repose of Europe, that the minister was compelled to the humiliating necessity of retracting them in print, while they were yet tingling in the ears of his astonished auditory—romantic speculations of conquest and influence that more exhibited the colour of a schoolboy's fancy, tinged with classic visions, than the grave judgment of a statesman's mind—unnatural rejections of the old and trusted friends of the State, and equally unnatural advances to its old and ostentatious assailants, shewed that a new era had come, in which every lover of his country must be prepared to see new hazards to the dignity and stability of the empire.

The moral death of Lord Liverpool soon placed Mr. Canning in undisputed power. He bore the Catholic question along with him; yet at every



step he found it a heavier burthen: and none of its long succession of bearers would have more gladly flung down a weight which disqualified him from every hope of carrying with him the true affections of the country. But the curse of his education was upon him. He had, like his predecessor, been the Child of Office; from his public infancy, he had breathed only the atmosphere of Downing-street. To leave the circle of clerks, and the sallow and hungry visages of preferment hunters, to get out of the perpetual croak of the whole vulture tribe that make their daily meal of the national bowels, would have been to him like leaving the world. His was not the mould that can oppose the resistance of a virtuous fortitude to old inclination. The cravings of an appetite pampered for twenty years at the table of the public, were not to be hushed by the meagre regimen of popular respect, or of an approving conscience. He must have power. Its sole tenure was a coalition with an Opposition, which had sunk from one grade of popular scorn to another, and which brought, as its marriage portion, the alarm and the contempt of the whole intelligent community. But it was powerful in votes. The boroughs had worked well for those clamorous advocates of popular rights, and the Old Sarum and Westbury system enabled him to laugh at the remonstrances of England. When London cried out, Knaresborough answered, and silenced the presumptuous appeal. When Yorkshire demanded justice, the might of Sandwich was set in array against her, and she was driven to an ignominious retreat. The alliance of Mr. Tierney, the member for two individuals, or of Mr. Abercromby, the member for one, was, on the simplest ministerial calculation, a tenfold equivalent for the wrath and aversion of an empire.

But the condition of "lending their sanction," of suffering the "*clarum et venerabile nomen*," that had flourished on all the sign-posts of radicalism, to be blazoned in the front of the Treasury bench, was the Catholic question. It is nothing to the purpose, that in this intrigue radicalism exhibited its habitual baseness, that it compromised its pledges to the rabble, while it trafficked with the minister, and that it equally compromised its pledges with the minister, to keep up its interest with the ragged majesty of Palace-yard. To the minister it ostensibly gave permission to declare, that it would not force the Catholic question; to the rabble, it renewed its strongest declarations of revoking the Test Act, of carrying the Catholic question, and by a consequence familiar to the mind of faction, of warring upon the Establishment. The purpose was to defraud both; to seize power, first in conjunction with the minister, then to sicken him of his colleagues, and seize it alone; finally, to perform or violate every promise merely with reference to its sustaining them in the office, to which through the day and the dark, through the revolutionary storm and the shoals and windings of domestic faction, their bark had steered for thirty weary years. But they were not yet to have the grand consummation within their hands. They were to be vexed by finding that their business was confined to partial mischief; and that not being yet empowered to overthrow a kingdom, they were to look for their penurious consolation in tainting and corrupting, by their mere touch, the reputation of a minister. Mr. Canning died. Let the earth that covers him, cover his faults! The dead can give no further lesson, and they must be no further pursued for a public example. But before his death, he did one

deed which will fix his name at a memorable height among the rash guides of empire. This act was the treaty of London!

Since the first hour when human council was made the jest of mankind, diplomatic folly never produced such a treaty. If there was one principle more solemnly engraven than another on the great political record of England, it was the protection of the Porte. If there was one power on earth whose aggrandisement threatened to press with fatal weight against the interests of England, it was Russia. Yet, by the hand of an English minister, a bond was entered into, binding us to the cause of Russia, and against the Porte. The motives to this suicidal act are still inconceivable. The earliest declarations of that great man, in whose school the minister was trained—that Gamaliel, at whose feet the young disciple imbibed submissive knowledge, and whose panegyric was perpetually on his lips—were, that Russia must not be suffered to overwhelm a power, not less the ancient ally of England, than the solitary obstacle to an ambition which knew no bounds but the length of the spear. Mr. Pitt had thought it worth the while of England to disturb her peace, and rouse her whole slumbering strength, to resist the seizure of a petty fortress on the obscure shore of an inhospitable sea. The British fleet was ordered for the defence of Oczakow, when Russia was still a barbarian, almost hidden in the wilderness. It was with Russia, invested in the double pomps of European and Asiatic empire, with the mace in her hand which had smote down Poland and Persia, with enormous and highly-practised military means, excited to their full development by the exultation of recent victory over the greatest master of the art of war since Cæsar, that the English minister now found it safe to connect the fortunes of his country. The beginnings of Russian strength alone were the object of fear; the full growth of its vigour and the open display of its ambition extinguished the danger, and justified the whole rapture of ministerial confidence. If this monstrous perversion of every maxim of policy had been exhibited in any other country of Europe, we must have inquired for its grounds among the baser temptations of our nature. In England we must rest with the single word, *infatuation*! Such was the dying gift of the pro-papist minister to his Protestant country.

Lord Goderich's cabinet followed, as if only to show how ridiculous the highest employments of public life might be made, by falling into ridiculous hands. The robe of office never hung so lank upon the human understanding before. The highways and hedges had been swept to bring in guests to the ministerial banquet, until even political pauperism was ashamed of its associates. The public laughed, in bitterness, at this practical burlesque of a system which they hated. Every absurdity of the past cabinet was represented in the present, divested of the speciousness that had been thrown round it by the wit and eloquence of Canning. The whole was unrelieved dulness; the only variety was from blunder to blunder. The unfortunate minister found the only fruit of his elevation in the more palpable exposure of his deficiencies. His measures were taken out of his hands, and tossed to and fro among the parties of both Houses, for their mutual diversion. Finally, his cabinet was broken up by a pretended quarrel between two Clerks; his own supremacy was foundered by a parliamentary sneer; and he was stripped of office while he was on the road between London and Windsor, inquiring whether he was or was not minister?

But the remarkable feature of all those transactions is the perpetual presence of the Catholic question. It would be idle to suppose that the successive ministers were led to it by any personal affection; they all felt it an incumbrance; they all would have rejoiced to fling it off; but there it sat upon their shoulders; the old dwarf in the Arabian tale was not more hateful or inseparable from his unfortunate bearer. This was their calamity. But to have adopted the evil; to have made their use of it on all occasions, when it could be turned to the most paltry personal object; to have inflicted the whole clinging mischief on their country for the sake of the miserable distinctions of office, was their crime.

We have said, that every advance of this guilty question was felt in the increase of public embarrassment; and the maxim is so true, that on looking at its state in any peculiar period, we might at once calculate on the state of public good or evil. From the time when, under Lord Liverpool's decaying faculties, and Mr. Canning's ascending ambition, the popish interest began to gain strength, we were assailed by a new enemy, in the shape of visionary theories of commerce. The principles of political economy—a science which has hitherto only filled the brains of charlatans, and drained the purses of fools—a collection of rambling and conflicting dogmas, worthy only of the school of confusion and revolutionary rashness from which they rose, were adopted into the settled wisdom of English finance and trade. The propagation of those principles in the cabinet was the gift of the same minister who had shrunk from a Pitt dinner, through fear of bringing a shade on his allegiance to popery; and the man appointed to propagate them was the bosom friend of that minister. No missionary of discord could have been more fully furnished for his task.

Mr. Huskisson had drank his economic lore from no secondary source; he had not been condemned to swallow the raw theories of commercial change from the receptacles of the Northern Athens, nor coldly sip them from the spiritless stores of the itinerant dealers in vapid paradox. He had stood by the parent stream; he had seen it when it poured its tide of poison and blood fresh and full through the centre of the great republic; he had heard the shouts of living Jacobinism over its borders; and followed it with young, enthusiast eye, as it dashed along, overthrowing and engulfing the old establishments of France and Europe.

The Free-trade system was tried—its instant result was the confusion and misery of the whole commerce of England. The explosion from the mouth of the cannon does not follow the touch of the trigger sooner than the expeditious mischief of our national trade was let loose from the hand of this accomplished theory. Turgot and Condorcet might have envied the brilliant application of their principles. Fifteen thousand weavers in the single district of Spitalfields, imputing their starvation to the Free-trade school; capital to the amount of millions, lost or stagnant; manufactories, by the hundred, suddenly closed; the sea-ports clogged with unfreighted ships; bitter misery or furious indignation sending up their voices, without number, from every quarter of the empire, were the sinister signs of that epoch which had figured so showily in the right honourable economist's dreams.

Of course we impute no intentional evil to Mr. Huskisson; we believe him even to have been utterly destitute of all suspicion that such consequences could have followed. We acquit him of all conscious crimi-



nality, and suffer him to make his escape under cover of a blunderer. But the work of his blunder remains; and like the incendiary of the temple of Ephesus, he may rest secure of his fame; he has rescued himself from oblivion in the only way permitted to the understanding of a political economist.

The question must irresistibly be asked, by what fatality were those experiments suffered among us? The principles of trade were already known more thoroughly here than in all the earth besides; no nation had traded so prosperously; to no nation was commercial prosperity so important; in no nation was the wisdom of ancestry more instinctively revered. America scoffed at the Free Trade System; France instantly redoubled her predilections; Austria, the Italian States, all nations set their teeth against the swallowing of this inauspicious luxury. The lips of England alone swallowed it down. How is this accountable?

But the punishment was still only progressive, and there was a large reserve awaiting the more direct defiance. The Duke of Wellington's appointment to the premiership had been welcomed by the nation. The manly character of the English mind had so long been offended by the miserable chicanery of the successive struggles for power; duplicity and poverty of principle, the lie to the right and the left, the arts of the most petty chicane into the instruments of public ambition, had been so grossly familiar to the national eye, that the name of official dignity was equivalent to the successes of a swindler. But in the Duke of Wellington, the nation took it for granted that a better temperament of the state was at hand. A soldier's habits seemed to be alien from the paltry compromises and underhand traffic that had disgusted every man of common decency and common sense. Gratitude to the people which had so munificently rewarded his services, was idly reckoned among the impulses that might determine the new minister to a career of unblemished honour; and even the consciousness that he had now nothing more to desire for fulness of fame pledged him to the good of his country.

There was rashness in all this; but it was at least a generous rashness, it was the effusion of that spirit which a man would love in his friend, or honour in his country; a desire to get rid of all distrust in the man to whom all must be trusted or nothing, and a determination to stand by their choice as long as it could be sustained by the most confiding reliance on human integrity and wisdom. It was eagerly overlooked that the qualities of soldiership might be the most hazardous to a free country; that the ambition, and unhesitating habits of command, essential to military success were, of all ingredients, the most perilous in the compound of civil authority; that even the reckless dealing with the life of man, which must belong to the field, darkened the promise of a government, whose first principle must be the preservation of the people.

It was equally overlooked, that even the bold front of this soldiership had condescended to wear the mask when it suited a purpose; that the Duke of Wellington had stooped to a poor intrigue to supplant his predecessor; and that when detected, he took refuge under cover of a wretched disclaimer, a public declaration of his utter unconsciousness of any idea of being minister, from a knowledge of his utter incompetence: "*I should be mad to think of being minister!*" were his words, in the presence of the Legislature. — Words answered by his attainment

within three months, of that ministry, for which he was even at that hour straining every nerve. But words, though tossed to the winds by the man who spoke them, rapidly and fatally verified for the empire.

All was overlooked ; and the premiership in the hands of the Duke of Wellington was hailed as the assurance of a return to the *old* noble principles of Englishmen. The trickeries of the miserable race gone by were to be expunged from the ways of public men. Government was not to be, in either its men nor its measures, a vulgar imitation of the machinery and mimics of a Christmas pantomime—transformations from black to white, and adroit freaks of a harlequin, who had gained all his object, when his mummery was honoured with the laugh of the House ; pasteboard heroism, and clap-trap dignity, were to be at an end ; and the country was to contemplate the work of substantial vigour and substantial virtue.

Among the highest sources of congratulation on the change, was the perfect assurance that the Popish demands would now at last be treated with the contempt that they so richly merited. We had found a premier whose popular strength was so palpable, that he must scorn the purchase of faction ; who had seen the wretchedness and ruin of foreign countries *under* Popery ; whose own efforts had been perpetually paralyzed by the gross superstitions, or insolent repugnance of popery ; and who, when by the lavish waste of English blood the invader had been driven from the Peninsula, saw his successes rendered nugatory by the worse enemy that he had left behind ; had seen Spain, flung by the priesthood into the hands of France ; the king whom we had restored, all but unfurling the standard against us ; and the brave men who had fought side by side with us for that restoration, flying to overtake our march, as a refuge from popish persecution, and begging their bread through the world. But the conviction was founded on more than circumstantial evidence. The words of the Duke of Wellington were on record. In the debate of 1827, he pronounced unequivocally, that the admission of a Papal influence into any protestant state, was incompatible with its security, and that “ all his foreign experience had taught him that no sovereign “ even of a Roman Catholic country, was enabled to govern his people, “ without the aid of the Pope ! ”—At that hour he was preparing to carry the Catholic question ! !

It is but a dreary task to follow the course of this policy through its long and subterranean windings ; we must leave to others the development of the melancholy mortality of public character ; but for those who can be indulged by calculating how rapidly the frame and substance of human fame may sink into a mass of decay and repulsiveness to the eye, we know no more comprehensive lesson than the past and present estimate of the premier. Two years ago, his was the most honoured name in England. On the continent his reputation was scarcely inferior. And what is he now ? The accomplice of the Peels and Dawsons.

The artifice of the system which was to force the “ Atrocious Bill ” upon the nation, has long been exposed ; and it is the last bitter triumph of the friends of the Constitution, that the artifice has rewarded its inventors only with utter disappointment ; that the sufferance of Popish faction by the English cabinet, has only accumulated the public difficulties ; that while it has not added a single popish shilling to the struggling finance, nor a single popish heart to the loyalty of the empire ; while it has, on the contrary, given that confidence to faction which brawlers and pretended

patriots only require to sharpen their appetites for public spoil, inflame their discontent into insolence, and make them look beyond affected rights to real and sweeping rebellion; it has virtually alienated the only strength by which the connexion of the islands was sustained. The whole Protestant population of Ireland has declared itself injured; and if the time of some great public calamity should be hastening to try the soundness of the empire, we may have to reap the bitter results of having sown apathy and scorn where the mere spontaneousness of the soil would have thrown up a noble harvest of courage invincible, and affection strong as the grave.

But the "Atrocious Bill" was carried. The voice of the Protestant millions of the empire was sent up in vain: it could not penetrate the doors of the cabinet. The most powerful appeals of insulted religion, and indignant common sense, were sent up in vain. The cabinet was impregnable to both. There never was in human annals so full and impressive a cry, so deliberate, unequivocal, and universal a declaration of national alarm on any measure of a government—legislatures had been subverted, and kings dethroned and expelled by a less general impulse. Society lifted up all her unnumbered hands in supplication against the measure, hands which, had they been lifted up as in earlier times, must have extinguished all resistance at the moment; but a wiser spirit ruled; and the temperance of that day will not be without its reward, when that cabinet and its measures are gone down to all the oblivion that can be spared to them by immortal scorn.

We must now speed to the conclusion. The "Atrocious Bill" had been scarcely three months passed, when the supremacy of England received its mortal wound.—The Turkish empire was trampled down by Russia; our policy was baffled; our remonstrances were held in disdain; our hostility was despised. The blow inflicted on Turkey was a blow on the crest of England! The fall of the Ottoman has, at an instant, laid open our eastern possessions to an enemy already encamped within two hundred miles of the frontier of Hindostan. It has changed the whole aspect of European diplomacy; and while it has covered an imbecile cabinet with European contempt, it has expanded before the Russian throne a prospect of unlimited sovereignty.

It is to no purpose that we may talk of the moderation of the Czar. The treaty is a *capitulation*. Turkey is from this hour a vassal. The Mediterranean must be fought for. But the Euxine will be the *impregnable* dock-yard of Russia, from which she may pour down inexhaustible fleets. The Asiatic population will be her people. The states of Europe are already coveting her alliance, and even soliciting to share her spoil; the European pre-eminence of England is gone, and she will finally have to fight for her safety.

We find this confession at length forced from the friends of the ministry. What says the *Times* of our policy? Hear the reluctant confession.

"As it happened, Russia was filled with *undue*, we may add, unfounded apprehensions; Turkey with confidence as *unfounded* in our support; and the French government, overpowered by the national prejudices against the new directors of British policy, withdrew itself from every plan of cordial or useful co-operation."

Then comes the sentence which, let ministers try to palliate as they may, is fatally true.

"Circumstances," (happy name for infatuation!) "have done what men



could with difficulty avert, in working out the results of the twelve months just expired."

But let those who dispassionately look at events, compare the progress of our successes and our sufferings, with the progress of our religious fidelity; and turn, if they can, from the proof that the crime of apostasy has always been visited by the penalty of political misfortune. It is folly and babbling to talk of those things as mere coincidences. They have gone on, side by side, from the beginning of the era of Protestantism in England. Every act of religious tergiversation was punished by some direct instance of temporal suffering; and that, too, so unexpected and stern, that it not less excited the astonishment than the alarm of the nation. But, be the doubt what it will, the fact is plain—the year that has seen England guiltily descend from her Protestant supremacy, has seen her stricken down from her European throne!

#### THE LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

"SPIRIT OF MOMUS! thou'rt wandering wide,  
When I would thou wert merrily perched by my side,  
For I'm sorely beset by the blues:  
Thou fugitive elf! I adjure thee, return!  
By Fielding's best wig, and the ashes of Sterne,  
Appear at the call of my muse!"

It comes, with a laugh on its rubicund face;  
Methinks, by the way, it's in pretty good case,  
For a spirit unblest with a body:  
"On the claret bee's-wing," says the sprite, "I regale;  
But I'm ready for all—from Lafitte down to ale—  
From Champagne to a tumbler of toddy.

Then I'm not over-nice, as at least *you* must know,  
In the rank of my hosts—for the lofty or low  
Are alike to the Spirit of Mirth:  
I care not a straw with whom I have dined,  
Though a family dinner's not much to my mind,  
And a proser's a plague upon earth."

"But where, my dear sprite, for this age have you been?  
Have you plunged in the Danube, or danced on the Seine?  
Or have taken in Lisbon your station?  
Or have flapped over Windsor your butterfly-wings,  
O'er its bevy of beauties, and courtiers, and kings—  
The wonders and wits of the nation?"

"No; of all climes for folly, Old England's the clime;  
Of all times for folly, the present's the time;  
And my game is so plentiful here,  
That all months are the same, from December to May;  
I can bag in a minute enough for a day—  
In a day, bag enough for a year.

My game-bag has nooks for 'Notes, Sketches, and Journeys,  
By soldiers and sailors, divines and attorneys,

Through landscapes gay, blooming, and briary ;  
 And so, as you seem rather pensive to-night,  
 To dispel your blue-devils, I'll briefly recite  
 A specimen-leaf from my diary :—

“ THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

Through smoke-clouds as dark as a forest of rooks,  
 The rich contribution of blacksmiths and cooks  
 From the huge human oven below,  
 I heard old St. Paul's gaily pealing away ;  
 Thinks I to myself, ' It is Lord Mayor's Day,  
 So, I'll go down and look at the Show.'

I spread out my pinions, and sprang on my perch—  
 'Twas the dragon on Bow, that odd sign of the church,  
 The episcopal centre of action :  
 All Cheapside was crowded with black, brown, and fair,  
 Like a harlequin's jacket, or French rocquelaire,  
 A legitimate Cheapside attraction.

Then rung through the tumult a trumpet so shrill,  
 That it frightened the ladies all down Ludgate Hill,  
 And the owlets in Ivy Lane :  
 Then came in their chariots, each face in full blow,  
 The sheriffs and aldermen, solemn and slow,  
 All bombazine, bag-wig, and chain.

Then came the old tumbril-shaped city machine,  
 With a lord mayor so fat that he made the coach *lean* ;  
 Lord Waithman was scarcely a brighter man :—  
 The wits said the old groaning waggon of state,  
 Which for ages had carried lord mayors of such weight,  
 To-day would break down with a *lighter-man*.

Then proud as a prince, at the head of the band  
 Rode the city field-marshal, with truncheon in hand,  
 Though his epaulettes lately are gone :  
 But he's still fine enough to astonish the cits,  
 And drive the economists out of their wits,  
 From Lords Waithman and Wood, to Lord John.

But I now left the pageant—wits, worthies, and all—  
 And flew through the smoke to the roof of Guildhall,  
 And perched on the grand chandelier :  
 The dinner was stately, the tables were full—  
 There sat, multiplied by three thousand, John Bull,  
 Resolved to make all disappear.

And then came the speeches : Lord Hunter was fine—  
 Lord Wood, finer still—Lord Thompson, divine—  
 The sheriffs were Ciceros a-piece ;  
 Lord Crowther was sick, though he managed to eat  
 What, if races were feasts, would have won him the plate ;  
 But he tossed off a bumper to Greece.

Then all was enchantment—all hubbub and smiles—  
 The wit of Old Jewry, the grace of St. Giles,  
 The force of the Billingsgate tongue ;  
 Till the eloquent Lord Mayor demanding ' Who malts ?'—  
 The understood sign for beginning the waltz—  
 In a fright through the ceiling I sprung ! ”

## ON PRIESTS IN GENERAL, AND IRISH PRIESTS IN PARTICULAR.

THE influence of the priesthood in Catholic countries is proverbial. The causes of that influence are also well understood and appreciated. They are temporal as well as spiritual magistrates; their power extends equally over worldly and eternal affairs; they coerce the body and dispose of the soul, *ad libitum*. If we ask how this mastery has been obtained, the answer is simple—by exacting blind submission as an article of faith, and making inquiry into their rights a crime against God. Were the priesthood to depend upon the *proofs* of their authority, of course their unholy dynasty could not outlive popular examination; but, like the cunning exhibitors of puppet-shows, they will permit none to peep behind the curtain, and so contrive to keep all in ignorance and wonder before it. The reason why the Protestant clergy do not possess this vicious ascendancy, is because the Protestant religion is the fruit of a struggle against despotism, and is, therefore, essentially founded upon that principle, the establishment of which may be said to mark the era of the Reformation—the *right of private judgment*. Take from Protestants the privilege of investigation, and they are no longer distinguishable from the herd of mental slaves. But the profession of the Protestant is something more than the mere shew of freedom. He not only claims the right to judge for himself by the evidences of Christianity, but he places these evidences in the hands of the whole world, in order that every body else may judge as well as himself. His prerogative would be little better than a hollow pretence, if he concealed the means of its conservation. The Popish priest, on the other hand, neither possesses, himself, nor, if he did, would he impart to others, the evidence by which the authenticity of his doctrines is attested. His whole array of proofs is vague and evasive; resolving the sum of laical obedience into the untraceable right of command inherited by the church. The Protestant religion, with all its doctrines, is to be found in the only record of divine revelation that is either tangible to our sense, or supported by authority, internal and external: whatever is not set forth in the Bible does not belong to the reformed faith—whatever is, does. The Protestant, therefore, not only asserts his belief, but affords the weapon of defence. His clergy cannot delude him; and their influence is consequently limited to the amount of their individual utility. Popish doctrines are not to be found in the Bible, except those immutable mysteries upon which both agree, and with which, for the sake of propriety, the old Pagans could not presume to tamper. It is true that by the perversion of whole passages, by intentional mis-translations, by suppressions and interpolations, the priest attempts to draw forth *some* of his dogmas from the pages of holy writ; but, even granting him the disreputable advantage he claims, he can no where, except in that cloudy, unintelligible, and unwritten testimony, *tradition*, give us any test of the existence of the remainder. Here, then, the ecclesiastical tyranny begins. Nations are enslaved, and superstitions perpetuated by the art of a corporation that says it derives its charter from heaven, but forbids those upon whom it inflicts its moral taxation to inquire where the mysterious document is deposited. Surely if Catholics were to pause and think, they must discover this fact—that if they permit their priests to assert their dominion upon the edicts of an *unwritten*, and, therefore, *unproducible* law, they, in effect, permit them to enact any decree they



please, and that they thereby relinquish the right of objecting to an anomalous jurisdiction, which, agreeably to the terms of the servitude, may push its tyranny to the extremity of all human endurance. Once grant that priests are empowered to control the laity by the provisions of an imaginary code which can never be brought in evidence against them, which they can never be proved to have violated, and with the conditions and purport of which the laity must, of necessity, be unacquainted, and the usurpation of the ghostly functions over the natural, civil, social, and moral liberties of the laity is complete. And this is precisely the nature of the Romish ecclesiastical government. It is perfectly irresponsible. It is above and beyond appeal—almighty and omniscient—at once legislative and executive; the senator and the beadle; the very Star-Chamber of divine and human polity. Can it be matter for surprise, therefore, to find the administrators of this extraordinary despotism governors amongst the enslaved, and agitators amongst the free? Can it be surprising that the subjects of this unlimited monarchy should be either blinded by the awful superstition, or terrified by the super-human denunciations of their tyrants? Can it be surprising that one portion of the Catholic people should be weak enough to regard that as a sacred institution which combined such irreconcilable elements; and that the remaining portion should not dare to avow the doubts that involuntary comparison and instinctive reasoning had forced upon their minds?

Not satisfied with the enforcement of the general principle, the priests wield the elementary thunders of the church in their individual persons. They lay claim to miraculous powers, and divine attributes; they assert the possession of virtues that do not belong to humanity, and assume a purity which the grosser nature of man could not sustain. Thus embodying an ambiguous mission, and robed in more than mortal might, they dispense blessings, sell the favours of Paradise, inspire recusants with the dread of their spiritual office, and effectually wind themselves into the secret economies of the domestic, as well as the political existence of their followers. Where they have succeeded in establishing their sway, their domination is unbounded—and where they could not shake the previous order of things, they disturb the harmony of the people, and sow dissensions in the heart of society. They must either domineer over the settled forms and usages of men, or labour to break them up. There is no medium for them between limitless authority, and revolution. They cannot amalgamate with peaceful customs; they cannot glide into the ordinary habitudes of life, and preach the precepts of charity and goodwill; no, it is the inherent vice of their order, and the necessity of their calling, that they must bind all hands, or failing, cast the curse of division around their footsteps.

The most solemn belief of a true Catholic is, that his church is the only *true* church, and must at last become the *only* church. The business of the priests consists in urging the one maxim, and accelerating, by every available means, the realization of the other. Hence the inroads upon inter-national courtesies—the constant feuds—the iniquitous robberies—the sacerdotal criminalities, that crowd upon and blacken the pages of European history. Kingdoms were given away like toys, monarchs deposed, and the very crown of heaven bartered in duplicate, to promote the promised universality. Hence, too, the furious anathemas, the fierce controversies, the indecent chicanery, and impious pretence of the revived miracles of our own day. Hence Prince Hohenlohe's *charlatanerie*—

Dr. Doyle's unchristian refusals to permit those persons to be buried in consecrated ground that had not gone to confession within the year—hence the mummary of Jesuit processions in France—hence the drunken riots in Ireland, by which the priests hoped to keep the people, by extending to them a plenary absolution for rapine and bloodshed—hence the whole train of evils that have steeped one island in interminable misery, and communicated the plague of discontent to another.

It was by a few atrocious dogmas that the priesthood originally dared that height which they have kept by a mendacious profligacy, and the united ordinance of divine wrath and political penalties. Exclusive salvation is the terrible injunction that is written on the scarlet forehead. It is to be found in the canons and the catechisms; it is taught in the schools, and proclaimed at the altar; a Catholic may blaspheme his Maker, but he dares not question the monopoly of his church. The effect of this dogma was to alarm the weak and timid beyond the pale, and delude them in, while it terrified the fold into a miserable obedience. Thus numbers increased, and the triumph of the spreading imposture was consummated.

Another canon that aided these ministers of a relentless superstition, was, that the church could never err. She had, consequently, a *carte blanche* upon the places of punishment and reward, and for the convenience of disposing the more lucratively of her patronage, she built a half-way house on the road, where she permitted earthly travellers to rest until their friends could purchase their passports into the Elysian fields. The mechanism of these dogmas is ingeniously contrived; and while we abhor their fearful levity, we must acknowledge the perverted cleverness with which they are contrived. To say that the church cannot err, is to invest it with all arbitrary power: it is but another mode of placing ecclesiastical authority over the laws of God. Yet it is by the admission of this sweeping principle, that the Catholics have subjected themselves to the charge of folly, idolatry, and ignorance. If the church cannot err, then it can prove right to be wrong with mathematical correctness, as it has frequently attempted to do. Oh! but we are answered that the church is the assembly of cardinals, with the pope at their head; that it is the impersonation of the canons and the words of the gospel, and the bye laws of tradition, and the expositions of the fathers, &c., all of which can only be interpreted by the holy congress, whose interpretations must, consequently, be implicitly received. This is what logicians call begging the question. The entire fabrication is set aside by the simple inquiry which has been so often made, and never satisfied—Who constituted the pope and the cardinals the sole depositaries, and exclusive exponents of the will of the Almighty?

The popish clergy had powerful auxiliaries in forcing upon Europe in its barbarous state their odious supremacy. Not the least were their gorgeous ceremonies, that addressed the imagination through the senses, and made converts of the passions at the expense of the understanding. Painting and sculpture, which have flourished in higher perfection in Italy than in any other part of the world, were called in as the hand-maids of the splendid delusion. Decorated altar-pieces, representations of the divine agonies, emblazoned windows, and the effigies of fictitious martyrs, imparted to their churches all the attractions, softened into religious solemnity, of the most captivating theatres. There was nothing forgotten that art could supply to make the scene imposing, and

to give it sufficient charms to entrap the enthusiasm of the beholders. The old Pagan rites were recalled; incense floated in grateful clouds through the atmosphere; choral harmonies swelled upon the ear; and even moveable paintings, and checquered lights, assisted the priests in the pageantry of their office. It is difficult to conceive a sight in which there is more complete stage illusion, mixed up with awe and magnificence, than the interior of an Italian cathedral, even at the present day. The garb of the priests was, and is, costly and superb; while their motions were solemn, and their attitudes fit for the canvas. Troops of boys to personify angels, and numerous assistants in various disguises, filled up the pauses of prayer and exhortation. Then the elevation of the Host, which the deluded spectators are taught to believe is the actual body and spirit of our Lord, awakened the sympathies and adoration of the audience. At this moment all knees were bent and all heads bowed; the hum of distant voices arose; the frankincense was more liberally scattered upon the multitude; and while the eyes of the people, which are never directed to the object of their worship, the sacred thing that must not be gazed upon, were sunk in sacred lowliness and humility, the priest poured *his* blessing upon their heads, and amidst the din of bells and the adoring buzz of the crowd, the majesty of the God of Creation was suddenly withdrawn. On some occasions the transitions and progress of the divine passion were represented; and in many chapels there still are *stations* at which gaudily-sculptured or painted appearances are placed, before which the devotees prostrate themselves, and passing from one to another, until their melancholy round is completed, enact the entire tragedy of tears, groans, and ejaculations! At the processions on saints' days, &c., the virgin mother, or the sainted idol of the hour, is represented by some beautiful girl with a glory round her head, or, as it may be, by a youth luxuriantly crowned and borne through the streets, that the inhabitants may pay their devotions to the living representation of the Holy Person whose memory is thus celebrated. In the early ages of the Romish church it was common to perform dramas on the stage taken from scripture. Even the Saviour was not exempt from this ribald profanation, and his language and actions were mimicked by those blasphemous mummeries! Some of those pieces are still extant; they are identified in all historical treatises upon dramatic poetry, as amongst the first scenic representations under the title of Mysteries; they were, indeed, indecent mysteries, even worse in their nature than the mysterious indecencies of the Pagan day. The influence of the priests was obtained not only by such fictitious, yet well organized aids as these, but by an agency still more powerful and practical. The sovereigns of petty states, in order to secure their own possessions, freely acknowledged the assumptions of the papacy. It was in vain to resist the tide of superstition. They had no choice between being deposed by the people or the pope, or purchasing security by submission. In order to become tyrants over their subjects, they became the enslaved instruments of the clergy. They held a delegated despotism. They were empowered to violate, in the name of God, all the laws of Christianity, provided they preserved incorruptibly the stewardship of Peter's pence. The tribute money to the foreign authority was but an usurious interest upon the loan of their own dominions. Fraud, extortion, and anathema, were admirable reasoners; the fagot, the torture, and the chambers of the inquisition, were unanswerable converters!



The character of the Romish priesthood, collectively and individually, has in all ages harmonized with this subtle scheme of aggrandizement and deceit. In public, insolent, authoritative, and uncompromising, the priest is in private insinuating, wily, and watchful. He has but one interest to pursue, and as that is opposed to the interests of the public, he must for ever stand in an invidious and mischievous relation that calls into action the worst propensities of his nature, and the most evil principles of his creed. But priests, like other men, differ materially, according to the circumstances by which they are surrounded.

The continental priests are generally low, sordid, and gratuitously treacherous. They superadd to the dispositions engendered by their religion the base qualities that cling to slaves and fanatics. The majority catch the villainies of the community, and trade on them as the Irish priests have traded for the last thirty years on the Catholic question. It is essential to the maintenance of their pretensions, that they should profit by all the opportunities which bad laws, weak governments, or vicious customs, throw in their way. They absorb the worldly wealth of nations, and pay back the amount in spiritual instalments. They take cash in hand, and return salvation in promise; a cheap and most lucrative traffic, which can never fail for lack of merchandize, until mankind has become illuminated by the increase of knowledge. I once knew a Spanish monk who came to England on a mission to collect charity for a poor brotherhood. His performance of this part was scarcely excelled by Foote's imitation of drunkenness. He had all the cant, the whine, the devoutness, and humility of one who travelled over the earth to do good to his fellow creatures. There was something imposing in his manner, and the object he professed to forward. With a figure eminently calculated to win upon the weak, he possessed the art of conversational eloquence in no ordinary degree. His voice was sonorous; his features were handsome, but subdued by an expression of meekness and resignation; and his demeanour, on the whole, placid and submissive. He was a favourable specimen of his class, for he carried all their arts into a vigorous perfection, softened away by superior attainments and an acute sense of the usages of society. But England was an ill-chosen scene for the exhibition of his dialectics. The Catholics of this country, by intermixture with the enlightened members of the Protestant religion, have amalgamated, as far as their tenets permit, with the free institutions from which they derive security and protection: while they entertain very little confidence in the purity of the Spaniards or Italians, whose reputation in all Protestant states is by no means in the highest odour. Except by the influence of the ecclesiastical character, the Spaniard could scarcely have penetrated into the retreats of his scattered sect; and when he did succeed, his progress was not so satisfactory as his ardour anticipated. It was at this crisis I became acquainted with him; and I shall not easily forget with what force he denounced that intercourse with heretics to which he attributed the coldness of his reception. I reminded him, in vain, that in his land, as well as in the provinces of Italy, religion is a sentiment, a poetical fervour; that there its ministers are crowned with the honours of an embodied inspiration, and rewarded by the zeal of a mercurial race; that the very poverty of the people, which reduces the amount of animal enjoyment, contributes to the nourishment of an imagination, left free to indulge in the dreams of Catholic theology, and revel amongst

the pictorial splendors of its worship. He either would not, or could not, understand my distinction. He insisted upon the uniformity of his church, and could not conceive why English Catholics were not wretched and deluded enough to do public penance, and undertake painful journeys of pilgrimage. He overlooked the effects of climate, association, and local obligations. To him the whole Catholic world should be as one besotted Spain, and all the people Spaniards. He alike deprecated the want of respect that was manifested towards him: there was no reverence as he approached, not that he desired, but that he expected it: there were no offerings of remembrance, no reliquary endowments, no bequests, no images of costly materials; all was plain, rude, and republican (a form of government, which, beyond all others, is detestable in the eyes of the thorough Catholic). I urged upon him that this was a country where industry and regularity were substituted for idleness and confusion: that the English Catholics were a part and parcel of the great mass that gave vitality to the useful arts, and the admirable system that pervaded all ranks; but he scowled at my mechanical defence, and said that the honour due to God and his messengers should not be forgotten for the sake of selfish employments and filthy lucre. His failure in the main views that led him to make an experiment upon the sympathies of our native papists, confirmed all his previous grounds of hatred to the name of freedom, and its type—Great Britain. He left our shores execrating and despising us; and was more than ever convinced that liberty and England were the chief barriers to the march of Catholicity. I have since learned that he turned this accession of prejudice to some account, and preached out the venom of his animosity in some of the principal churches of Spain, exaggerating, of course, as disappointed men do, all the objectionable points. For aught I know, even the illustrious Ferdinand has profited by his lessons.

But there was in France a body of the Catholic clergy totally different in their habits and modes of thinking from that portion of which the Spanish monk was an exemplar: I mean the doctors of the Sorbonne. Liberal, learned, and accomplished, in them the worst part of their creed lost its grossness, and the better shone out in a pure light. They endeavoured to assuage the bitterness of doctrines which they could neither disavow nor defend; and they obtained from Protestant Europe the universal expression of respect. Their erudition was not confined to the fathers of the church; they cultivated the liberal sciences and *belles-lettres*, and embraced, in the course of their studies, the whole range of moral and polite literature. The appearance of one of these fine old gentlemen of the *ancien régime* was an object almost worthy of the earlier age, when the Vaudois from their vallies sent the consecrated banner of regeneration, stained with the heart's blood of thousands, over the plains of Germany and Austria. It was not in externals, nor in the extent of their knowledge merely, that the doctors of the Sorbonne were elevated above the vulgar level of their grasping order. They maintained, it is true, the doctrines of popery; but they broke down their rigour to a standard that adapted them to a freer condition of society. If they believed in the Real Presence, it was rather as a figure or illustration than as a positive physical miracle;—not that they contravened the sophistry, but that they were not so indiscreet as to agitate it. They permitted mysteries to remain; for, wanting power to dissolve them, they were not bigotted enough to advocate any dogma that involved a contradic-

tion in mathematics, or an impossibility to the senses. They drew the refined distinction between mysteries that are *above* reason, and mysteries that are *contrary* to reason; acquiescing in, but scarcely authenticating, the latter; while they assented, in common with the Christian world, to the former. In the celebrated correspondence that took place in the last century between some of our divines on the part of the English church, and the doctors of the Sorbonne on behalf of the Gallican, with a view to ascertain how far both parties could go towards an union and consolidation, the doctors of the Sorbonne consented to relinquish tradition as a *rule* of faith, and to accept it, as we do, merely as an *evidence*. This was a great step in the abandonment of those errors that were grafted upon the Christian stock in the early collision with the pagans. The eminent men who had the courage to acknowledge, in the face of a persecuting church, an erroneous principle of so much magnitude, may be admitted as an inferior and second race of reformists. But the revolution devastated their halls; the seeds they were sowing in the land were rudely dragged out by the ploughshare of infidelity; and the dawn of a CATHOLIC REFORMATION was overcast in its first blush by the clouds of the great political storm. To them, however, may be fairly attributed the awakening of that spirit of comparative liberty which the church of France maintains: for the Gallican church, with the solitary exception of the unsettled temple of the United States, is the most independent ecclesiastical institution that acknowledges the authority of the Roman pontiff.

I wonder that Grattan, the artist, did not give us a portrait of an Irish priest—a being contra-distinguished in all the leading features, moral and physical, from the professors of the Sorbonne. There is no living painter could have done half so much justice to the peculiarities of the race. He understood better than any body else the true character and expression of the Irish face, which, like Irish mountain-scenery, is remarkable for certain points that are not to be found elsewhere. Witness his picture of the Irish Peasants, in Walker's gallery at Old Bond Street—a sketch taken from life, and eminently faithful to nature. The crouching gait and affected leer of the priest spring partly from the habitual evasion contracted by his profession, and partly from the vulgarity of his mind. Formerly, you might occasionally meet a gentleman in the priesthood, amongst those of the old school, who had been educated in France: now, a polished priest is very rare indeed. The establishment of Maynooth and the jealousy of the government have combined to put an end to the course of foreign education; so that there is no material alteration between the clown when he enters, and the plump priestling when he leaves, the college, except in the fund of congenial bigotry which he has amassed during his progress. In Maynooth all books of a literary or liberal kind are strictly prohibited; the students are excluded from those mental indulgences, and even from the ordinary relaxations of society, that might improve their manners or refine their taste. Every art that can be devised to prevent them from acquiring knowledge, or even gentility, is put into operation; and the raw material, originally coarse, rough, and intractable, is manufactured into an instrument of priestcraft, in which the elements of ignorance and barbarity are admirably preserved. They drive out all kinds of devils at Maynooth except those—they have no power over the sensual, the besotted, or the malicious marks of the beast. When it is remembered that



the majority, almost the whole number, of the Irish priesthood are men raised from the plough, or the counters of the lowest description of country shops, whose juvenile associations were amongst the mean and the uninstructed, it will not appear surprising that they should exhibit that constant strife between innate vulgarity and spiritual intolerance; that, in the exercise of their strange and unaccustomed authority, they should involuntarily relapse into their familiar servility; and that, in struggling to ape the elegancies in the midst of which it is sometimes their lot to be placed, they should only render their natural qualities the more apparent and revolting. The transition from the slavery of want and oppression to the power conferred by plenty and the means of oppressing others—from the stupid reverence for the oracles of the priest, to the actual delivery of the oracles themselves—from squalid dependency to well-fed independence—from the kitchen of the farmhouse to the table of the farmer and the squire—is calculated to inspire the suddenly-elevated Robin Roughhead of the church with the wildest and most extravagant theories of control. An Irish priest is, therefore, a man worth analysing; because, without possessing a single qualification of the intellectual kind, he is placed in circumstances which more than any other demand the exercise of discretion and knowledge, and the influence of personal character.

The Irish priest is a political agent as well as a spiritual director. His business is equally divided between feuds and frauds. He has an interest in popular as well as religious delusion. You would rob him of half his revenues if you could succeed in really conciliating the people. The altar in a chapel is quite as much a forum for violent declamation, as it is a place for sacred rites. The late public meetings were all held in the chapels: indeed, whenever agitation is going forward, the chapels are thrown open for the free use of the agitators. The true spring of the evil lies in the nature of the relation between the priest and the people. The priest is entirely dependant upon the bounty of his flock; his means arise from their voluntary contributions. If any external influence interfered to arrest the sympathy that fills his coffers, his power would be at an end, and his purse would be emptied. It is, therefore, obviously the priest's interest to alienate the Catholic population as much as possible from the government and the Protestants, in order to fix their sole attention upon himself, and preserve his monopoly in their attachment. Hence, he is a daring politician—a constant exciter—an officious brawler—and to be found at the head and foot of all riots and conspiracies. The same motive that urges him to keep alive the disastrous irritations which separate the people, and obliterate the sentiment of allegiance, also urges him to oppose the spread of education and the growth of knowledge. If the peasantry were instructed, the bondage of superstition would be burst; they would perceive the numerous absurdities to which ignorance, and the furious passions engendered by political exasperation, have hitherto blinded them; the dominion of the ghostly confessor and his train of Delphic mummeries would cease; and a new *régime* would strip the corinthian edifice of its gorgeous and pagan ornaments. As it is a matter of vital importance to the priest to avert such a calamity as the increase of information, it is in the same ratio his constant labour to perpetuate ignorance. The Jesuitism of the Catholic bishops, in defeating the late Commission of Inquiry into the state of Education in Ireland, affords a remarkable instance of this war-

fare against the spirit of the age. The commissioners were desirous of arranging a plan of education upon a system of mutual accommodation, so that the children of Catholic parents might be made to participate in the advantages resulting from the establishment of parochial schools. The Catholic bishops could not of course openly avow their invincible hatred to this approach towards the civilization of their flocks—for it was no more; but they determined upon throwing in its way all the difficulties they could devise. Accordingly, their evidence was a tissue of perplexities, sometimes appearing to favour the scheme, and at other times suggesting amendments; but terminating in a demand of indirect concessions, that filled the Commissioners' Report to government with such illogical reasoning and hopeless theories, that the matter was at last abandoned in despair, or left—as parliamentary schemes of improvement are usually left—to be taken up at leisure. Of that Commission and its results, we cannot speak but in terms of reprobation. The men appointed to investigate the subject were unqualified for their task, and carried with them the prejudices of both sides. No man of either party ever expected that a union of opinion could have been accomplished amongst them. But the country was mystified, and large sums of the public money expended; which is the total amount of the benefit derived from their labours.

Considering the industrious operations of the priesthood, it is not strange that the Irish peasantry should be servile and debased. They really have no intelligence beyond that natural acuteness and mother-wit with which nature has gifted them, and which even priestcraft cannot eradicate. But the temptations by which they are surrounded render that acuteness a dangerous quality; and afford them opportunities of turning it to the worst account; and they avail themselves liberally of the accident. Not alone must we condemn the priests for what they *do*, but for what they do *not* do. When we contrast the cleanliness, decency, and good habits of the English, with the sloth, grossness, and bad habits of the Irish, we cannot omit observing that the fault lies with the priests who are, or ought to be, the moral police of the country. The Irish funeral is a scene of uproar, drunkenness, and riot: an English funeral is a scene of decorum, decency, and quiet piety. Who is to blame for this? The priest who mingles in the unholy revel, and chooses that moment of unnatural exultation for the collection of his eleemosynary tribute-money. Why does not the priest reform these savage and disgraceful customs? Because his interest is bound up in their continuance; because he subsists by the utter depredation of his species; and because he has not enough of virtue to sacrifice his own views to the good of his fellow-creatures. Then there are what are called months-mines dinners (the phrase is not intelligible to an English reader, nor do I consider myself sufficiently profound to attempt its translation); these are periodical celebrations, when all the priests of a neighbourhood are invited to a feast, which is partly religious, and partly festive. The mingling of devotion and debauchery is in admirable keeping with the whole system. Here the jolly Father Tom, or Father Pat, of the wondering family, grows jocose with the children, and tawdry with the ladies; sips whiskey with a leer; and sanctifies the meats and the liquors with droll sayings and funny stories. A gentleman who has been accustomed to good society can scarcely conceive the ribald twaddle of the priests on these occasions. I may,

perhaps, give the reader a sketch, at some future day, of a months-mines dinner. It is rich in all the materials of farce and caricature.

In some districts in Ireland, the priests do not speak English, or speak it so barbarously, that the jargon is of the nondescript class. These priests are mere clowns. They are no better than the *bog-trotters* over whose spiritual interests they are appointed to preside. The usual pretext for nominating them to an office of so much responsibility, is that such persons only are suited to the capacities of the people. It never occurs to the heads of the church that the capacities of the people should be enlarged, and their minds improved by collision with a higher order of intellect; and that their moral degradation is effectually confirmed by teachers who, instead of presuming to educate others, require first to be educated themselves. But that is the secret. The church lives upon the degradation, and encourages it.

Priests being by their profession excluded from avowed intercourse with the female sex, are thrown for the display of their natural affections into other channels of enjoyment. They make the best boon-companions in the world, if you can forget their vulgarity and coarseness. When a priest becomes loquacious, there is no end to his whim and mirth. If you get him into a confidential mood, he will tell you excellent anecdotes of the cloth, full of point and humour. I recollect a story related to me in this way, the substance of which is as follows:—

There is a certain altar at St. Peter's, in Rome, which is believed to possess extraordinary efficacy, for the purposes of prayer; and for the use of which, in all cases where prayers are put up for the dead, a higher price is charged than for any other. It is, therefore, frequently engaged for weeks beforehand by the pious relatives of the deceased amongst the faithful. On one occasion, a man came to the cardinal who had charge of the miraculous altar, to beg his intercession on behalf of his brother who had died the night before. The altar, however, was engaged for the ensuing month, until the end of which time the cardinal could not undertake the desired pious labour. "And must my brother," exclaimed the man, "suffer in purgatory all that time, it being no fault of mine that I cannot get the altar sooner? Pray, my lord," he continued, "will you inform me at what time the divine release of the sufferer takes effect? Is it at the moment the intention to have prayers for the dead is formed, or is it after the prayers are said?"—"Why," replied the cardinal, "I do not think it would be just that the sinner should continue in his agonies until it would be convenient to let you have the use of our altar; so that you need be under no apprehensions. The effect takes place at the moment you form the intention of applying to the holy church."—"Then, in that case," returned the other, "I need not trouble your reverence any further, as I formed the intention last night." So he took his departure with his money in his pocket.

Another anecdote, of the same description, runs as follows:—

A man came to a priest to require his prayers for a deceased friend. A plate lay on the altar to receive the money of the applicants. "Put down a guinea, my son," exclaimed the worthy priest. The guinea was put down. Then the priest went through a Latin prayer, with great rapidity and earnestness.—"Well, father, how does my friend fare?" "He is now awakening in the burning lake, and is struggling with the spirits of darkness: put down another guinea, my son." The other guinea was put down, and another Latin application was put up.



"Where is he now, father?"—"He is now on the shore of repentance, within view of the gates of salvation, where the Virgin and the angels are waiting for him. Two guineas more, my son, and we will soon bring him through his troubles." Two guineas more were put down, and the priest grew loud in his Latin. "Now, father, where is he?"—"The angels are round him, my son; now they have seized him in their arms; and now—now they carry him up into the skies: I hear their shouts; put down three guineas more, my son, and he will soon be up in heaven." Three fresh guineas were deposited, and the Latin was again repeated with increased fervour and violent ejaculations. "Where is he now, father?"—"Now he approaches the walls of Paradise; now I hear the hymns of the blessed; now he enters, he is free now; now he is in the very bosom of St. Anthony."—"Are you sure, father?"—"Yes, my son, I see him as plain as I see you."—"I am glad of it, father;" and the man, finding that his friend was released, took the money off the plate, and putting it in his pocket, walked away, leaving the priest to take the sinner out of heaven if he could.

This anecdote is almost too good to be true. I can believe the priest's part, but can scarcely credit the wit of the layman. It is of that contumacious kind which one rarely meets amongst Catholics.

This paper will appropriately close with a sketch of an Irish priest's sermon, in which there is a mixture of the cunning and simplicity—the politics and superstition—that seem indigenous to the race. It refers to the time when the Bible Societies were making great exertions to convert the Catholics, and to spread amongst them a knowledge of the sacred scriptures. The scene was a country chapel of the poorest description—half of the roof wanting—and the whole in a state of dilapidation. Imagine his reverence mounted upon a few boards raised on barrels, and surrounded by a dense crowd of ragged listeners, stretching out in all directions in the open air round the holy ruin, and you have the picture complete.

#### SACERDOS LOQUITUR.

"When I begin to spake, boys, you must all listen to me, or where's the use of my wasting my breath upon you. And I haven't much of that same to spend upon the likes of ye.—(Never mind, Mr. Corrigan, if I don't trouble you one of these nights for a little of your peppermint-water for my asthma. And have you got none of the belly-bacon hanging up beside the hob? Then I'll wait till next year when the pigs are all at home with you again, for I know they're on their way, Mr. Corrigan. You've a pretty snug spot in it, and more's the pity that you don't know how to save your bacon.)—But I was going to bring you all to tax for a mortal sin. Do you know the raal difference between mortal and venal sin? To be sure you don't; where would the likes of ye learn any thing about it? Well then, I'll tell you: mortal sin is of two kinds—words and deeds—when you daar to say a word against the true church, and when you don't pay up your dues—that's mortal sin; as for venal sin, that's a matter to be settled at confession; it dipinds entirely upon myself, and its 'cute ye are if I don't find you out. May be you think I don't know what you're all doing when there's nobody looking at you; you might as well say that I don't know what Abraham is saying to the poor creature that's lying, like a bug in a rug, in his *buzom* this thousand years.—(Stand out of the doorway, Judy Kelly, I can't see

the pratces growing outside for the head of ye: I suppose you think you're a mighty fine spy-glass.)—In regard to the mortal sin, I'm tould you all went to hear the heretics preaching up at the Methodist chapel t'other morning. Now, whether you did or not, sorrow an absolution will you get from me until you do penance, every one of ye that's got a red cow, or a barn-door. Sure if you didn't go, it's no reason but you might go—and that's all the same.—(Tim Byrne, I hear that you bought a yellow waistcoat and a pair of bran new brogues, last Tuesday, at Bally-brougheen pathern; where did you get the money, Tim? Sure it was never known that you had ever a hide on your dirty feet before, except your skin, and why wouldn't that contint you still? Were you afraid of spattering your iligant knee-breeches? If you come by such a sight of money honestly, Tim, you ought to come to me and ax me what you ought to do wid it. But it's true for me that you had a hand in the convarsions. If your soul isn't as white as a jug of cream, mind what I tell you, there'll be a ruction afore long, and the jubilee's coming on. You'll be trying to palaver me out of an indulgence by-and-by, when the money's all spent, and you'll be so poor, that if ould Nick was to dance a jig in your pocket, there wouldn't be as much as a halfpenny for him to break his shin-bone over. But you're playing blind-man's-buff wid your salvation, and you'll knock your nose against a stone wall. It wasn't for nothing that I took that pint of liquor with you t'other night at Dan Cumming's; when the drop of drink's upon you, you're as tinder as a rotten turnip; I've only to squeeze you between my finger and thumb, and out comes the juice.)—I was talking of the Methodist chapel, when this spalpeen interrupted me.—(Jemmy Riley, just put your hand to that boord a bit, and shove it over the tub).—The Methodists are all made of iron and broad-cloth, boys; they're not like us, good flesh and blood; and that's the reason they want to bring you over to them. Did you ever see a Methodist like Peggy Martin? To be sure you didn't, I needn't ax you. Hould up your head, Peggy, and don't keep spoiling your praskeen. I'm tould the childer are in the typhus; well, it's one comfort that it 'll prevent the proctor and the preacher from coming near you. *Betheshin!*—not one of them comes as we do, rain or shine, well or ill. I hope you'll all have the true typhus—it's grace I mean—to keep the heretics away from you. They don't care a traneeen for ye, if you'll only let them read the Bible to ye. And sure the Bible's good reading, may be, but it's not fit for the likes of ye. If you want Bibles come to me, I'm Bible enough for you.—(It's late you're after coming to my discourse, Masther Mike Garret. Never a heed you heed me until you can't help yourself. May be you think half a loaf is bether than no bread at all; but if you were to say that to the angel at the door of heaven, he'd pop in your head, and jam your legs out; then how would you look, Mike? Did you ever come to the jugon till you finished your noggin of punch? To be sure you didn't, but that's no reason why you'd be letting other people drink your liquor for you.—Is that the sun that's splitting the ould sod roof of the place? What else would it be? And isn't that a lesson to you, to shew that the Roman church is the true church—don't you see how it's burning the heads of ye? Did you ever know the equal of it in the heretics' house? How could you, because they daren't look the sun in the face, and put ugly slates on the top to privint him from looking in to see what they're doing. My drame's out—I knew we'd have a sign to show them before

they sneaked off with their tails between their legs, like a dog with a flea in his ear. They say that their's is the only true church; but I'll tell you a story that'll settle that dispute. There was once upon a time a great man that wanted to build a big house—its no matter about the name upon him; for it doesn't concern us. Well, what does he do? He gets a Protestant builder, because, of course, the Protestants have every thing their own way, and must always have the best pickings that's to be had, by the means of their roguery. The carpenter was a Prasbytarian, being the next to the Protestant; and it's no lie to say that he was just as proud as the builder, because he was as big a blackguard. But then, boys, who do you think the humble hod-man was? What would he be but a decent Catholic, one of the right sort? for you know, that when there's work to be done, it's the poor Catholic that's put down to it; and that's why none of you have a skreed to your backs worth mentioning. One day the Protestant says to the Prasbytarian, 'I want to go up the ladder, to see what's doing above.'—'At your pleasure, Sir,' says the Prasbytarian.—'Stay below, fellow,' says the Protestant to the humble hod-man, 'until your betters are served.' With that he mounted the ladder as gay and impudent as if he was Lord Castlereagh himself. But there was them watching him that wouldn't see the Catholic hod-man treated in that manner. The Prasbytarian followed after; and the last upon the step was the humble Catholic. Them that's low upon this earth is the highest in heaven. Isn't it harder to shoot a gull than a magpie?—(Darby, don't forget your pipes to-night at the christening, you devil! and I'll give you leave to play 'Moll Roe' for the ladies.)—Just as the Protestant got to the top of the ladder, and the ruffane of a Prasbytarian was in the middle, and the humble hod-man was on the bottom rung, there comes such a whistle of wind as never was heard before. The storm that blew down Killala Castle was a fool to it. Hoo! there was the very mischief among them; and then we were to see which was the best off. Maybe it's the Protestant that didn't tumble down from the top of the ladder, and get such a murdering fall that it was the marcy of Providence that he didn't fall down through and through the earth, until he stuck upon the spit in Ould Nick's kitchen! But it was bad enough as it was. He fractured his skull, broke every bone in his body, and, what was worse than that, he was kilt stone-dead upon the spot. There was no more use in trying to waken him, than if ye were to talk Latin to a goose.—(Phil Fleming, where's the turkey you promised me at Christmas? Sure you needn't be ashamed to send it to me, even if you're obliged to throw in a couple of pouts along with it.)—But the Prasbytarian got the cleanest fall of all. Where do you think he fell? I suppose, now, you think he fell on his head, or his arm? No such thing: he fell upon the ground. And what do you think he did when he got there? Nivir a single thing to swear by, except lie like a drunken beast on the earth.—(The top of the morning to you, Molly Doyle; I hope your early rising will do you no harm.)—Well, the Prasbytarian, boys, was nearly kilt; his mouth was split open, like a poor man's lease, from ear to ear; and, although he was one mortal fracture from head to foot, he might have done well enough for all there was of him; but he got into a terrible passion the next day, because they wanted to cut off the wrong end of his leg, and he burst a blood-vessel, and died. That was the end of the Prasbytarian. I tould you that the humble hod-man was standing at the bottom; bad cess to the much lower he could be; so when the others fell down, the poor Catholic slipt



as easy upon his *hunkers* as if he was sitting down to praties and butter-milk. He was no more hurt than I am. And why? Don't you see the rason forenint, you? He was one of the true church, and there wasn't a hair of his head put out of joint. But I haven't done with the story yet.—(Where are you going, Paudgeen Daly? Is them the manners I taught you, just to come in for a mouthful of larning, and go off again without saying, 'By your leave!' or, 'What'll you take?' It's the bad thing you're doing, Paudgeen.)—When the Protestant was kilt, as I tould you, nothing would satisfy him but that he should go, just as he was, without waiting for the wake, up to St. Peter; for he thought that there was no end to his grandeur, and that St. Peter was one of his own kidney, and must immediately open the Gould gates for him. But you see there's an end to the Protestant the minute he dies; he hasn't a rood of ground, not as big as Phelim White's cabbage-garden, in that beautiful place which entirely belongs to the Catholics. There you never hear of such doings as rack-rents and distress; we have it all our own way there: and why not, since they won't let us have any way here? When the Protestant got up to the gate, with his face all cut, and his caubeen broke, and his skreeds as dirty as if he was rolling the whole day in the mud,—'Open the door!' says he to St. Peter, who was sitting at his ease, reading a book.—'For what,' says St. Peter, 'should I open the door?'—'Don't keep me standing in the cold here!' says the other, 'but open it immediately.'—'It's lately come to you,' says St. Peter, 'to teach me my business! Who are you?'—'Don't you know me?' says the Protestant builder.—'Know you!' says St. Peter; 'I don't think that the mother that owns you would know you with that ugly face upon you.'—'I am the Protestant builder,' says the other.—'I'm glad you told me that!' says St. Peter; and with that he whips out a shileelagh that he had behind him, and, with one crack of it upon his crown, sent him down two thousand miles inside the walls of hell.—'Put that in your pipe, and smoke it!' said St. Peter; and he went back to finish the book he was reading, which was Friar Haye's Sarmons. The never a more was the Protestant builder heard of; for you know, boys, that the devil is no chicken, at this time of day, to let him out. The next day, the Prasby-tarian thought that he should go to heaven direct, and just went up to St. Peter in the same manner. St. Peter this time was pulling on his boots.—'Well, what are you?' says St. Peter, as civil as you please.—'I am the Prasby-tarian carpenter, that died this morning,' says the other. That was enough: it would do your hearts good to see St. Peter lifting up his leg, and giving him a kick with his big boot, that sent him, like a snipe with a slug under his wing, tumbling over and over, down through the air.—'Stop,' says St. Peter, as he was half-way down: 'I give you leave,' says he, 'to call at Purgatory on your way, in regard of your not being so impudent as the Protestant.'—(Did you pickle the cabbage yet, Mrs. Delany? Indeed, you have the neatest little pantry in the whole parish.—Phil, Phil! what are you saying to Peggy in the corner there? You'll come to no good yourself, Phil. You're one of the clear-skinned family; for I can read the gallows in your face.)—A great many years after these things took place, the humble Catholic hod-man died: and there was a dacent laying-out, and plenty of eating and drinking, and a hearty welcome for the neighbours. But you see he wouldn't go up to St. Peter until he had the last rites of the church, and until he got a new suit of clothes and a night-cap for the occasion. Then he went up as genteel as any gentleman in the land. St. Peter was

sitting at his door, all alone, drinking a tumbler of the best Innishowen. — ‘Many happy days to your honour!’ says the humble hod-man; ‘and I’m glad to see your reverence looking so well this blessed evening.’ — ‘I think I know you, Pat,’ says St. Peter; ‘you’re the humble Catholic hod-man.’ — ‘Divil a word of lie in it!’ says the humble hod-man. — ‘It’s yourself that’s welcome,’ says St. Peter; and with that he shook hands with him, and was as glad to see him as if he was his own brother. — ‘It’s a good step from your place to this, Paddy,’ says St. Peter; ‘and as you’re tired a bit, just sit down and take a snifter with me before you go in.’ — ‘It’s a kind word you say to me,’ says the other; and he sat down, and they both drank all the Innishowen that was in the bottle. — ‘There’s more where that comes from, Paddy,’ says St. Peter. — ‘It’s too many your honour is for me,’ says the humble hod-man; ‘I’m afraid it’ll get into my head, as I’m not to say very strong yet, and I wouldn’t like to have the sign of liquor upon me when I go into the new place; so, if your reverence pleases, I’d like just to go in and rest myself.’ Upon the word, the gates opened like a clap of thunder; and the humble Catholic hod-man walked in, St. Peter bowing and houlding a light to him all the time. — Now, boys, which is the true church?”

F. H.

## MAAMSELLE ST. MAUR!

“PRAY, my dear,” to my partner, at Margate, I said,  
As we paused to take breath from a hot gallopade,  
“Of what name shall I dream when I dream of delight?  
Shall Charlotte, or Jane, be the queen of the night?”

“O Heavens, those are English! No! *mort de ma vie!*  
I’d have you to know, Sir, my name’s Stéphanie!”

“And what next, my young beauty?” She gave me a glance,  
That shewed me she lately had travelled in France—  
That look which at Paris one learns in a week:

“What next? why, my name’s Isabinde Angélique.”

“Both pretty; but, love, if I don’t make too free,  
Are these all?” — “No, besides, I’m St. Ange, Eugénie.”

“Ah, exquisite sounds! and just fitted for love,  
In a box or a ball-room, a boudoir or grove;  
But, sweet, sure you can’t be contented with these?”

“No, besides, I’m Constance, Anatole, Athanèse.”

“All fit for those lips and those glances of fire! —  
Any more?” — “Yes; Agnese, Dorlice, Déjanire!”

“And where, my dear girl, did such superfine names  
In England find birth, to set mankind in flames?”

“The first was a gift from a gallant friseur,  
Who had come from Boulogne, and was then ‘on a tour;’

The next was picked up in a *livre de poste*;

The third at Quillac’s, from the *filles* of the host;

The fourth I made prize in Lafitte’s heavy coach;

The fifth I o’erheard *dans l’Eglise de St. Roch*;

The sixth I purloined from a milliner’s shop;

The last at a guinguette—*en Anglais*, a hop!

Thus supplied with a cargo of heroine names,  
I returned, *toute charmante*, to set fire to the ‘Thames.’”

“But is there no other, delight of my soul!

A name of enchantment, to finish the whole?”

“Yes—one; and you’ll own I have chosen a non-such—

The most die-away, desperate—*Ah, gare qui la touche!*” —

“Some famous old name of birth, beauty, or war?” —

“No, you fool! ’twas my laundress—MAAMSELLE ST. MAUR!”

## HOMER: THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY.

A half-mad Greek has lately written a volume to persuade the world that he has at length made the discovery of the true author of the *Iliad*. This author, who has evaded such a host of inquirers in every age, from the days of Solon down to the days of Payne Knight, is no other than Ulysses, the man of craft, who took Penelope to wife, contrived to escape the swords of Hector and his men at arms, which laid low so many of his gallant countrymen, was shipwrecked and "agitated over so many seas," returned, found his Penelope as virtuous, fond, and deep in tapestry weaving, as in the hour he left her: and having nothing else to do in his monarchy of Ithaca, which at present employs the diplomatic functions of a British corporal and a dozen men, busied his leisure in writing the history of the "Late War under Agamemnon," as commander-in-chief, assisted by documents from head-quarters, and the personal communications of several officers on the staff of the grand army.

But leaving this Greek discoverer to settle his claims with the governors of St. Luke's, the subject is curious and cloudy enough to exercise the best skill of modern inquiry.

This inquiry will probably be found, whatever other elucidations it may produce, to conclude with the following propositions—that the two matchless poems of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were the work of one man—that they were preserved in writing in the Greek colonies along the eastern border of the Mediterranean—that the Athenian Pisistratus, a man of cultivated mind, seeing the confusion into which those poems had fallen in Greece, by the habit of the rhapsodists, or reciters,—to break them up into fragments for popular recitation, and interpolate them with absurdities of their own, collected them, and brought them back into their original shape, a task in which he was assisted and directed by the use of authentic copies of the originals procured from the Greek colonies in Asia Minor.

We may first very briefly cast aside the notorious hypothesis of the German school of Wolf and Heyne, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written by a dozen, or a hundred dozen of rhymers, and finally compacted into their present form by some collector. The Germans are a heavy people, and so conscious of their heaviness, that they are always labouring to appear light. A harlequin, with wooden legs, is their true emblem, and fantastic dulness their true spirit. Heyne has the frivolous stupidity to expose himself to the world's laughter by wisdom of this kind—"Jam ingenium illud præclarum, cui compagem hancce miræ artis debemus, nobis Homerus esto."—(Hom. 7 8, p. 806.) The idea is altogether nonsense. The consecutive action, the similarity of style, and, above all, the brilliant and vivid genius which has made every age bow to the supremacy of Homer, vindicate the immortal work and the immortal author, from twenty generations of Goths and Vandals.

The only attempt at argument on which this hypothesis relies, is the presumed difficulty of proving that the art of writing existed in the age of Homer. But it is clear that, at least in Judea, writing was known long before the time of Moses, and was in common use.—(Numbers, v. 23, Deut. xxiv. 1.) The Pentateuch was written about 1570 years before the Christian æra. That, in Greece, prose works were not known before Pherecydes, (B.C. 544) nor any laws committed to writing before those of Draco,



is a matter unconnected with the question. Writing existed in Asia. But even if it had not existed, the habit of the time, of committing long poems to memory, as a livelihood, could have sufficiently preserved them. Even at so low a date as the time of Xenophon, there were many persons in Athens who had both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* by heart.—(Sympos. 3 5.) But the Book of Job, which was undoubtedly committed to writing, was probably composed about 184 years before Abraham, and 2000 before our æra.

The age of the great poet has been a more dubious matter of controversy. The ancients seem to have ascertained nothing definitively on the point. Strabo makes him a contemporary of Lycurgus, and an adviser in forming the Spartan laws.—(Lib. x.) Cicero, himself an accomplished Greek scholar, and who had studied at Athens, merely observes, that “his age is uncertain, but that he lived long before the foundation of Rome”—(De Clar. Orat. 10.) That Homer did not live in the immediate time of the Trojan war is declared by himself.—(*Iliad*, B. 486.) There is some evidence in the name of the Nile, which he always calls *Ægyptus*, the ancient name.—(Gen. xv. 18.) The great council of the Greek States, the *Amphyctionii*, is not mentioned by him, though its distinction was attained in a very remote age. The next point is to ascertain the downward limit. The most famous and important event of Greece, after the Trojan war, was the return of the *Heraclidæ*, an event which produced a general revolution of territory. But Homer makes no mention of this great change. His catalogue of ships, which forms one of the most curious and complete documents of the state of ancient territory, is constructed wholly on the situation of the different little sovereignties before the invasion of the *Heraclidæ*. This invasion took place in 824 B.C., eighty years after the Trojan war in 904 B.C. Homer must have lived in this interval. But the date may be brought still closer, by observing that the last event to which he alludes is the possession of the Trojan sceptre by the descendants of *Æneas*, in the third generation. Thus he would have flourished in the ninth century B.C. Herodotus already fixes him at the same period, for he gives the date of Homer 400 years before his own. Herodotus lived 444 B.C.

The country of Homer was a celebrated source of controversy after his death. But the only probable narrative of his birth and career is given in a life attributed to Herodotus; one-half of which seems fabulous, yet which has undoubtedly formed the groundwork of all the subsequent attempts. This life states that Homer was born in Smyrna, that his mother, *Crytheis*, was from *Cumæ*, and that Homer was illegitimate, and was born suddenly, in the midst of a festival, on the banks of the river *Meles*. The Greeks subsequently accounted for this transaction in the national way. A descended inhabitant of the skies, as usual in the case of celebrated poets, was the parent, and the mother was afterwards married to a king, *Mæon*, who took upon himself the tutelage of the illustrious child. So says Plutarch, that grand collector of the gossip stories of his fabling country. But the more ancient narrative is less lofty. *Crytheis* supported herself and her child by the labour of her hands, and was a spinner.—(*Iliad*, M. 433.) She then married *Phemius*, a schoolmaster. Homer was taught by *Pronepides*. After the death of *Phemius*, he became master of his school, where, being found by *Mentes*, a rich Smyrnesse trader, he was induced to take the opportunity probably of some of the traders' ships, and, fortunately for

the fame of Greece, and the delight of posterity, go forth to see the world.

In Ithaca he was taken ill, and suffered much from an affection of his eyes. In Ithaca he found himself surrounded with traditions of Ulysses ; and an Ithacan, of the name of Mentor, gave him the narrative of those adventures on which he afterwards constructed the *Odyssey*. This weakness of his eyes at last rendered him totally blind ; but there is an utter improbability in the story that he was born blind. His descriptions of nature, sunshine, the heavenly bodies, storms, the human features and actions, are not the perceptions of a man born blind. They have in them the most distinct evidence of actual vision. The well-known saying of the Roman is perfectly founded—"Si quis eum cæcum genitum putat, omnibus sensibus cæcus est."—(Patercul. l. 1. 5.) On this residence at Ithaca, a conjecture, similar to that of the Greek professor, had been hazarded by Jacob Bryant, a man of learning, but scarcely less extravagant than any German of them all, that Homer, in describing Ulysses and Penelope, was describing himself and his wife, and that Ithaca was his birth-place. But we must recollect that Jacob Bryant doubted, or rather denied, the existence of Troy and the Trojan war altogether ; and had his mind regularly made up for historical scepticism by the widest licence of hypothesis.

Homer, in conformity to a custom nearly coeval with mankind, seems to have made his livelihood on this journey by reciting his compositions at the banquets of the great. At Phocæa, he encountered the common adventure of a literary robbery. Thestorides, a teacher of youth, engaged to give him a lodging and maintenance on condition of being allowed to transcribe his poems. Thestorides then ran away, carrying the MSS. with him to Chios, where he declared himself their author, and commenced reciting them as a rhapsodist. Homer was at this time advanced in life, and blind. But the spirit of the poet was alive to this injury of his property and fame. He ordered himself to be landed at Chios, and set out in pursuit of the delinquent pedagogue. On reaching the shore from Erythræ, he was bewildered, was near being torn to pieces by the dogs of Glaucus, a shepherd, but saved by their master coming up, and was led to Bolissus, where he lived for some time, teaching children, and enjoying his triumph over his plagiarist, who had fled immediately on his arrival. Chios, finally, was his residence ; there he grew affluent, married, and had two daughters, one of whom died early, and the other was married to the father of one of his pupils. His career now drew near its end. Sailing to Athens, he fell sick at Io, died, and was buried in a plain, not far from that "ever-resounding main," which he had so often and so sublimely commemorated.

The native country of this mighty genius was certainly Asiatic. All his descriptions are tinged with the colours of an Asiatic Greek, and are suitable only to Ionia, or some Greek colony to the east of Greece. This has been strikingly illustrated in his allusions to winds, sunset, rains, sea, &c. by Wood, in his "*Essay on the Genius of Homer*." Smyrna seems to have felt itself entitled to claim the honour, if we are to judge from its extraordinary homage to his memory. It burned Zoilus in effigy, as a revenge for his criticism ; it struck medals in honour of the poet, some of which exist, and represent him *not blind but reading* ; and it even erected him into a demigod, and built his temple. The claims of Chios, founded on his residence there, have been argued by many of the

learned, ancient and modern. Simonides, and Theocritus, and Leo Allotius, are in favour of Chios; but they can prove no more than that he lived in the island. The distich relative to this dispute is well known—

“ Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodes, Argos, Athenæ,  
Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ.”

A multitude of poems have been attributed to Homer by the Greeks. But the art of verbal criticism was too negligently exercised on the subject. The people, eager for every novelty, and inclined to receive with zealous delight every production that bore the name of their first poet, suffered a multitude of spurious works to usurp the honour. The only poems which establish in any considerable degree a claim to authenticity, are the *Batracho-muomachia*, or *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*; a humorous fragment, the *Margites*, of which but four stanzas remain; and the *Hymn to Venus*. The *Margites* was universally supposed by the ancients to have been the production of Homer. Zeno calls it his earliest. Aristophanes, Plato, and Aristotle state it decidedly as his work. The *Hymn to Venus* bears evidence of having been at least of the Homeric age: yet the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* has been attributed to Pigres, of Halicarnassus, brother of the Queen Artemisia. The thirty-three hymns, with the exception of the *Hymn to Venus*, are supposed to be by Cynæthus—at all events, they are of high antiquity.

Homer's travels were chiefly in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. His mention of Arabia and Lybia is cursory, and there is no evidence of his having seen either. Spain and Italy appear also to have been beyond his travels. But he speaks of Thebes with the force of a spectator; and he probably penetrated deep into Ethiopia. He is closely familiar with the habits of Phœnicia and Egypt; and his catalogue of the ships implies a singularly close knowledge of the whole of Greece, from its eastern to its western boundary. How much must it be regretted that he had not seen Jerusalem, the most magnificent seat of religion in the world. With what additional splendour must his genius then have shone, from the majesty of the city, and the wisdom and worship of Sion.

The language of Homer has been, by an absurdity possible only to a pedant, conceived to consist of the four chief dialects of Greece. We might as well conceive an English epic compounded of the Yorkshire, Somersetshire, Cornish, and Scotch. The great poet of course used the simple language of his country and his day. The divisions subsequently recognized in the language of Greece Proper, originated in the nature of the territory, which is cut into fragments by mountains and rivers. The slight assistance that history gives, is summed up in the knowledge, that Æolus and Dorus, the sons of Hellen, the son of Deucalion, settling in separate portions of Greece, much of the accent and phraseology of the neighbouring native tribes naturally passed into the language which they brought from Asia, and thus formed the peculiar dialect of their descendants. Achæus and Ion, sons of the younger brother Xanthus, were born in Attica, where their father had married the daughter of Erechtheus the king. Achæus finally went into Laconia, Ion remained in Attica, and his language was adopted by the people, who are thence called by Homer Ionians. Neleus, the son of Codrus, went with a number of his countrymen into Asia Minor, and



there planted the first Ionian colony. Homer lived about the period of this emigration. He is supposed even to have been one of the settlers. —(Knight's Proleg. 66.) He, of course, spoke the language of Attica. But this being before the Athenians had excluded the peculiarities of the Doric and Æolic, they are still to be found in his writings. The Attic still differs but little from the Ionic; it is *contracted* Ionic. The frequency of the broad vowel sounds was inconsistent with the refinement of the Athenian ear, and was gradually reduced.

Homer's alphabet was by no means so copious as that of the subsequent Greek. It probably had but sixteen letters. The vowels H and Ω, and the double consonants, were later; the former being represented by E and O, and the latter by their component sounds.

The digamma is still a subject of controversy. In writing and speaking, the meeting of two words, one of which ended with a vowel and the other began with one, was offensive to the Greek ear. Thus, something like the vulgar pronunciation of London, which adds a consonant to every word ending with a vowel, as Maria-r, Diana-r, was the sign of elegance among the Greeks. With the Londoner, the addition is r, with the Athenian the intermediate was n. With the other tribes it was the custom to prefix to words beginning with a vowel, a Γ, with a line across it, thus, F.—(Dionys. Halic. Antiq. Rom. l. 20.) The latter is supposed to have formed the sixth, or the original Pelasgic alphabet. It was used by the Laconians, Bœotians, Ionians, and Æolians, but by the last so late a period, that it was peculiarly called the Æolic Digamma. It exists, however, in no MSS. But it is found in inscriptions—the Delian marble, and coins of Velia. The pronunciation is still a matter of contest. Dawes declares it to be W. Marsh overthrows this supposition, and states it to be F. The probability is, that it had the force of V. The F is actually found in inscriptions for V. And several words which are transferred from the Greek to the Latin have the V., as *Ῥαῖνον*, vinum; *ὄβισ*, ovis, &c. The total disappearance of the digamma from the Homeric writings, is accounted for on the idea, that at the period of revising the copies by Pisistratus, the digamma had either fallen into disuse, or perhaps had become so substantially a part of the language, that its position in the words was as perfectly understood, as we understand the omission or use of an aspirate in the common words of a modern language. Homer has been idly asserted to have been the earliest poet of Greece. The expression of Herodotus should be qualified into his being the best. Homer himself mentions Thamyris, and probably Linus.—(Il. ɛ. 570.) But poetry is as old as the world.

## THE MARCH OF MIND: A TALE OF CRUTCHED-FRIARS.

MR. JOB SPIMKINS, grocer and vestryman of Crutched-Friars, was a stout, easy, good-natured, middle-aged gentleman, who—to adopt a mercantile phrase—was “well to do in the world,” and had long borne an exemplary character throughout his ward for sobriety, punctuality, civility, and all those homely but well-wearing qualities which we are apt to associate with trade. Punctuality, however, was the one leading feature of his mind, which he carried to so extravagant a height, that having formed a scale of moral duties, he had placed it in the very front rank, side by side with honesty—or the art of driving a good bargain—and just two above temperance, soberness, and chastity. Even in his social hours, this peculiar trait of character decided his predilections; for, notwithstanding he was much given to keeping up feasts and holidays, and had a high respect for Michaelmas-Day, Christmas-Day, Twelfth-Day, New-Year’s-Day, &c., yet he always expressed an indifferent opinion of Easter, because, like an Irishman’s pay-day, it was seldom or never punctual. Next to this engrossing hobby was our citizen’s abhorrence of poetry, an abhorrence which he extended with considerate impartiality to every branch of literature. But Dr. Franklin’s works formed an exception. He pronounced his commercial maxims to be the *chefs-d’œuvre* of genius, and used to set them as large text-copies for his son, when he and the school-bill came home together for the holidays from Dr. Thickskull’s academy at Camberwell. But poetry—our prosaic citizen could not for the life of him abide it. The only good thing, he used to say, he ever yet saw in verse was the Rule of Three; and the only rhymes that had the slightest reason to recommend them, were “Thirty days hath September.”

To these opinions Mrs. Spimkins, like a dutiful wife, never failed to respond Amen. In person this good lady was short and stoutly timbered, with a face on which lay the full sunshine of prosperity, in one broad, unvaried grin. Three children were her’s: three “dear, delightful children,” as their grandmother by the father’s side never failed to declare, when punctually, every New-Year’s-Day, she presented them each with a five-shilling-piece, wrapt up in gilt-edge note-paper. Thomas, the eldest, was a slim, sickly youth, easy, conceited, and eighteen; Martha, the second, was a maiden of more sensibility than beauty; while Sophy, the youngest and sprightliest, to a considerable portion of the maternal simper and the paternal circumference, added a fine expanse of foot, which spreading out semicircularly, like a lady’s fan, at the toes, gave a peculiar weight and safety to her tread.

The habits of this amiable family were to the full as unassuming as their manners. They dined at one o’clock, with the exception of Sundays, when the discussion of the roast or boiled was, for fashion’s sake, adjourned to five; took tea at six; supped at nine; and retired to rest at ten. The Sabbath, however, was a day not less of fashion than of luxury. The young folks—Thomas, especially, who was growing, and wanted nourishment—were then indulged with two glasses of port wine after dinner; and, at tea-time, were made happy in the privilege of a “blow out” with one or more friendly neighbours. Once every year they went half-price to the Christmas pantomimes, a memorable epoch, which never failed to deprive them of sleep, and disorganize their nervous system for at least a fortnight beforehand. Such were the habits

of the Spimkins' family, a family rich, respectable, and orderly, until the March of Mind, which our modern philosophers are striving so hard to expedite, reduced them from wealth to poverty ; and, from having been the pride, compelled them to become the pity of Crutched-Friars.

Every one must remember the strange, bewildering enthusiasm excited by Sir Walter Scott's first appearance as a novelist. All the world was Scott-struck. His songs were set to music ; fair hands painted fire-screens from his incidents ; play-wrights dramatized his heroes ; and even the great Mr. Alderman Dobbs himself was so enraptured with his descriptions of Highland scenery, that he actually took an inside place in the Inverness mail, in order, as he shrewdly remarked, "to judge for himself with his own eyes"—a feat which he would infallibly have accomplished, but for two reasons ; first, that the coach passed the most picturesque part of the Highlands in the night-time ; secondly, that the worthy alderman himself fell fast asleep during the best part of his journey. He returned home, however, as might have been expected, in ecstasies.

Among the number of those who caught this poetic influenza in its most alarming form, were the two Misses Spinks, daughters of Mr. Common-Council Spinks, once a mighty man on 'Change, but who had lately retired from business to enjoy life, alternately at his town house in Crutched-Friars, and his charming summer villa at Newington Butts, near the Montpellier Tea Gardens. As these young ladies lived next door to Mr. Spimkins, and cultivated the gentilities of society—a little neutralized, perhaps, by the circumstance of their indulging in certain pleonastic peculiarities of aspiration, by virtue of which the substantive "air" would be accommodated with an *h*, and the adverb "very" be transformed into a wherry—it may reasonably be inferred that they were much looked up to by their neighbours. The Misses Spimkins, in particular, took pattern by them in all things. They were the standards by which, in secret, they regulated their demeanor—the mirror in which they longed to see themselves at full-length reflected.

Things were in this state, when one morning Miss Spinks, a young lady of a grave and intellectual cast of mind, with a face broad at the forehead and peaked at the chin, like a kite, called at the Spimkinses for the purpose of inquiring the character of a servant maid. The Spimkinses were delighted by such condescension. Miss Spinks was such a charming young woman ! such a dear creature !—so well-bred, so well-dressed, and, above all, so well-informed ! Such, for at least a month afterwards, was the hourly topic of conversation at the grocer's table : it came up with the breakfast-tray, it helped to digest the dinner, it served as a night-cap after supper, until at length old Spimkins, in consideration of his neighbour's importance, was prevailed on to depart so far from his homely notions of household economy, as to allow his wife and children to return Miss Spinks' visit. In due time both parties, as a matter of course, became intimate ; but as literature was all the rage at the Common Councilman's, the Misses Spimkins were for a time at fault, until a seasonable supply of novels, procured secretly from a fashionable publisher in the Minories, enabled them to converse on a more equal footing.

It was just about this period that the Third Series of the Tales of My Landlord appeared. The Spinkses, who had heard from Alderman Dobbs that the descriptions were "uncommon like natur," of course read it ;



so of necessity did the Spimkinse; and, as Miss Spinks kept an album, it came to pass that she one day commissioned Thomas Spimkins to copy into it a few of the most notable passages. On what slight circumstances do the leading events of life depend! The youth, delighted with his task, ventured, after concluding it, to interpolate some stanzas of his own; Miss Spinks inquired who was the author; when Tom, blushing, like *Mrs. Malaprop*, "confessed the soft impeachment," was instantly pronounced a genius, and as such introduced by the Spinkses to all their high acquaintances.

Genius! What a fatal talisman exists in that portentous word! How many industrious families has it led astray! How much common-sense has it shipwrecked! How many prospects, once bright and imposing, has it utterly, incurably blighted!

Astonished at her son's promise, dazzled by the hopes of his preference, all Mrs. Spimkins's usual good sense forsook her. The wisdom of the world was lost in the feelings of the mother. She gave play at once to the most ambitious expectations, and resolved henceforth not to let an hour escape without striving to inoculate her husband. With this view, she called every possible resource to her aid. She appealed to his affection as a father, to his pride as a man; she pointed out the injustice, not to say the inhumanity, of thwarting the genius of Thomas; she talked of his wealth, his deserts, his dignities; and, finally, by some miracle, for which I have never yet been able to account, persuaded the old gentleman to relax so liberally in his anti-poetic notions, as to dispatch Thomas to Oxford, where he would infallibly have gained the prize poem, had it not, by some unaccountable mistake, been transferred to another.

It is from this period that the historian of the Spimkinse must date their decline and fall. Thomas returned home in due time from the University, a finished genius, but as poor as such geniuses are apt to be; while his father, who now began to repent having sent him there, proposed buying him a share in a grocer's shop at Whitechapel. But the gifted youth disdained such base employment. He had a soul above figs! What! Thomas Spimkins, Esq., of Brazen Nose, author of a poem which was within an inch of gaining the Chancellor's Prize, stand behind the counter in a white apron, answering the demands of some uneducated customer for "a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and change for sixpence!" Impossible! the idea was revolting to humanity!

Nevertheless, something must be done: one cannot live upon gentility, even though certificated at Oxford. Old Spimkins was precisely of this way of thinking; so, as a next resource, proposed articling his son to an attorney. But here again a difficulty presented itself. The business of a solicitor requires, it is well known, the impudence of a Yorkshire post-boy—whereas Thomas was diffidence itself. Law, then, was out of the question; the church presented equal impediments; the navy, though respectable, was inappropriate; the army ruinously expensive. In this exigence, nothing remained but literature; to which, after many an urgent, impassioned, but fruitless remonstrance from his father, the young man finally resolved to addict himself. Meanwhile, his kind patrons, the Spinkses, thinking naturally enough that genius should vegetate among congenial scenery, took him on a visit to their villa at Newington Butts, where, in a romantic summer-house, built up of red bricks and oyster-shells, he gave vent to some of the sweetest stanzas imaginable. One of these, inspired by that poetic ceremony, the Lord Mayor's Show,

fell accidentally into the hands of his lordship himself, who pronounced the author to be "a clever fellow, and one as knew what's what." This opinion, delivered in public by so great a judge, soon made the round of Crutched-Friars; so that, whenever Thomas chanced to make his appearance in public, the very shop-boys would whisper admiringly after him, "I say, Jack, there goes a poet!"

Behold, then, our sensitive minstrel, the pride of his neighbourhood, the "young Astyanax" of his family! As such, it became him to affect eccentricity. Accordingly, he grew "melancholy and gentlemanlike," eschewed his cravat, and even advised his father to addict himself to Scott and Byron. But the old gentleman winced exceedingly at this proposal. Recollections of a poetic apprentice he once had, who had for some months carried on a very irregular flirtation with the till, came thronging fast upon his mind, and spurred him at once to a refusal. But what can resist the eternal solicitations of the shrewder sex? By day his daughter, by night his wife, kept teasing him into gradual compliance with their wishes. First he was prevailed on to dine at five, instead of two o'clock; secondly, to listen to his daughter's execution of "Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love!" sung with a twist of the mouth peculiarly provocative of that passion; and, lastly (the severest cut of all), to give conversaziones to his son's literary acquaintances.

At these parties a strange and talented group never failed to present themselves. All were men of genius, but exhibited, in their respective persons, proofs of the amazing rancour that subsists between genius and gentility. Among them was a lively Irishman, named O'Blarney, a reporter for the daily press, with sandy hair, a nose that turned up like a fish-hook, and a mouth which, from its extensive dimensions, afforded the most copious facilities for grinning. This promising young Papist, whose estates unfortunately lay in the most Protestant part of Ireland, was the very gem of Mr. Spimkins' parties; and, as he mixed much in fashionable society, and could beat even a negro in dancing, his presence never failed to create a lively sensation at Crutched-Friars. Another of the old gentleman's guests was a rising versifier of twenty-two, whose appearance would have been sentiment itself, had not a pair of dingy whiskers, which grew back towards his ears, as if enamoured of the latter's unusual length, given him a slight touch of the grotesque. As it was, his fine, open, full-blown face, resembled a cherub on a country tomb-stone. It would be injustice to acknowledged ability were I here to omit the mention of another poet, whose genius taking an uxorious turn, exploded in admiring apostrophes to his wife. This bard displayed infinite sweetness of versification—as the extracts from the different reviews, inserted accidentally at the end of his volume—assured him. There were no intemperate sallies, no startling originality, no audacious imagery in his rhymes; all was sweetly and agreeably uniform, like the features on a barber's block. Such, with the addition of three historians from St. Mary Axe, two political economists from Long Acre, a pastoral writer from Wapping, and an essayist from Houndsditch, were the literati whose dazzling abilities illumined the fortunate neighbourhood of Crutched-Friars. Old Spimkins, meanwhile, to whom the whole scene was a novelty that well nigh took away his breath, kept moving backwards and forwards among his guests, oscillating in spirits between a sigh and a smile; at one moment looking grave and dignified, like the Scotch Highlander at a tobacconist's; at another, simpering sweetly and benignly,

and perpetrating, whenever he ventured on a remark, the strangest possible blunders. The three French consuls he invariably mistook for the three per cent. consols; quoted Moore's Almanack in illustration of Moore's Melodies; inquired whether those two great poets, Hogg and Bacon, were not of the same family; and, when asked his opinion of Crabbe, gave a decided preference to lobster.

This sort of work had continued for the best part of a year, during which time the good-natured old grocer had been subjected to every species of expense and annoyance; when one morning, towards the close of October, news arrived that a literary gentleman, for whom his son had persuaded him to become bail to a pretty considerable amount, had presented him, in return, with what is termed leg-bail—a species of gratitude whereby the locomotive powers are exercised at the expense of principle. The same post brought a letter from Miss Spinks at Newington, with the intelligence that Sophy—the sprightly Sophy Spinkins—who had been on a visit there for some days, had just set out with O'Blarney, on a hasty visit of inspection to the latter's estates at Monaghan. This letter enclosed another from the fair fugitive herself, in which she implored her father's forgiveness for the “rash step” she had taken; but assured him that immediately on her arrival at the old family castle, she should become Mrs. O'Blarney, and return home the very instant that her husband had secured his election for the county. The epistle concluded with affectionate remembrances to the family circle, and a hope that, when things were a little in order, her eldest sister would be prevailed on to accompany her back to Monaghan.

This intelligence, notwithstanding his son's very sanguine anticipations on the subject, annoyed poor Mr. Spinkins exceedingly; while, as if to fill up the measure of his tribulation, his former acquaintance at Crutched-Friars, finding that, for months past, he had shewn evident symptoms of a wish to cut them, began, in self-defence, to set up reports injurious to his reputation. Rumours so circulated soon obtained belief. First one customer dropped off—then a second—then a third—then a fourth, fifth, and sixth—until at length the whole neighbourhood set it down, confidently down in their minds, that the Spinkinses were a losing family. Even the parish-clerk himself, a person of considerable local authority, was heard to observe that they were getting too clever for business—an opinion which, pronounced gravely and oracularly by a gentleman in a double chin, produced an instantaneous effect.

But where all this time were the Spinkses? Where were they whose patronage should have shielded, and whose kindness should have cherished, the unfortunate but still interesting Spinkinses? Alas! they had set out, only a few weeks before, for the Holy Land, with the avowed intention of taking furnished lodgings for at least six months at Jerusalem.

As if this of itself were not sufficiently vexatious, Miss Spinkins took it into her head to espouse a gentleman for the very last thing a lady usually thinks of looking for in a husband—his intellect. The origin of her amour is curious. She had read in the Gentleman's Magazine the “Confessions of a Wanderer,” who had been shipwrecked on the Thames at night-fall off Chelsea Reach; which Confessions were penned in so poetic a spirit, and described so feelingly the horrors of the catastrophe, the hoarse dash of the waves—the howling of the winds—and the subsequent encounter of the vessel against the fourth arch of Battersea Bridge, that the susceptible Miss Spinkins was on thorns till she became



acquainted with the author. This, by her brother's intervention, was soon brought about ; an invitation to dinner confirmed the intimacy ; the lady, like *Desdemona*, loved the Wanderer "for the perils he had passed ;" and he, like *Othello*, "loved her that she did pity them." It has been well said, one marriage makes many : scarcely had his sister embraced the nuptial state, when Thomas handed to the same altar a widow lady, whom he had accidentally met at Margate, and had mistaken for a person of quality, but who had since turned out to be the leading tragic actress of Sadler's Wells, at a rising salary of eighteen shillings per week, exclusive of benefits. It is but justice to add, that if this young lady brought her husband no fortune, she brought him, what to a sensitive mind is infinitely preferable, two fine boys, one of whom was breeched, the other yet in petticoats.

Such accumulated incidents—calamities he ungratefully called them—occurring to old Spinkins at a period when the mind, having lost the first elasticity of youth, is not yet mellowed down into the philosophy of age, but stands, restless and unsettled, between the two, in a sort of crepuscular condition, heaped "sackcloth and ashes on his head." He neglected his ledger, he neglected his house, he neglected himself, and, worst of all, he neglected his customers. In fact, for months together, he did nothing but sigh and swear. His family, even in this exigency, could render him not the slightest assistance. His daughter, who still lived with him, had, by a diligent cultivation of the intellect, long since forgotten the household duties of a wife ; her husband, as the old man used often to remark, "was of no more use than a cargo of damaged coffee ;" and even Thomas—the inspired Thomas himself—had dwindled down into a mere mortal, and now dwelt in aerial seclusion up two pair of stairs at Pentonville. Thus widowed in his age—for his wife, I should observe, had three months since transferred herself from his to Abraham's bosom—the disconsolate grocer abruptly sold his business, pensioned off his daughter and her "Wanderer," and retired alone, on a small annuity, to a back street in Islington—a memorable illustration of the March of Mind and its very peculiar concomitants.

Here it was that I first became acquainted with him, and gleaned the particulars of the history I have just ventured to sketch. Our intimacy continued upwards of a year, during which period I will do my old friend the justice to say, that I heard the anecdote of the poetic apprentice who had robbed him, at least a dozen times. Now and then, when I ventured to express my astonishment that a tradesman of his good sense, who held such proper notions on the score of poetry and punctuality, should have so far forgotten himself as to have encouraged the one, and abandoned the other, to his own manifest ruin, the venerable sage would answer, "True, Sir, but it was all my wife's doing." She kept perpetually telling me that the Spinkses—who, one would have thought must have been good judges, for they were capital customers, and always paid their way—had pronounced my son to be a genius, and that it was a shame to thwart his abilities ; so I was over-persuaded, you see, to send him to college, when, had he but stuck to business, who knows but he might have become a common-councilman ; or, perhaps, even in time a sheriff ! But there's no doing any thing with poets. I remember an apprentice of mine, once—— But I see you're affected !" —and here the old man would pause, shake the ashes from his pipe, and then revert to some less ungracious topic. It was on one of these occasions, when, having concluded a longer story than usual, he had stopped to take his customary allowance of breath, that on waking from a nap

which his affecting anecdotes rarely failed to bring on, I found him stretched in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. With some difficulty he was brought to his senses; but, a relapse occurring in a few days, it became but too evident that, like the late John Wesley, he had had a call—that, in short, his closing hour was come. I was with him in his last extremity, and have every reason to be satisfied with the Christian character of his exit. He swore most incredibly at all poets; left Thomas his blessing and six half-crowns; his daughter a MS. Essay, by the political economist of Houndsditch; and then, with a convulsive jerk of his left leg, which lamed the bed-post for life, set out on his travels to eternity, with the story of the apprentice on his lips.

Of his three children, Thomas is the sole survivor. The “Wanderer’s” wife was taken off, about a fortnight since, by dyspepsia, the consequence of inordinate indulgence in tripe and toast-and-water; while her sprightly sister, Sophy, threw herself headlong into a mill-pond at Holyhead (having previously tied down her petticoats at the ankles), on being informed by O’Blarney, in one of those confidential moments which brandy-and-water seldom fails to elicit, that he was already the devoted husband of three wives and a proportionate abundance of pledges, and had quitted London not so much with a view to visit any Irish estates—which, as a matter of course, existed only in his fancy—as to obviate the personal inconveniences likely to arise from the circumstance of his having, in a moment of forgetfulness, appropriated to his own use the purse and pocket-book of one of his most intimate and valued acquaintances. The poor girl’s body was fished up, a few days afterwards, by a Welsh clergyman, who was trolling in spectacles for pike; and a coroner’s inquest having been summoned, the evidence of O’Blarney was taken, from which it clearly appeared that the deceased was at times insane, and, only two hours before her death, had made three attempts to swallow a salt-cellar. The young Irishman deposed to these and other facts with so much feeling, earnestness, and simplicity, that the coroner complimented him highly on his humanity; and an account of the inquest having been furnished by himself for the *North Wales Chronicle*, it soon afterwards made the round of the London newspapers, under the title of “Distressing Suicide.”

Of poor Thomas, my account, I grieve to say, must be equally disheartening. An epic poem, on which he had been some months engaged, having not only failed, but even contributed to introduce its publisher to ready-furnished lodgings in the Fleet, he is now driven to the necessity of jobbing for minor periodicals, thereby adding one more to the already swollen catalogue of those who, mistaking the *ignis fatuus* of vanity for the sober radiance of intellect, start off prematurely on the voyage of life, without pilot to steer, compass to direct, or ballast to steady their course.

When I called on the young man, a few mornings since, I was much struck with his more than usually picturesque condition. Being always fond of air, he had hired a back attic, overlooking two charming gardens filled with clothes’-lines, and commanding a distant view of some brick-fields, a pig, and an Irish hodman from Carrickfergus. His wife was seated at the fire, watching a leg of mutton as it pirouetted before the grate, at the end of a bit of whipcord: Fernando, her eldest boy, was riding with manifest ecstasy on the back of an old chair: and her two other darling babes, Alphonso and Eleonora, were fast asleep, on a turn-up bedstead, in an adjoining room. Close by Thomas, who was busy writing reviews at a deal table with three legs, was an elderly cotton shirt, hanging to dry on a small wooden horse,

quite a pony in its dimensions ; and at the further end of the room, near the door, stood a pot of half-and-half, a pen'orth of pickled cabbage in a tea-cup, a twopenny French roll, a black horn dinner knife, and a fork with two prongs, both of which were broken. On observing these evident symptoms of domestic conviviality, I abruptly hastened my departure ; but, on my return home by way of Crutched-Friars, could not refrain from stopping an instant in order to survey my old friend's establishment. It was in the most deplorable condition possible. The voice of its till was mute ; the very fixtures themselves were removed ; and advertisements, three deep, specifying in large red characters the virtues of Daffy's Elixir, were posted up on door, wall, and window-shutter. Altogether, the scene was of the most affecting character, and forcibly impressed on my mind the calamities attendant on what Shakspeare calls " ill-judged ambition."

#### FAREWELL TO DUBLIN.

FAREWELL to Dublin, threadbare city,  
Where all are debtors—more's the pity ;  
Where, like bagged cats, or spiders bottled,  
Each bankrupt's by his brother throttled.  
Farewell to catchpoles, tailors, duns,  
Those modern Vandals, Goths, and Huns,  
Farewell to Dan's Association,  
Cockpit of swaggering starvation,  
Farewell to Bradley King's old glorious !  
Farewell to city feasts, uproarious ;  
Attorney, sheriff, turnkey, gaoler,  
Dust, gas, and smoke, and Major Taylor.  
Farewell to Nelson and his Pillar  
(Beanstalk, and Jack-the-Giant-killer) ;  
To sleepy levees, ill attended,  
Nobody happy till they're ended ;  
To creaking concerts, tuneless squalls ;  
To kick-shin parties, nicknamed balls ;  
Dull drawing-rooms, and birth-day nights,  
State-carriages, and Lord Mayor's sights ;—  
To these, and ten times more, adieu !  
Dublin, I hope I've done with you.

And is it thus, with careless heart,  
From all my early ties I part ?  
Sail, laughing, from my native shore,  
Friends, kindred, home, to see no more ?  
Is there no fond remembrance nigh  
To chase the smile, and wake the sigh—  
No spot, amid the dark dull scene,  
To weeping Memory ever green ?  
Alas ! the heart will often hide  
Its wounds beneath the folds of pride :  
The sun will smile on ruined towers,  
The frost will gem the leafless bowers ;  
The rose will blossom o'er the tomb,  
And mock the faded with its bloom ;  
And cold Despair will bring relief  
To pangs that lie too deep for grief.

Away with care ! I'll woo the breeze  
That speeds me o'er the willing seas.  
Dimly recedes my once-loved home,  
Faint and more faint gleam spire and dome ;  
Mountain and grove, and stream and dell,  
Melt like a dream ;—Farewell !—farewell !

J. R. O.



## THE COLONISTS, AND THEIR CALUMNIATORS.

It is because we feel intensely that, in these times, dangerous as they have been to the liberties of the country—still more dangerous as they are likely to be to its true interests—the most urgent necessity demands the adoption of prompt and vigorous measures to stem the tide of fraudulent innovation which is setting in so strongly, we recur to the subject of the West India Colonies. A topic of greater importance to the nation can hardly be agitated; and as it is impossible that, in the next session of parliament, whenever that may be held, the momentous questions connected with it can be any longer staved off, we earnestly apply ourselves to contribute, as far as our influence may extend, that portion of information which the public—by whom the question must, after all, be decided—ought to possess before they come to their decision.

In order to do this effectually, we must, in the first place, mark, as strongly as we may, the difference between the persons who are put forward as the ostensible opposers of the nation's colonial interests, and those who, having no interests but such as spring from their own base and dishonest views of gain, shelter themselves under the reputation and character of the former class, and make them the stalking-horse by which they hope to approach their victims securely, and to destroy them effectually. The first are, for the most part, pious, amiable, and enthusiastic, who, even in their "failings, lean to virtue's side." The others are those who would establish an East India monopoly upon the ruins of the West India commerce, and that tribe of Whigs, Radicals, and Infidels who are, and have ever been, the well-known enemies to the constitution and welfare of the empire, and to the decencies and comforts of well-regulated society. That two classes of persons, so entirely unlike each other—so utterly opposed in interests and feelings, acting upon principles, and seeking to attain ends so essentially different from each other—should be found to coalesce, passes all the wonders that have ever been wondered at; and yet it is not more strange than true that they are now united, and that they labour with combined forces to ruin and destroy the West India Colonies.

Another distinction, always to be kept in mind, is that which exists between the cause in which the only honest part of this most unnatural confederacy first embarked, and that in which they are now engaged. Much as we deplore the extent to which the former antagonists of the Colonies have carried their hostility, we are ready to admit that the motives which first influenced them were pure and honourable. The annihilation of the detestable traffic in slaves is at once their most honourable triumph, and an irrefragable proof of the virtue and purity of their motives; but who is there so wilfully blind as not to see that the existence of slavery in the modified form, and under the influence of the gradual, but not slow amelioration in the moral condition of our slave population which is now in progress throughout the British Colonies, has nothing whatever to do with that odious system, at the contemplation of which the heart of man revolts? Will any one, who has considered the subject at all, who has read upon it at all, even though his reading should not have extended beyond the statements of the anti-colonists, deny that the question whether such slavery as is at this moment recognized by law should be abolished by law (for it ought to be in no other way abolished, notwithstanding the charitable suggestions of some of the anti-colonists, who recommend bayonets and bloodshed), and the ques-

tion as to the existence of the slave trade, are as widely distinct as any two propositions that the wit of man can devise? That the one is a matter which does not admit of dispute—that every feeling of humanity, to say nothing of the feelings of people to whom freedom is dearer than life and all that life can give, at once indignantly repudiates the very notion of sanctioning the horrid trade in human blood—and that the other subject involves a question of national policy, and is simply whether, under the circumstances in which the trade, the capital, and the foreign relations of this country, have become connected with the agriculture of her Colonies, it is, in the first place, possible that that agriculture can be conducted by any other method than such as now prevails there? and, if that be practicable, what are the means by which the change—when a change shall have been determined on—shall be effected? It has been proved, beyond all contradiction, that the slaves in our Colonies live under the protection of humane and efficient laws—that it is the interest as well as the duty of the Colonists to preserve them in health and comfort—and that they practise that duty not only as Christians and Englishmen ought to do, but in such a manner as some Englishmen who call themselves Christians, and who are not Colonists, might well blush at the contemplation of. The question then is clearly one of mere policy; no one who means to be honest, and who is not a slave to his prejudices—who can resist the influence of gross imposture and hypocrisy, even when they make their approach in the guise of truth and piety, and who has a regard for his own reputation—can deny that it is such a question of policy that it has no connexion with, or relation to, the odious subject of the slave trade. And yet, the anti-slavery partizans either treat, or suffer them to be treated, as if they were the same; they press into the service of their present enterprize all the facts and arguments which served the abolitionists of that traffic, and hire for the support of their cause weapons which were never yet wielded but for the purpose of destroying the institutions that every good man ought to guard with his life.

But that the consequences of the mischievous industry with which they pursue their designs, would, if they should succeed, produce any rather than mirthful feelings, the present proceedings of the Anti-Slavery, or, as they ought rather to be called, Anti-Colonist, partizans would be extremely diverting. The adroitness with which they avail themselves of every event they can make to bear upon their design of misleading the public judgment, the unscrupulous welcome which they give to every ragamuffin who offers to assist in the war they have begun upon the Colonies, are most extraordinary. With the exception of that celebrated one for the recovery of the Holy Land, there has been no parallel to the crusade that is carrying on for the destruction of the West India interests.\* In the one, as in the other, pious fanatics led the van, and a

\* A very slight variation from the description which Fuller gives of the crusaders, would make it applicable to the Anti-Colonists:

"We must in charitie allow, that many of them were truly zealous, and went with pious intents. These were like to those of whom Bellarmine speaketh, who had no fault, *præter nimiam sanctitatem*, too much sanctitie, which a learned man interpreteth too much superstition. But besides these well meaning people, there went also a rabble-rout, rather for company than conscience. Debtors took this voyage on them as an acquittance from their debts, to the defrauding of their creditors. Servants counted the conditions of their service cancelled by it, going away against their master's will. Thieves and murderers took upon them the crosse to escape the gallows. Adulterers did penance in their armour. A

countless number of robbers and knaves made up the ranks. In each, the avowed object of the undertaking influenced but a few of those who were engaged in it; those few were mistaken, and the rest were actuated only by a desire to gratify their bad passions, or to accomplish most unworthy purposes.

Among all the adherents whom the Anti-Colonists have not scrupled to adopt, the "learned Thebans" of the *Westminster Review* are the last that one could have thought they would like to enroll in their lists. *Per fas aut nefas*, seems, however, to be the motto upon their banners; and as there has appeared in the last number of that most sagacious, and decent, and discreet publication, an article in which the writer exhausts all his powers of abuse and invective upon the West India Colonies generally, the Anti-Slavery Society, pure and pious as they are, have bought it from the "conductors of that able work," and propose to publish it separately, in a cheap form. Considering its real worth, it ought to be in a *cheap* form, for there is certainly no coin current in these realms that would not be a most extravagant price for it. A more impudent piece of ribaldry the licentious press of this most licentious age never produced. It is clearly written under the influence of "ale, or viler liquor;" the author's drunkenness betrays itself in every line. The raving incoherence of the nonsense with which it is filled, render it impracticable even to attempt any distinct reply to it, and the natural repugnance which all decent people must feel against engaging in a conflict with such an antagonist, is another reason for not touching him. What can be the result of a set-to with a chimney-sweeper? You may beat him, and be cheered by the by-standers; but only reflect for a moment how miserably you would befoul yourself! And yet, not for his sake, but for that of his patrons, we must have a word with him.

The article which the Anti-Slavery Association mean to spread with all the influence they possess, is headed with the "trial and condemnation of Esther Hibner," who was hanged for murdering a poor child, and the "despatch of Mr. Huskisson on the subject of the cruelties perpetrated by the Mosses, in the Bahamas." This is a device worthy of its inventor, but surely not worthy of the Anti-Slavery Society, if they possess, or would claim any character among honest people. There is but one conclusion that they can seek to have drawn from it, which is, that the general treatment of slaves in the West Indies, by the owners of estates there, is similar to that for which Esther Hibner was executed. Quite as just, and quite as true would it be to say, because in all ranks of the Church and State, individuals are to be found who disgrace the station they fill, that all who are in the same station are equally disgraced;—that because Lord Ferrers, and Fauntleroy, and Hunton were hanged, all the peers of Great Britain are addicted to the crimes of murder, and that all the bankers and quakers are, to a man, swindlers and forgers.

Another notable statement which the anti-colonists desire to have circulated, is, that "If the West India Islands, with all their abominations, were to sink into the sea to-morrow, the British people instead

lamentable case that the devil's black-guards should be God's soldiers! And, which was more, women (as if they would make the tale of the Amazons truth) went with weapons, in men's clothes, a behaviour at the best immodest; and modestie being the case of chastitie, it is to be feared, that where the case is broken, the jewel is lost."—*The Hist. of the Holy War*, l. 1. c. 12.



of being losers would be gainers." Now what the Caliban of the Westminster Review chooses to say goes, we know, for just nothing; but the anti-slavery body pledge themselves to the truth of this; that is, they have the effrontery to say, that the total loss of colonies which pay the expences of their internal government, civil and military, with the exception of a very small sum that is contributed by this country, and which, besides, return annually to Great Britain, in imports and exports, more than fifteen millions sterling, would be a gain to the people. The arithmetical calculations of these good people are marvellous! This is a point which admits of no dispute; assertion on the one hand or the other would be equally idle; the Parliamentary Returns prove the facts, and upon those facts we are content to rely. We must, however, whisper in the ear (not of the "drunken monster," who, his task being done, is probably trying to sleep off his debauch), but of the anti-colonists, that there are other ways of losing colonies besides their sinking in the sea. Dead men, it is true, tell no tales; but there have been instances of colonies, the loss of which was attended with a bitter cost of blood, and of remorse which can never die.

It is of course, that such a writer as the one we are now speaking of, would repeat the hackneyed assertion, that a monopoly is granted to the West Indies, in the trade of sugar; and that the advantages which are given to the colonial trade, act practically as a tax upon the English people for the support of slavery. This is nothing more or less than an impudent falsehood;—the advantages which the colonists enjoy, they would not ask for, they would not even accept, but that the manner in which this country has chosen to deal with them and their property, has created a system, of which the drawback upon exports is necessarily a part, and they take, even in that shape, nothing from this country but a part, a very small part, of that which they have before communicated to it.

So far from the people of this country paying for the support of slavery, the truth is that slavery pays for their support. We do not say, that if it could be shown to be unjust, it ought, for that reason, to be continued,—but we do say that it began here, and not in the colonies,—that it is by the laws, and under the sanction of this country, that such slavery as exists has been established; and that this country's revenue is increased by it, to an extent not to be considered as wholly insignificant by any but the anti-colonists and their tools.

All this, however, wretched trash as it is, could excite no other feeling than contempt; but there is another part of the article which places the real meaning of the writer in a much more distinct light, and which shows the motives which actuate the Anti-Slavery Society, or at least that part of the society who have the management, and who venture to give the money, and pledge the names of their constituents to a proposition which, if acted upon, (and God knows how soon, by such means, it may be acted upon!) would deluge the colonies with blood.

"It is as clear," quoth Caliban, "as the day, that their (the colonists') system altogether, is one which every Englishman, in his own person, knows it would be honour and glory to demolish by the bayonet. Every Englishman knows that the right of resistance to personal slavery, is as clear and distinct a right as that of resistance to the wild beasts of the forest. If this is not law there is no law,—it is time for every man

to take his musquet, if he has one, and be a law unto himself. It is not men meeting together, with certain forms, and calling themselves the Honourable *this*, or the Worshipful *that*,—that can legalize what, in its own nature, is contrary to the purposes for which human society is formed." \* \* \* "Not a soldier or officer is sent to the colonies, who does not know that the only way of reconciling his service with the duty of an honest man, or the honour of a gentleman, is by considering himself as the guardian of the great acts of justice which must speedily take place."

Now this, it must be confessed, is speaking plainly; "this looks rebellion!" this, from the agent of the Anti-Slavery Society, whose sentiments that society adopts, and whose opinions they circulate at their own expence—for, cheaply as they may affect to sell them, they know, and we know, that unless the publication in which they are contained be given away, it will not be read at all—is better than twenty thousand of their own milk and water productions, in which "they palter with us in a double sense" and assume the language and tone of charity and good-will to men, while they thirst for the blood of their fellow creatures and fellow countrymen. There can be no mistaking this. *Les Amis des Noirs* never uttered the cravings of their sanguinary hearts more plainly in the Revolutionary Assemblies of France, when they gave the signal for the atrocities which took place in St. Domingo; the memory of which is yet so recent that many men now living retain it in all its original horror, and the history of which will make the hearts of men yet unborn quake while they read it! The Caliban of the Westminster goes even further than the mere utterance of such opinions: he recommends their diffusion in the West Indies, among the slaves themselves; and who can doubt that by means of the influence of the Anti-Colonists, his recommendation will be put into practice? Then, if their wishes be accomplished, must be acted over again the same scenes of atrocity and terror. Again that most dreadful of all wars, a *bellum servile*, will desolate the lands where plenty, and, in spite of all that Caliban and his abettors would urge, contentment now smile; and all that has been done towards the improvement, moral and physical, of the slave population, all the effects of religious and other instruction, by which, in the process of time, that population would be raised to the proper rank of intellectual beings, would be undone and blasted! We speak of no imaginary evils. Unhappily for human nature, and to the disgrace of the present age, St. Domingo—or Hayti, as, in the vain hope of obliterating the appalling recollections that are for ever associated with it, it has since been called—furnishes a practical instance of the only effects that can be produced by such measures as the Anti-Slavery Society, repudiating the exertions of the religious missionaries whom they first employed, now recommend, under the advice and with the co-operation of the Westminster Review!

To go through the detail of the atrocities, which under the same pretext were committed in St. Domingo, would be impossible on this occasion; but we extract a short statement of some of the most noted, from a recent publication by one of the best informed and most able writers on the questions connected with the Colonies.

"A few of the horrors committed in St. Domingo may be here noticed as a warning to those who have colonies peopled by African slaves.

"The wife and three daughters of M. Faville, while imploring mercy for him, saw the husband and father cut to pieces before their eyes by the savages. Carried away captives, they were reserved for a more horrid fate.

"On the estate of M. Gallifet the negroes had been treated kindly to a proverb. When the revolt began, M. Odeluc, the attorney, thinking they would remain faithful, went out to the plantation with a friend and some soldiers. He found them in open rebellion, and *their standard was the body of a white infant, which they had recently impaled on a stake.* Himself, his friend, and most of the soldiers, were murdered without mercy, a few only of the *patrole* escaping to tell the dreadful tale.

"M. Blen, an officer of police, was nailed alive to one of the gates of his plantation, and his limbs, one by one, chopped off with an axe.

"A poor man, named Robert, a carpenter, was dragged from his hiding place, and that he might die in the way of his occupation, the savages deliberately sawed him asunder.

"M. Cardinneau, a planter of Grande-Rivière, offered two of his own mulatto children money to remain faithful. They took the money, and then stabbed their parent to the heart.

"In the parish of Limbe, at a place called Great Ravine, a venerable planter, who had two beautiful daughters, while he was tied down, saw his eldest ravished before his eyes by one barbarian, and his youngest delivered over to another to be subjected to the same fate.

"Near Jeremie a body of mulattoes secured M. Sejourne and his wife in their own house. The monsters murdered the husband before the eyes of his wife. She was far advanced in pregnancy. They ripped her up alive, and threw the infant to the hogs. They then (how shall I relate it?) sewed up the head of the murdered husband in ———— !!!

"At another place, a favourite negro murdered his master. Stretched on the dead body of his master, the villain's mistress was afterwards subjected to the assassin's lust.

"All the white and mulatto children whose fathers had not joined the revolt were murdered, without exception, before the eyes, or clinging to the bosoms of their mothers. Young women of all ranks were first violated by a troop of barbarians, and frequently afterwards put to death. Some of them were reserved for the further gratification of the savages; and others had their eyes scooped out with a knife."

And these are "the great acts of justice that must *speedily* take place"—such are the scenes which the Anti-Slavery Society wish to have renewed. These are the tender mercies of a body who pretend to be actuated by the principles of Religion; whose charity towards the negroes is so abundant, that they would fain indulge them with the diversions of murder, and violation, and torture, at the expense of the Christian community, their own compatriots, who, under the sanction and in full reliance upon the truth and consistency of the British nation and its government, have established themselves in those distant regions. Faugh! the pretence is too gross; and for once, at least, we thank the Anti-Slavery Society for having thrown off the mask and shewn the hideous purpose they contemplate in all the nakedness of its atrocity.

The writer of Westminster, who, although he has the ingenuity to lay a trap for the Anti-Slavery Society, into which their purblind worships have fallen, has his own views, which are wholly distinct from those held by that venerable and most humane body, brings in, as if by accident,



the subject of East India sugar ; for which purpose alone his article was written. He denies that there is any thing like slavery in the East Indies. We do not propose to enter into this matter very deeply. The publications of Mr. Saintsbury, in which there is more true and rational piety and charity, as well as incomparably more of indisputable fact and of sound argument, than in all that has ever emanated from the press of the anti-colonists, have abundantly proved the falsehood of this assertion ; and, if further proof were needed, it may be found by any body who will take the trouble to look for it in the voluminous mass of Parliamentary Papers published on the subject of slavery in the East Indies. We say, without the fear of contradiction, that *the agricultural labour of a great part of the East Indies is performed by slaves !* But, in the name of common sense, is it necessary for the cause we maintain to prove this ? Is it not a matter of notoriety, that the whole system of the East India Company is one of slavery, and monopoly, and coercion, of the very worst kind ? Are they not themselves, by turns, despots and slaves of the most odious and contemptible description ? Are they not obliged to divert the attention of the slaves, whom they call "the Company's servants," to the acquisition, no matter how, of immense fortunes for themselves, in order that their own ill-gotten and precarious influence may be preserved ? Is not public opinion stifled in India by means the most unjust ? and is there any thing like a free man among the persons employed by the tea-dealers of Leadenhall-street ? Are they not, at this moment, engaged in an attempt to ward off the approaching inquiry into their affairs, by picking a quarrel about their pay and allowances with the soldiery they employ, in the hope that the British government may think it not worth while to encounter the difficulties which attend their management of the distant provinces under their care ? And is it in favour of such a body as this that the West India colonists are to be derided—and by such hands ? Is it for the sole purpose of enabling this *august* company to sell, at a ridiculous and unreasonable profit, the sugar they produce by means of *their* slaves, that the West India colonists are to be reduced to beggary and ruin ?

But the concluding passage—and we are glad to have arrived at it—of the Westminster article is curious. Caliban recommends the Anti-Slavery Society to make a figure of a negro woman in cheap clay, and to write under it, "We still pay a poll-tax to support the flogging of women in Jamaica," in the hope that it may be placed by the side of Paul Pry on the chimney pieces of half the working men in England. We think the society cannot do better, since they circulate "the article," than to follow the advice it gives. It is advice worthy of the source from which it comes ; but it shows at the same time the utter lack of wit, the poverty of invention of the rogues who offer it. No one can have forgotten the similar device which was practised by a gifted radical, who was one of the most renowned of the sages of the *Westminster Review*—he may be the very Caliban whom we are discussing—and it is by no means unlikely. He had conceived a most indescribable remedy, as he called it, for the too rapid increase of population, and used to amuse his leisure by dropping papers, in which the method of practising his invention was explained, down the areas and into the houses about the metropolis. He went further, and sent some of them into the manufacturing districts for distribution, when a woman into whose hands they fell (this was at Manchester, and he was at London,

so she could not spit in his face) sent them to the secretary of state, and indignantly appealed to him, whether, in a country like this, so flagrant an offence against common decency ought not to be punished by the law of the land? That it might be, and that it ought to have been punished, there can be no doubt; but perhaps it was a more discreet course to leave the lurking knave in the obscurity to which he was born, and from which the grossest of his follies has not been able to remove him. But such are the people—such are the counsels that the Anti-Slavery Society patronises, and well are they worthy of each other. It is not necessary to speculate upon the effect which such “cheap clay” might produce among the working classes of England; but we have no doubt that this Westminster proposition would produce as much disgust and indignation among the negro-women of Jamaica, as its former one did among the women of England.

We have, however, done with the Caliban and his promoters, and we return to the question upon which the existence of the Colonies depends, namely, whether England will extend to them that just protection against their numerous enemies, of which they stand in great need, and to which their present importance and their past services entitle them. There are two points, and two only, on which this question has to be considered: the first is the political importance of these colonies to the empire; the second, the moral obligation, if there be any such, of putting an end to the system by which the Colonies have been established. The first includes the value of the Colonies to Great Britain in peace and in war—the great wealth of which they have been the sources, and of which, in spite of free trade, and short-sighted new-fangled schemes, and every other kind of mismanagement, they will continue to be the sources—and the power with which they have armed this country to repel her distant enemies, and to strike rapid and effectual blows against those who would have assailed her peace and prosperity. The second is a question of no less moment than delicacy; for, whatever be the advantages which shall be proved to have been derived by this country from her Colonies, we shall not be found amongst those who would deny that they must unhesitatingly be sacrificed, if the retention of them be found incompatible with the principles of moral justice, or inconsistent with that Christian religion which has been said, not less truly than emphatically, to be part and parcel of the constitution of this country.

To estimate the political importance of her colonies to this country, let us look to the experience of the past half century—to go further back, would strengthen the position for which we contend—and see what is the picture the events of those years present—what is the demonstrative proof they afford. The shipping interests of the country have been improved to a degree as much beyond all former precedent in this country, as it surpasses that of every other. The British navy has not only been kept up, in a force which bids defiance to all rivalry, but a constant supply has been at all times furnished by the crews employed in the colonial trade, than whom, abler or braver seamen never sailed. The manufactures of Great Britain, have been carried to markets, which, but for the facilities the colonial trade afforded, they never could have reached; have been sold under circumstances in the highest degree advantageous, and in return a great influx of wealth has found its way into this country, which with all its distresses, and in spite of mismanagement—in spite even of the free-trade vagaries of modern politicians—makes it the most opulent country under the sun. And

these things have happened, too, during a period when all the powers of Europe were banded against her,—when she was assailed by formidable competition, as well as by bitter and unceasing enmity; and have been achieved in mockery of the Milan and Berlin decrees, by which that “fool of fortune,” whose rapid successes seemed to act like the spell of an enchanter, over all the other countries of the world, and the sheer audacity and impudence of whose boasts not unfrequently helped their fulfilment, threatened to chain up her commerce, and to drive her merchant ships from the seas, “for lack of argument.” Besides this, the field which the colonies have furnished to the employment of that redundant capital, which, unemployed, would become a worse evil than poverty, the opportunities they have afforded of spreading English feelings and habits, with the English language and laws, to the uttermost parts of the earth, have made immense additions to the national wealth, honour, and importance. Another point, which will not be lost sight of by men of sane and honest judgments, in considering the political advantages of the colonies, arises from the circumstance of all dealings with our own colonies, being in their nature capable of infinite ramifications and sub-divisions, all of which increase the riches of the mother country, while the ultimate result is that the fortunes acquired there, large or small, must come back to be spent here. These are no speculations, these are not hardy assertions, made to support a particular theory, or an individual interest; they are *facts*, the proof of which lies within every man’s knowledge or his reach, and which have been, over and over again, proved beyond all doubt or question.

Such, then, being the political importance of the Colonies to this country, is it not advisable to pause before we are asked to relinquish them? Does it not become statesmen to ascertain, before they cast from the country it is their lot to govern, such advantages as these, whether they can be, and the means by which they can be, replaced? If there be statesmen who are wilfully blind, or who are weak enough to be imposed upon by theorists and knaves, does it not become the people of this country to consider well what may be the consequences of the measures which have been threatened, and which the voices of too many thoughtless persons have helped to sanction? Will the manufactures of Birmingham, Manchester, and Norwich—the ship-owners of London, Liverpool, and Bristol—the capitalists whose wealth has been invested upon the repeatedly pledged faith of this country, and in the belief that if a sacrifice of the national honour were contemplated, a sense of common interest would be sufficient to prevent it—will they engage in a scheme as iniquitous as it is rash, and of which the certain consequence must be their own impoverishment and ruin? Will they believe that the loss of the West India Colonies would be a gain to the British people?

Then for the other ground upon which the anti-colonists justify their opposition—namely, that the existence of slavery is so odious and reprehensible that at whatever cost and loss to the shipping and commercial and monied interests of the country, it ought to be at once abolished. If they could make out this position, we might admit that the consequence they seek to establish ought to follow; but that, like the other ground of their clamorous enmity, will be found to fail, when it is fairly and fully investigated. In the first place, it is a fact which must never be lost sight of in the discussion of this question, that negro slavery, as it exists in the West Indies, whatever be the evils attendant upon it,



has been established there by the authority of the British government; and, besides, that although slavery is in this country repugnant to the principles of the British constitution, and could under no circumstances be either justified or endured, it is in its practical effects very different in those places to which allusion is made. It has been demonstrated that the fertile but burning soil of the West India islands, can only be cultivated by the labour of such persons as are there employed in its tillage; that the negroes, from the peculiar laws of their physical constitutions, from their activity and strength, their power not only of enduring the heat which would extract the very vitals of an European, but from their capacity of accommodating themselves to the various changes of climate, are the only race of human species who are able to undergo the toil indisputably attendant upon the cultivation of cotton and sugar and coffee. The situation they fill is that of agricultural labourers. They are by law enabled to acquire property, and are protected in the enjoyment of it; they are as much under the care and superintendence of the laws as are the people of this country, always making such allowance as is necessary for the difference between the country in which they are born and this. They are required, in return for advantages and immunities which agricultural labourers in this country do not possess, to submit to regulations that could not be here enforced. Whether this is a state of things which ought or ought not to be changed, is a point that need not now be mooted. It is enough to know that if changed, it must be changed gradually;—it ought to satisfy the advocates of a change, that the process of amelioration has been begun, and has been carried on as rapidly as is consistent with the welfare of the slaves and the existence of the empire. As to any peculiar hardships which are said to rest upon the slaves of the English Colonies, a grosser misrepresentation never was practised; they are confessedly in a better position for all purposes than the slave agricultural labourers of the East Indies, or than the peasantry of Russia or Poland; nay, it has been said by a recent traveller, who will not be accused of any partiality in favour of the Colonies, that their condition is better than that of the working classes of Great Britain.

Mr. Robert Owen, in a recent letter to a correspondent in England on the subject of Negro Slavery, has the following passage:—"I was anxious to see the state of slavery in Jamaica, which I had an opportunity of witnessing two days afterwards at Kingston; and, after conversing with several of the domestic slaves, and seeing the proceedings of a large number in the market-place for two hours, and meeting great numbers coming from the mountains, and other parts of the country, as I was going to the admiral's and bishop's residences, some distance in the interior, I have no hesitation in stating most distinctly, that their condition, with the exception of the term *slavery*, is, in most respects, better than that of our working classes, and that a very large portion of our operatives and labourers would most willingly exchange situations with them."

In order to satisfy one's mind that such slavery as that of our colonies is not inconsistent with the spirit or opposed to the doctrines of Christianity, it is not necessary to prove that those doctrines in any respect proscribe the existence of slavery: it is enough to know that it is not positively forbidden; and to know, also, that it existed when the sublime principles of that faith were first published on earth. In so far as slavery or oppression of any kind militates against those principles, it is detest-

able, and ought to be abolished; but it is an act of the grossest impiety to resort to the holy name of that religion to justify such statements as are put up by the anti-colonists. Mr. Canning was once taunted with a similar reproach, and made a reply, which must be satisfactory to every candid mind; in the course of which he pointed out that remarkable characteristic of submission and obedience, that contentedness to effect, by its silent and untiring influence, the object of its institution, which has distinguished the Christian religion from the moment of its revelation. "The course of the Christian religion," he said, "has always been to adapt itself to the circumstances of the place and time in which it was seeking to make a progress; to accommodate itself to all stations of life, to all varieties of ailing or suffering; restraining the high; exalting the lowly, by precepts applicable to all diversities of situation; and alike contributing to the happiness of man, and providing for his welfare, whether connected with his highest destinies, or descending with him to his lowest degradation—whether mounting the throne of the Cæsars, or comforting the captive in his cell!"

If the practices of the colonists are opposed to the doctrines of Christianity, let them fall! If they do not administer, with humanity and kindness to the wants of their slaves, let them be visited as they will deserve to be, by the execration of all mankind! But if they are found—as it has been proved, to even tedious repetition, that they have been—aiding the progress of religious and other instruction among their slaves, and doing their utmost and best to give effect to those measure for ameliorating the condition of the slave population which have been suggested by this country's government; and if their only crimes are those of having first trusted the faith of that government, and next declining to adopt the speculative notions of men who are either their open or covert foes, and which could only end in the destruction of their property, the loss of the Colonies, and the total degradation of the negroes, in whose favour the pretence is made;—if this be the real statement of the case (and upon this we are content it should stand or fall), is the treatment to which they are exposed, that which they have deserved, or which it is compatible with the honour of the British people to bestow on them? Do there exist reasons or the shadows of reasons for calling them irreligious and inhuman? Do there exist reasons why this country should relinquish the advantages she derives from her Colonies? And in what part of that Christianity, of which they make profession, do the members of the Anti-Slavery Society find an authority for giving over the fields of our Colonies to such devastation as has raged in St. Domingo; and the bodies of our countrymen, and their wives and daughters, to the butcheries, and even worse horrors which were there committed under an excitement precisely similar to that which they and their satellites are now trying to raise? Christianity must change its nature and its divine precepts before it can either need or accept the aid of such a publication as the *Westminster Review*; and the very names of justice, humanity, and compassion, are grossly prostituted when they are associated with the sanguinary cry of the fanatic whom the Anti-Slavery Society have taken into their pay, and whose war-whoop they re-echo. Let the people whom they have deceived learn from the publication they adopt as their own what are their notions of Christianity, and what mercy they, who affect to be full of pity for the negroes, would shew to their own countrymen!

## KING ROTHSCHILD!

SINCE Sultan Mahmoud is clean gone to the dogs,  
 "Our peoples" are leaving the island of fogs;  
 Old England's no place for the pensh of a Jew—  
 So Rag-Fair, Moorfields, and Whitechapel, adieu!  
 They are bound for the land where King Rothschild is gone;  
 So, Rabbis, "Huzza for the new Solomon!"

Old Hirschel shall give up the sale of old breeches,  
 And hunt in his targum the secret of riches;  
 Ben Cohen be punster supreme to the King;  
 Shadrac, pawnbroker; Levi, bear watch-chain and ring;  
 Belasco be *champion*, an out-and-out one;  
 And Nathan Jew's-harp to the new Solomon!

They shall tramp it on shore, and shall sail it in ship;  
 They shall march without sixpence, and travel with scrip;  
 Ye trusting Egyptians, take care of your locks,  
 For to them 'tis no shame to be seen in the *Stocks*;  
 Your souls they'll *Consol-e*, until stript to the bone,  
 You'll have cause to remember their new Solomon.

Grim Goldsmid shall blow the ram's-horn in his front;  
 Lousada shall paddle his Majesty's punt;  
 Hyman Hurwitz and Bowring be chief dragomani,  
 Old Mark Montefiore be pre-eminent zany;  
 Ben Gompertz be ass-master next to the throne;  
 And Isaacs first scribe to the new Solomon.

Greek-jobbing Ricardo shall carry the purse,  
 When the Palestine loan is in want of a nurse;  
 D'Israeli the Younger, by royal decree,  
 Is appointed his majesty's maker of tea;  
 The Elder, grand gleaner of stuff dead and gone,  
 Like his own, premier fudge to the new Solomon.

Then all "our true brethrens" shall plainly be seen,  
 No longer compelled to shave, shirt, and live clean;  
 Rabbi Brownlow will shine as old Judas again;  
 Rabbi Dawson Iscariot, shall come from his den;  
 Rabbi Peel, for the pharisee publicly known,  
 Shall be turnspit in chief to the new Solomon.

Rabbi Rowan shall command his blue-devil police;  
 Rabbi Knox teach the Levites the firstlings to fleece;  
 Rabbi Lethbridge, first mummer, shall throw *Somersets*;  
 Rabbi Hertford be chartered prime maker of bets;  
 Rabbi Law with his beard wipe the steps of the throne,  
 And kiss toe or tail of the new Solomon.

Rabbi Scarlett will act the *Diabolus* still—  
 None fitter on earth that high office to fill;  
 Rabbi Copley, of husbands the fondest that lives,  
 Is appointed to manage his majesty's wives;  
 Rabbi Herries will carry the staff of chief dun,  
 And turn cent. per cent. for the new Solomon.

Rabbi Goulburn, that doth for the pension-list pant  
 Like the hart for the waters, shall furnish the cant—  
 Chief minstrel of jobs, he shall turn up his eyes,  
 Sob, snuffle, and sigh, till he grasps at the prize;  
 Then, like Herries, grow rich—till the new Spec. is blown,  
 And the beggar he was comes back King Solomon!



PROSE BY A VERSIFIER, AND VERSE BY A PROSER; A GENTLEMAN WHOSE TIME HANGS HEAVY ON HIS HANDS:—NO. II.—A RAMBLE IN LONDON.

—I do not mean in the Parks, or in Bond Street, or in Bond Street's rival—Regent Street; or to the Cosmorama, or the Diorama, or any other of the thousand-and-one oramas which on every side invite the busy idler; or to the Tower, or to St. Paul's, or even to Westminster Abbey, with its thrilling recollections, about which so much bad prose and worse verse has been written:—no, I mean in the City of London—in Aldermanbury, and Crutched Friars, and Walbrook, and the Minorities, and Great and Little Eastcheap—(alas for the Boar's Head—the palace of wit and revelry! where Jack Falstaff reigns for ever: the tavern is no more, but the sign still grins at you in stone);—in strange places with fantastic names, where nothing is paid for admittance, but where, for all that, the most wonderful of all arts and mysteries is practised before your eyes—the art of making money by wholesale; and, after all, money is power—at least in London, let philosophers say what they please about knowledge.

I warn you, if you are a man of fashion, or of pleasure—if you are an antiquarian, or political economist—to spare yourself unnecessary trouble, and let me take my ramble alone; but if you can find amusement in the quaint speculations which arise in a man's mind, whether he will or no, as he wanders through the busiest, and most motley, and most incongruous crowd in the world, he himself having nothing on earth to do at the time, except to float unresistingly with the living stream, and wonder, after a desultory fashion, at the ever-changing scene (taking especial heed of the broad-wheeled waggons—for, I can assure you, they are no respecters of philosophers); if so, I have no objection to giving you my arm for an hour or two, while we wander through “the great Wen,” or “the mighty Babel,” or whatever else you think fit to call what, in law, topography, and common parlance, is termed the City of London.

I cannot tell whether the thought has ever occurred to you or not; but, for my own part, I can never, when in “the City,” get rid of the idea that I am in a huge prison, doomed never to escape from the labyrinthine mazes of brick, rising around and hemming me in on every side, moulded into all grotesque varieties of form—widened into streets—twisted in capricious corkscrew evolutions—squeezed into alleys that seem designed for a race of profiles, rather than a generation of beef-eating shopkeepers, but never ending—never expanding into open rectilinear vistas, with the country—the dear country in the distance. I have penetrated into the wilderness of the city, I know not how far; but I have never, even in my longest and most adventurous journey, perceived the slightest vestige of by-gone pastoralism, the most insignificant relic of nature's sway: I have seen some ignorant, presumptuous books, which affect to fix the era of the foundation of London; but they are all fables. Such as it is, I am perfectly satisfied it has been from the beginning of time: its perennial alleys and everlasting mazes are coeval with the foundation of the world.

Do not imagine, from any thing I have said, that there are no trees in the City; on the contrary, you will find them in every nook—aye,  
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full-grown trees, with real leaves : I ascertained that fact beyond a doubt, for I plucked some of them ; but they are no more like country leaves than their rivals at Sadler's Wells or the Cobourg. They have a plethoric, over-fed look about them ; they are redolent of the rank city ; their dark, unhealthy green is as like the verdure of the grove as the purple of an alderman's cheek is to the rosy bloom of Cicely, when she sees " Tummas " peeping through the honeysuckle-shaded lattice. But they are real, live trees. How they got into the city, poor things ! I know not : at all events, there they are, fairly caught, planted, and built about ; and they will never get out, that is certain. Do not fancy them drooping with heat, and covered with dust,—no such thing ; the sun never shines in the city, and I am credibly informed that it rains there for nine months out of the twelve ; so that there is no indigenous dust. I once saw something which I mistook for it ; but it was partly imported by carriers, who came from some distant region of sun and wind—partly the sweeping of warehouses.

Every thing in the City is reduced to an unalterable system—a matter of business, travelling in a regular routine. I do not mean buying and selling, manufacturing, settling accounts, and such like ; no,—eating, drinking, sleeping, marrying, dying, and getting buried. For instance, if you, a stranger, should think fit, out of caprice, to select your own day for slipping out of the world—thinking thereby, perhaps, to disturb the settled course of City business, by having a funeral day of your own—you will find, to your cost, that you might as well have waited quietly for the regular dying-day ; you do not get to your grave one whit the sooner,—no, no, you must lie still until your neighbours are ready—until the appointed day arrives in the unchangeable cycle of the civic system ; and then you will be buried with the other defunct people of the Ward.

For the accommodation of the denizens of this realm of rule, there are eating-houses distributed at proper distances ; as soon as you enter one of these, it is taken for granted that you come prepared to submit to the established forms of the place ; for, as for asking for this, or that, or attempting to order the people about, as if you were in a tavern, you would assuredly be taken for a madman if you offered to do anything of the kind. Under this pre-supposition a waiter walks up to you, and as soon as he has reached the regulation distance, which by the way varies somewhat—in some establishments it is three feet seven inches, in others three feet four and a half, while I have found places in which it was not more than three feet, but these were probably for the deaf ; having, however, reached the prescribed spot, he immediately commences repeating the following form of *carte*—roast beef ; roast mutton ; roast veal, and ham ; boiled beef ; boiled mutton ; boiled veal ; pausing the time of a semi-colon after each item, that you may make your selection. In case you suffer him to conclude without interruption, as soon as he has pronounced the words " boiled veal," away he walks, without the slightest alteration of face, or manner, like a herald who has finished reciting a proclamation ; and when you recall him, he again advances to the appointed spot, and commences his enumeration, proceeding as before, until you stop him by making a choice. When you have chosen your meat, the power of speech is restored to him, and with the same præconism of manner as before, he announces—cauliflowers ; peas ; cabbage ; *tetters*, as potatoes are abbreviated in the dialect of Cockaigne ; and having taken your will as to vegetables, disappears, first having

helped you to bread, taking it for granted that no person in the garb of a Christian would make his dinner without it, and therefore not wasting words on the matter. In a few minutes he returns, bearing as many plates as you have ordered viands, each covered, and containing a measured quantity, calculated with such mathematical accuracy and precision, that in an hundred plates there shall not be the difference of a scruple—had Shylock taken a lesson in cutting from one of these gentry, it would have gone hard with poor Antonio—nothing but Portia's ingenious caveat against shedding his blood, while cutting his flesh, could have saved him—a London eating-house-keeper would have taken off the exact pound, neither a grain more, or less, at a single slice, with his eyes shut. Having despatched your dinner, drinking malt if your depraved taste so inclines you, for wine is out of the question *there*, Sir Oracle again appears, to propound to you cheese, and pastry, of various kinds, which having discussed, or rejected, you demand your bill; but as everything is transacted here, *viva voce*, in the same pithy style in which he prophesied your dinner, does the all-sufficient waiter predicate the cost, which, though he generously served you with twice as much as you could by any possibility eat, amounts to about one shilling, or if you are a man of expensive habits, and fond of a variety of dishes, your epicurism costs you three pence more.

No doubt you wish to taste the potations of the men of the city?—Go, then, to “The Shades,” at London Bridge, and there, with Father Thames, that water-drinking god, full in your view, luxuriate over your half pint of good port or sherry, drawn from the wood, after the old-world fashion; and when you return to the distant west, from your oriental journey, you may boast at Long's, or Stevens', that you dined, and drank wine, in the El Dorado of Cockaigne, for half-a-crown.

Londoners are never young, that is to say, morally or mentally young—to be sure they vary in size and appearance, according to the number of years which have rolled over their heads, but they have no infancy, or boyhood, properly speaking. They form a permanent exception to Locke's assertion, that there are no innate ideas; they are all born with an instinctive knowledge of compound fractions, and tare and tret, and can balance accounts from the moment they are born: this is proved by the extreme regularity with which they calculate the increase of food, and proportion it to the increase of size, and strength, invariably requiring at the hands of their attendants, from day to day, the exact addition necessary, together with a suitable allowance for waste. Many accurate observers of city phenomena, incline, from a close consideration of the foregoing circumstances, to believe in the transmigration of souls, and maintain that a London alderman never dies, but that when his frame is worn out by a long and close application to business, including, of course, a regular attendance at corporation festivals, where, in obedience to the canons of the city, it is incumbent on him to consume a certain quantity of turtle and venison, duly and sufficiently moistened with wine; when his frame, I say, like an over-wrought mill, yields to the force of attrition, and can no longer overcome the *vis inertiae* of food, they affirm that his soul, like that of the Grand Lama, seeks a new habitation; and as the priests of that pontiff are enabled to discover their future sovereign by certain infallible tokens, so, it is believed, are the skilful in such matters, able to detect the aldermanic spirit, while lurking in its infantile disguise, chiefly, it is said, by a certain orbicular protu-



berance of the abdomen, and a lambent smile which overspreads the countenance, when the name of the ward to which it last belonged is uttered in its hearing.

After all, there is no use in denying that there is something astonishing and stupendous, in the energy and perseverance with which the "Aur sacra fames," inspires these same cocknies, and the gigantic, Briareus-like spirit of exertion and industry, with which they urge their multifarious pursuits. From every quarter and point of the globe, habitable and uninhabitable, from every element and combination of nature, they have evoked, by the talismanic touch of wealth, whatever can gratify the craving necessities, or soothe the still more insatiable follies of the most luxurious and extravagant race that ever the sun shone upon. At this instant, while my pen is tracing these words, the swarthy Indian is braving the ferocity of the ravenous tiger, or nimble leopard, to win from its fierce possessor a dappled hammer-cloth for my Lord Mayor of London. The patient diver is exploring the dim inconstant depths of the ocean, to wring from the maw of the philosophical, and contemplative oyster, pale glistening pearls, to shimmer in the light of Almack's, on the snowy bosom of Lady Emily Mordaunt. The dusky Arab urges his headlong steed after the affrighted ostrich, to snatch the feathers that shall wave at St. James's, or the mountain-headed Papuan is tumbling the bird-of-paradise from his perfumed bower, under the invisible influence of Mrs. Alderman Fizzle; though the scoundrel would eat her, if he could only lay hands on her, with as little remorse as if she were a turtle. The wastes of Siberia cannot shelter the sable—the whale cannot flounder through the ice-bergs of the Arctic Ocean—there is no rest for the stately Elephant in the forests of India, and the unwilling lobster must emerge from the sea-caves of Norway, and all because a bulbous, broad-brimmed, zodiac-waisted son of Mammon, who may be sitting, at this identical moment, in the next box to me, for aught I know to the contrary, will not, as the Scottish song says, "let them be."

London is, as I have told you, eternal, but it is so by a species of perennial growth, succeeding and replacing perennial decay; an everlasting principle of reproduction, like that of the vegetable world—a change of seasons,—a spring, a summer, an autumn, a winter, and then another spring, in which houses, as if they were trees, grow up, bloom, fade, wither, and again revive. A mansion falls—the materials are removed and sold—the bodies of the defunct, who have been crushed to death, are put by to be buried—the carpenter and bricklayer, tectonic Orestes and Pylades, appear, and, with a speed which the architects of Aladdin might envy, another house arises from the dust and rubbish of the last. Should a bridge shew symptoms of decay, a brother bridge steps forth to take its place, and plump down sinks the *pons emeritus* to the bottom of the Thames, no longer to be trampled on by the living torrent of one hundred thousand cocknies per diem.\*

London Bridge is now about to be relieved in the manner I speak of after doing permanent duty for upwards of six hundred years, and as soon as its successor is ready to assume office, will retire from the busy scene where it has witnessed so many, and such strange events. Here, "at the gate of the brigg of London," did the citizens meet their ill-starred

\* It has been ascertained by actual calculation, that upwards of 100,000 persons on an average cross London Bridge in the course of the day.

king, Richard the Second, and his queen, Anne of Bohemia, in the palmy days when fortune shone upon him, "When they presented him with a mylk-whyte stede, saddled and bridled, and trapped with cloth of golde and redde, parted togedre; and the quene a palfrey all whyte, and in the same way trapped in whyte and redde, while all the condites were ronnen with wyne both whyte and redde, for all manner of peple to drynke of." Little did he dream, amidst the splendour and festivity of the scene, of that other and dismal entry which he was yet to make into that self-same city, when

"As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious,  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried 'God save him!'  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
His face still combating with tears and smiles—  
The badges of his grief and patience—  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him!"

—Change we the theme; it grows too melancholy!

In the year of grace, 1536, when London Bridge was covered with houses overhanging the pent-up turbulent stream—as if the ordinary dangers of life were not sufficient, that men should, out of their ingenuity, invent new ones, desert *terra-firma*, and, like so many beavers, perch their dwellings upon a crazy bridge—Sir William Hewitt, citizen of London and cloth-worker, inhabited one of those temptations of Providence. His only child, a pretty little girl, was playing with a servant at a window over the water, and fell into the dangerous rapids, which even now-a-days it is counted a kind of feat to shoot. Many a one beheld the fearful sight, in the helplessness of terror, without dreaming of venturing into the stream. But there was one to whom the life of the perishing child was dearer than his own, and that was the apprentice of Sir William Hewitt. He leaped into the perilous water after his youthful mistress, and, by the aid of a bold heart and a strong arm, bore her in safety to the shore;—and he had his reward. Years rolled on, and each succeeding one brought wealth to the father, and grace and loveliness to the noble-minded daughter. Such was the fame of her beauty, that even in that aristocratic age, the gallant and far-descended chivalry of the land were rival suitors for the hand of the merchant queen of hearts. But fairer in her eyes was the 'prentice-cap of the daring youth who had snatched her from the whirling waters, than the coronet of the peer; and, with the single-minded disinterestedness of a genuine woman, she gave to her entitled preserver, Edward Osborne, the hand and the heart which the Earl of Shrewsbury, the heir of the lofty house of Talbot, had sighed for in vain. Well did her lover vindicate her choice! Edward Osborne was a nobleman born—of God's creation, not man's:—he rose, by successful industry, to the highest honours of that city whose merchants are the paymasters of the rulers of the earth. And from the city-beauty, to whom faith and love were dearer than titles and wealth, and the merchant-'prentice, who perilled

his life as frankly in the cause of the helpless, and for the sake of humanity, as ever did high-born youth for fame and glory, and golden spurs, descends, by a lineage more truly noble than if he sprang from the most heroic stock of crowned robbers that ever troubled the world with their achievements, George-William-Frederick Osborne, Duke of Leeds!

I think we had better return home, and dress for the evening.—  
*Allons !*

#### THE VENUS DE MEDICIS.

Oh, godlike thought embodied ! who can gaze  
Upon thy speaking charms without a sigh  
For the bright race whose beauty lives in thee?  
Immortal in thy loveliness, the sunshine  
Of youth still floats around thee like a glory ;  
Albeit the sorcerer, whose magic mind  
And touch of power awakened thee to life,  
And into marble breathed divinity,  
Hath slept for many an age in the oblivion  
From which his spells have saved thee :—thou Immortal !  
How helpless, yet how powerful, thou art !  
Bending beseechingly, as if to sue  
For homage and for worship as a boon.  
I would I might partake the glorious dream  
Wherein thy maker, rapt as if to heaven,  
Beheld the One, of whom thou art the shadow !  
What hand could strike thee down ? Amid the wreck  
Of cities and of nations, still thou livest,  
Safe in thy beauty, as within a shrine :  
—What hand could strike thee down ? The awful flood  
That swept imperial Rome from her foundations,  
Hath spared thee in its fury : Time himself,  
Whom mortal beauty may not charm, hath cast  
A softened look upon thy loveliness,  
And shed a mellowed tint upon thy form,  
Like the last ray that lingers in the west.  
Still, Goddess, art thou worshipped—not with prayers,  
Or incense-breathing altars, as of old,  
But with the deeper worship of the heart.  
And the instinctive reverence of all eyes,  
That turn to thee, as to thine evening star,  
With looks of thoughtful love. When he, whose name  
Still makes the flesh of despots creep, beheld thee,  
He stayed his fearful course, and for a while  
Forsook his sterner deity, Ambition,  
And turned a second Verres for thy sake,  
And bore thee to a bright captivity,  
While humbled Florence wept for thee in vain ;  
And when the imperial meteor passed away,  
The crowned, and sceptred, and anointed wolves,  
Which long had bayed it, as dogs bay the moon,  
Grew honest at thy glance, and reverently  
Restored thee to thy desecrated shrine,  
And there thou stand'st, their monument of shame !  
They set thee free—but, with a hardened eye  
And hardened heart, beheld thy wretched country  
Grappling her hydra-tyrant—as if thou,  
All beautiful and helpless as thou art,



Wert struggling with a savage plunderer,  
 Full of thy godlike spirit, but unarmed,  
 Save with the memory of bright days gone by,  
 The thrilling thought of Marathon, and the strait  
 Where the barbarian shrank before the light  
 Of thy immortal eye, Leonidas !  
 Better the eternal city were thy tomb,  
 Better to slumber in its glorious ruins,  
 Than thus to stand alone, the mournful shade  
 Of the Promethean race that, nursed in freedom  
 And filled with fire divine, made Greece a heaven.  
 Goddess ! farewell : unto mine island-home  
 I bear thy memory as a talisman ;  
 And oft the magic touch of sleep will tint  
 Thy marble beauty with the blush of life,  
 And thou wilt seem to hover o'er my couch,  
 Telling sweet tales of Freedom and of Greece.

J. R. O.

## THEATRICAL MATTERS.

THE doubts which were entertained of the opening of Covent Garden have been fortunately ended, not merely by its opening, but by its successful opening. Several good performances have followed each other, and popularity has unquestionably returned to this fine Theatre. But the meteor of the hour is Miss Fanny Kemble. Criticism has been so loud in the praise of this young and certainly very interesting performer, that we can scarcely add any thing to opinions in which we so fully concur, except to hope that there will be no injudicious attempt to urge her into characters for which her time of life is yet unfit, nor expect her graceful immaturity to seize the full honours of the stage. Her Juliet has attracted and deserved universal attention. It justly increased the public feelings to know that she was not originally intended for the stage, but has adopted it from a sense of the difficulties of Covent Garden. Her first appearance was a pledge of her success. On Charles Kemble's coming forward as Mercutio, he was received with much applause. Mrs. Kemble, who played Lady Capulet, for that night, to introduce her daughter, was also highly welcomed ; but the tumult of exultation rose so high when the *débutante* of the evening trod the stage for the first time, that it really justified the alarm she manifested. She did not disappoint the hope that it would be her's to gain a new triumph for that name, which for half a century has shed lustre on the British drama ; there is about her that quality which made

“ Pritchard genteel, and Garrick six feet high ! ”

a mind to conceive, and skill to execute her conceptions. Louder plaudits never shook the walls of a theatre than those which requited her exertions. The characteristics of her performance were delicacy and feeling. Her consciousness of the ill luck that must attend her rash love for Romeo, was shadowed in her whole expression. Her astonishment at the nurse's advice to discard Romeo, followed by her wild burst of indignation, were highly effective. And her parting with her lover in the garden after the marriage, was perfectly beautiful. She is fainting in the arms of the nurse, yet still continues waving her adieus. The poison scene was excellent ; her gradual accumulation of horrors, until

they amounted to embodying the vision of the murdered Tybalt, her sinking on the ground, yet following with a fixed eye and gesture the fearful object of her fancy, were excellent. The action is common to the stage, but it could not have been more finely executed.

The close of the play is contemptible in point of authorship, and is a mere temptation to rant in the actor. It is with us a full answer to the notion of the dead walking, that Shakspeare's ghost has never marched across the stage on some crowded night, and vindicated his own fame by tearing the book out of the prompter's hand, and pulling Romeo's nose. The whole scene is, as is well known, a vulgar interpolation; and to Shakspeare an act of sacrilege. But this young actress had the happy art of subduing the rant while she increased the pathos, and making the audience weep without any of the usual sacrifice of Romeo's shirt and cravat, or the most frightful imitation of an epileptic fit in her own pretty person.

The exterior of a young tragedian is of some importance. We cannot discover in Miss Kemble the transcendent beauty which the critics discovered at the first moment, through the foci of so many hundred opera glasses. Her features strongly resemble those of her mother, and are, of course, intelligent. Her figure is undersized and slight, but decidedly graceful; but the quality of her voice is *Siddonian*: praise cannot go further; it still wants maturity, and it sometimes is suffered to sink much too low for the necessary effect of the stage; but it is soft, sweet, and clear, and requires only practice to be capable of every inflection of feeling and genius. Abbott's Romeo has been very well received. He is an old favourite, not more for his public performance than for his personal character. We are glad to see him restored to the London stage, and to see powers, of whose versatility the public was not sufficiently aware, suffered at length to display themselves. In addition to his ability in the Romeos and young lovers and heroes of tragedy, parts that must now exclusively fall to him, he is an excellent and easy farceur, spirited without violence, and humorous without vulgarity.

Charles Kemble's Mercutio was one of the novelties. This able actor has long been desirous of playing it, and the choice was cleverly justified. His Mercutio is a vigorous representation. But we altogether disapprove of the attempts made by some of the critics to depreciate the well-established skill of Jones in the part. The striking peculiarity of Shakspeare's character, is that extraordinary substantiality which will allow to be looked at all round and in a dozen different aspects, yet all equally real. There are portions of Mercutio's dialogue which completely suit any colour of coxcombry that an actor may adopt. Jones's Mercutio is a coxcomb in the old sense of the word; a man of oddity, saying and doing every thing that comes uppermost, *recherché* in his dress, fantastic in his language, and eccentric in his actions. But under this whim, lives a keen insight into human nature, and a bold heart. His indignation at Tybalt's superciliousness is the gallantry of a soldier, and his few words after he receives his mortal wound, amusing as they are, have a strange combination of habitual extravagance and natural feeling. We always looked upon Jones's Mercutio as an excellent picture of this pleasantest of "humorous gentlemen," and we so look upon it still.

But there are portions of the character which might be thrown into

a stronger prominence by an actor of another class. And in Kemble's conception the humourist prevails over the coxcomb. He gives the broadest force to the pleasantry, and makes Mercutio less the cavalier fluttering about ball-rooms and wandering after serenaders, than the vigorous burlesquer of human weakness, whether of the head or the heart. His delivery of the matchless description of Queen Mab's career through human brains, is very various, ingenious, and effective. It is Falstaff in a Veronese doublet, and without his "mountain of flesh"—Falstaff, when he might have danced a saraband, or sat a saddle without breaking his charger's back. His performance is highly popular.

Several marks of private approbation have, we understand, been given to Miss F. Kemble: amongst the rest, a note of 100*l.* from an old nobleman, an amateur of the stage.

Her next performance is to be *Belvidera*. Warde is to be *Jaffier*. We hope the actor will recollect that *Jaffier* is a lover, not a judge of the Court of King's Bench; or, at all events, that he is neither a Methodist nor a Monk.

A new Melo-drama has appeared, entitled *The Robber's Wife*, founded on an Irish tale, which had previously been dramatized. The object of the writer is to produce strong scenes. This is accomplished. The situations deserved the applause they received. Power acted with great spirit, and did full justice to the characteristic whim of his countrymen. Keeley had little to do, but that little he did well. Some beautiful scenery, by the Messrs. Grieves, greatly contributed to the success of the piece.

A new comedian of some popularity in the North, Jones, has made his appearance as *Lord Ogleby*. The character is difficult, but he played it with skill.

We hope that Covent Garden may be considered as decidedly established. The loss to the multitude of persons connected with the theatre would have been ruinous, if it had continued shut for the season. And we rely upon the good sense of the manager to take advantage of the public feeling, and return it by unremitting exertion.

DRURY LANE has opened with a strong company, and with every prospect of success. A very pretty and clever girl, Miss Mordaunt, has appeared as the Widow Cheerly, in *The Soldier's Daughter*. The début was successful, and she promises well. She has since played Miss Hardecastle, still better.

The HAYMARKET has closed, after a season in which we recollect not a single instance of novelty in the performances. There were, of course, some half French trifles, but they disappeared as rapidly as they came.

The Adelphi has been busy with melodrame, burletta, and, unluckily, with that bane of theatres—law.

The tragedy of *Epicharis*, by Mr. Lister, the author of a novel entitled *Granby*, having failed, after two or three representations, the dramatic spirit of the manager is put on the alert, and he is stirring up his corps of authors.

Several novelties are in active preparation at Drury Lane theatre; Planché, Kenney, and Poole, are each said to have promised dramas. Miss Mitford's tragedy is, we understand, nearly finished. A translation of Auber's celebrated and recently-produced opera of *La Fiancée (the Betrayed)* is about to be brought forward at Drury Lane theatre.



Covent Garden is equally determined not to lie upon its oars. The first novelty to be produced is a tragedy by Mr. Thomas Wade, author of *Woman's Love*. The new work possesses attractions of a rather peculiar kind, as the two principal characters are Jews, and will be represented by Mr. Kemble and his daughter. Bishop has a new opera prepared for Covent Garden, founded on that of the French, called *Les Deux Nuits*. A drama, to be called the *Life of Shakspeare*, is in active preparation. Mr. C. Kemble is to personate the Bard of Avon. This piece will probably be decided on while our notice is going to press. The characters are many, and all connected with the History of Shakspeare. We expect Charles Kemble to make a fine picture in the old costume of 1600.

A son of the late Charles Incledon has appeared as a singer at Drury Lane; he has a good face and figure, yet both strongly resembling his father's. His voice too, has some resemblance, to the tone, but, as yet, without the power or sweetness of the great sea songster. It wants finish, and it wants force; but time may do much for him.

Madame Pasta is engaged by Laporte for the ensuing season at the King's Theatre. This accomplished person, together with her husband and family, *Count Vassali*, and a few select friends, are now at the newly-purchased villa near Como, where they have resided since Madame Pasta's return from Vienna.

Laurent has offered Madame Malibran Garcia the enormous sum of eighty thousand francs to perform in Paris for nine months.

It is the height of absurdity to hear actors talk about their *condescension* in personating characters *beneath their rank* in the theatre. Warde was praised by some of our contemporaries for accepting the part of *Friar Lawrence*, in *Romeo and Juliet*. Bensley, "every inch a gentleman," by both birth and education, was the constant representative of this part for years; and John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons were dumb personages in Garrick's pageant of the *Jubilee*.

The late embarrassments of Covent Garden will probably rather be of service than injury to its interests, for at least this season. By getting rid of the demands of the renters, about 3,000*l.* is saved for the time, and the subscriptions and other sources, have given at least 4,000*l.* more.

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#### NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

It is said that his Majesty has expressed his earnest desire for the speedy completion of his new palace at Pimlico, in consequence of which additional hands have been put on the works, and the number of persons now employed amounts to one thousand. Notwithstanding this augmentation of workmen, the issue of money is restricted, by order of the Duke of Wellington, to 30,000*l.* per quarter. At one time the enormous sum of 10,000*l.* a week was expended; but most of the costly materials being now in store, the expenditure is confined almost entirely to labour. As soon as this palace is completed, the old one of St. James's is to be taken down, and plans for laying out the ground are now in the office of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. We are credibly informed that Mr. Nash has promised to have the new palace ready for occupation by the 12th of August, 1830.—We find it difficult to believe that his Majesty has ever expressed a wish on the subject. He is a man of taste, and

must think of the fabric just as every other man of taste thinks of it. If he retains his love of fresh air, he must contemplate with the proper feelings the pleasure of inhaling the perpetual smoke of Mr. Elliot's brewery, and sitting over the general sewer of Westminster. The pond which in front of the palace rivals the purity of Fleet-ditch, and the pond which in its rear gathers the mists and miasmata of the most dingy district of the metropolis, may be its charms to royalty—but, like Lord Eldon, we doubt.

The public attention has been powerfully called to the capabilities of the steam-carriage, by the offer of the Liverpool Rail-road Company of a premium of 500*l.* for the most complete machine. After a trial of a week, the prize seems to have fallen to a machine by Messrs. Stephenson, which swept thirteen tons weight after it, at the tremendous speed of fourteen miles an hour on the railway; and when relieved from its burthen, and with only its own weight, yet even that, nearly four tons, flew, for we have no right to use any other term, at the rate of 32 miles an hour!

If such be the powers of steam in this instance, what limit can there be to them, when we shall be enabled to reduce the fuel into a smaller compass, and lighten the machinery! By furnishing it with vanes instead of wheels, we might send it on an excursion into the air. The idea is scarcely extravagant. The motion of 32 miles in an hour is nearly equal to the ordinary flight of a pigeon, a very strong flier; and when we recollect that vanes of almost any size could be applied to the machine, and certainly of a size much exceeding the proportion of a pigeon's wing to its body, and that the power of the steam to whirl them round is all but unlimited, we are entitled to speculate upon some very extraordinary results of the attempt. To controul the air as we have already controlled the sea and the land, but two things can be necessary—buoyancy and the power of direction. The buoyancy we have already attained to a sufficient degree, through the balloon, though it is still an awkward and insecure machine. Yet again we must recollect that a great portion of its insecurity arises from our wanting the power of direction. One of the chief hazards of the balloon results from its being suffered to rise so high that a slight additional height would burst it. The only mode of avoiding this being the letting out of the gas, which of course gradually disqualifies the balloon for flight. But if we possessed the power of guiding the balloon, we might keep it within any elevation we pleased, might steer it at a thousand fathoms from the surface, descend when and where we pleased, and move in any current of wind that we desired, or in a calm, use the vanes.

We should wish to see it ascertained by experiment, what rapidity of vanes revolving in a circle would be necessary to raise a body from the ground, in other words, to fly? We have heard it calculated, that a rapidity equal to fifteen miles an hour would accomplish this. The true difficulty, and perhaps the only one that remains, is to make the steam machinery of materials that will not be too heavy for the ascent. A combination of small balloons would probably be more manageable than a single balloon of the present enormous size. The cost of the experiments would in any instance put it beyond a private purse. But we have some opulent scientific bodies, and a subscription from their members might be easily obtained, if the project exhibited any evidence of im-

mediate activity. Parliament also might be applied to. The government which gave Sir William Adams 6,000*l.* for his presumed discoveries in couching, and Dr. Carmichael for the revival of the fumigation in hospitals, a discovery as old as his grandfather, would probably assist; and we should at length see a new element gained to the triumph of British science.

We are well aware that the locomotive railway engine has been long in use in the collieries, and that twenty years ago one of them was run against a race-horse, and actually distanced it. But the use of this engine on a public road is a great step to its adoption through the empire. The stage coaches that are left behind three fourths of their journeys, will soon be abandoned for the engine; its enormous power of carrying will soon supersede the waggons; and its cheapness will at once increase the intercourse of the country, invigorate trade, and multiply the number of the engines.

In this we must not forget that the great triumph of the art is still Gurney's engine, which requires no rail-road, but dashes over hill and dale with a speed that no horses can match, and with a security and steadiness hitherto supposed incompatible with steam.

We have long been of the celebrated opinion of old Maynard, that "all foreigners are fools;" but we would make an addition to his idea, and include all the English travelling *dilletanti* among them—all our lispers of sonnets under "stars much brighter than an English moon," and by sea-shores where every wave is milk of roses. We have here a pretty specimen of the results of sending our "men of taste and ton, the *élite* of the earth," to sip delight in the myrtle bowers of that land of monks and mistresses, thieves, Jesuits, swindlers, and assassins, *la bella Italia*.

"The topic in the circles of *supreme ton*, both here and in France, is that of a noble lord and his lady who have recently arrived in Paris. The lady, then a supposed widow, was married in Italy to an English nobleman—by courtesy so called. She is the daughter of a branch of an extinct dynasty; is beautiful, and highly accomplished. Her second husband possessed personal attractions also, but was poor in worldly wealth. A certain celebrated duchess, now claiming near affinity to the family, taking into consideration the circumstances of the new married couple, liberally settled two thousand pounds per annum on the husband. They went to Paris; and when in the enjoyment of the gay festivities in those regions of delight, were apprised of the approach of her first husband—a Hungarian Count, long an exile in Siberia for political offences, and supposed to be dead."

This was the first version of the story, the first peep of the flower of sentiment blushing at its own sweets. Then came the opening of this fine exotic.

"The English nobleman, by courtesy so called—is presumed to be Lord Dudley Stuart, youngest son of the late Lord Bute, brother of the beautiful Lady Francis Sandon, and grandson of the late Mr. Countts. The 'daughter of a branch of an extinct dynasty,' is understood to be a daughter of Lucien Buonaparte, and sister to Mrs. Wyse: the 'certain celebrated Duchess,' the Duchess of St. Alban. It is understood that Lord Dudley Stuart at the period of his seeing and being fascinated by the lady, was engaged to an English lady of high rank, a relation of his own; and that in case of this latter alliance taking place, the Duchess had



undertaken to settle upon the young couple a liberal income, and the house in Stratton-street. We may add (which we do somewhat reluctantly) that the alleged 'beauty' of the bride principally depends on the well known fact, that every lady is beautiful in the eyes of her lover. The husband, on the contrary, is considered by the only judges of such matters—the sex—as possessing striking personal attractions."

Such are the fine things that can be said of a bedeviled dandy. The third edition of the story is much more *expressive*. However, with a heroism worthy of her illustrious blood, and that happy conscience which makes every thing easy in the land of the Pope, she married the poor dandy, and "claimed his beauties for her own." Mrs. Waterford Wyse is another scion of this hallowed family. Mr. Wyse probably thinks that he might as well have left an Italian dame to follow the customs of her country at home. The second Stuart who has entangled himself with this open-hearted race, has had the additional merit of making a spouse, be the time more or less, of one of the most ordinary and ill-looking little personages that Italy has hitherto sent to improve the morals of England.

"What's in a name?" says Juliet. But this was because Juliet was a pretty fool, furiously in love; and the same wisdom which made her find nothing in a name, would have made her, and has made hundreds at her age, think that there was nothing in rambling from a hundred to a thousand miles with "the man of her heart," in three months to be abandoned, starved, or hanged by him, and leave the moral to her acquaintance at the boarding school.

There is a vast deal in a name. We have no doubt that the unfortunate person in the ages to come, who shall bear the patronymic of Peel, if the name be not extinguished by the common consent of mankind, will feel himself among black sheep, and exclaim at the injustice of fate, which fixed such an appellation upon him before he was of age to turn his coat. It will operate against him, as "Spring-guns and man-traps set here," would operate against any sensible man's making a promenade of the grounds, or trusting his legs within the operation of this agricultural artillery. We have also no doubt that it would require a very handsome estate in a sporting county, and free of tithe and land-tax, to sweeten down the bitter assumption of the name of Lethbridge, as long as bumpkins attempting to play the politician, and ratting slaves with wool for brains, are the object of public contempt. But we are recalled from this miserable brood to another class of the feeble, by a letter which has appeared lately in the public prints, justly inquiring by what process of absurdity his Grace the Duke of Somerset has abandoned his old English, honest family name—why Seymour should be sunk in the French millinery of *Saint Maur*! Heaven help us! can frippery go further? "Who," says the letter-writer, "in the name of Heaven can Lord *Saint Maur* be? One of the Dictator's new peers, perhaps? After racking my brain for more than a quarter of an hour, it occurred to me, that this Lord *Saint Maur* could be no other person than Lord *Seymour*, the eldest son of the Duke of Somerset; and then I recollected that I had read an account, some weeks ago, of a *fête* given by the Duke of Somerset and the Ladies *Saint Maur*. Now allow me to ask the Duke of Somerset, Lord *Saint Maur*, and the Ladies *Saint Maur*, what they will gain by abandoning the name of *Seymour*? The name of *Saint Maur* is obscure and unknown, while that of *Seymour*, though to be sure

not very antient, is known to all Europe as one of the great and truly historical English names. Do the Somerset branch of the house of Seymour wish to foist themselves on the French *Saint Maurs*, who are totally inferior in antiquity and lustre to the English *Seymours*? Do they think that *Saint Maur* is a better sounding and prettier name than that of *Seymour*? Thus actors and actresses, I allow, often take some well-known and fine sounding name, such as Clifford, Montagu, Egerton, &c. It is true, that the name of *Seymour* was antiently written *Saint Maur*, as old Camden informs us; but be it observed, that that was before the Seymours had risen into splendour. Who is there that is not familiar with the name of Queen Jane Seymour, or that of Edward Seymour, the Protector, Duke of Somerset? But, who in England ever heard of the name of Saint Maur? I have no hesitation in saying, that the assumption of the name of Saint Maur is as stupid and ignorant as it is ridiculous and affected."

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" ' There's nothing new below the sun,  
Was the old saw of Solomon."

"Ireland was papist once, and will be papist again," was the cry of the priests for those three hundred years; and we cry it along with them. We shall yet see the whole showy melo-drame of popery performed by a "large and complete company," as regularly making their transit from France and Italy to Ireland, as Signor di Begnis and his Signoras, singing perhaps quite as well, understanding stage trick just as dexterously, and making a great deal more money; a matter which long practice has made them understand a great deal better than any Signor di Begnis of them all. We shall have the Host making its holy procession through the streets of the Irish cities. The pantomimes of scripture, which now make so showy a figure in the pleasures and pomps of Italy, shall administer to the pleasures and pomps of Irish popery. The pictures of saints shall shed tears, and Father Doyle shall liquefy the blood of Father Roche, who in those unenlightened times, when priests were not yet the lords of the land, was hanged for doing the glorious work of mother-church, which the laws of heretics pronounced rebellion. We have but to live a few years longer to see the bones of Father O'Quigley, the dear friend of Arthur O'Connor, that dear friend of Fox and the whigs, those dear friends of the constitution; dug up from the felon's ground at Maidstone, where they lie inglorious, since he was hanged there as a traitor—to work miracles in the new land of the faith, and cure the broken heads, and restore the broken legs of Paddies to come.

We are sure that those demonstrations of the triumph of the true faith will receive no let or hindrance, at least, from the pure protestantism of Lord Plunket, nor the rigid justice of his Grace of Northumberland. We are sure that the one would as soon give up a place, or the other expend a penny, as impede the march of mind in the old, holy direction; and in consequence, if the very finest melodramas of monkery are not performed for the gratification of an enlightened populace, we shall not impute an iota of so disastrous a disappointment to either of those illustrious personages. But the glorious change has already begun. A jubilee has been publicly proclaimed in the Irish capital, by a *Bull from the Pope*! It is to continue for a fortnight.

Our English readers may not know what the meaning of the word is, we shall therefore explain. During a jubilee the priest-confessors are permitted to give plenary indulgence for all past sins—no matter of what nature—for a certain con-si-de-ra-tion. In some cases, where probably the money is not considered sufficient, penance is inflicted.

One of the ablest of the Irish papers, *The Evening Mail*, gives us a happy instance of the work of this jubilee.

"On Thursday last," says our Irish contemporary, "this city was affronted with one of the most indecent exhibitions it has witnessed since the *jubilant* reign of James the Second. On that day, at the hour of two o'clock, p.m., when the streets were most crowded, a female of otherwise respectable appearance, performed *jubilee-penance*. Our informant met her, accompanied by a man to keep off the crowd, crossing one of our most frequented bridges, and passing through the leading streets of the city. She was *barefooted*; had no clothing on her, but a white muslin petticoat and a white gown, the skirt of which, turned over her head, formed a kind of hood to cover her face. Had this poor penitent neither husband, brother, or friend, to protect her from the insolent tyranny of a beastly priest? Where is the manhood of Ireland gone; when *men*—fathers, husbands, brothers, friends, or lovers—will permit a *celibate* monster thus to degrade and insult a woman? We shall not be surprised shortly to witness processions of the Host, to which our soldiery shall be obliged to present arms, and the Protestant community to doff their hats and kneel down in the gutters while it passes. Is this to be endured? Quick indeed has spiritual tyranny followed in the wake of Emancipation. But it will not stop here."

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The Zoological Gardens are a great favourite of ours; and nothing can be prettier than their little knots of flowers, their cages and kangaroos, and wild ducks, and golden winged paroquets, and blue beard monkeys, and the whole exhibition of Mr. Vigors' naturalist ingenuity. But this does not prevent our believing, with a perfectly firm faith, that some desperate accident will before long show the folly of bringing lions and tigers, panthers and wolves, into visiting acquaintance with the pursy citizens and citizenesses of this innocent and overgrown metropolis. As to trying how far we can domesticate rein-deer, elks, and lamas, and all the tameable species of animals, we wish all kinds of experiments to be made, that do not choke the victims with kindness, or break their hearts with confinement in pastures twelve inches by three. But does the most sanguine Mr. Vigors on earth expect to make wolves stand the process of milking, lions furnish wool, or panthers draw my lord mayor's coach? In the mean time, they follow their original tastes, and are as ready to snap off a stray hand or foot as if they never heard a syllable of English in their lives.

A few days ago, as two gentlemen philosophers were descanting on the possible civilization of the wolves, a practical evidence of our position was given: a child playing near the cage put her arm within reach, and was instantly seized by the ferocious animal. One of the by-standers, Mr. Perry, surgeon to the Foundling Hospital, with great promptitude kicked the wolf violently in the throat, and made him quit his hold. The limb was considerably lacerated, and after Mr. P. had used the best remedies at his command, the child was conveyed home to Park-street,



Grosvenor-square, by her alarmed mother, who had been present when the accident occurred. The mother who suffered her child to get loose from her hand in such a place was of course a fool; and all that we can wish on such a subject is, that she did not make the experiment in place of her unfortunate infant. Our only surprise is, that fifty accidents of the same kind do not happen every day, for the mothers let their children rove, just as if they were in the most innocent company on earth; and due credit ought to be given to the wild beasts in general for their considerate conduct in not eating up half the rising generation that pay their shillings a-piece to see the zoological show. But if mothers will be flirts or fools, or will "trust," that as their children have never been eaten yet, they never will be eaten; the conductors of the gardens ought to interfere, and interpose the physical prudence of a few more and stronger bars. At present a single fence before, with apparently little more than a slight deal partition behind, stands between the spectator and instant deglutition. There gazes the plump Englishman; and two feet from his stomach crouches, with his nose between his knees, the lord of the wilderness, the majesty that has many a night shaken the African forest with his roar, and that now, if it so pleased him, could with a single spring, burst into splinters his flimsy cage, or carry himself and it upon the head of the astonished John Bull.

The gist of our exhortation is, at least, the construction of an outer fence, which would alike prevent foolish and flirting mammas from seeing their children devoured before their flirtations were done; and give the speculative John Bull two chances for one. It would even be voted unanimously, we think, by the forest monarchs themselves; for we have seen their slumbers disturbed in a very teasing manner by silly people. It has been said that a *lady*, a few days ago, thrust the end of her parasol into the lion's eye, to ascertain whether he was asleep or awake. The statement has been since denied. But it resembles so much some of the facts that came under our own observation, that we are strongly inclined to believe in the parasol experiment.

The conductors of this menagerie must not think us hostile to it or them. On the contrary, we think that they have done themselves great credit by their beginning, and that the menagerie is not merely a very pretty, but a very curious and a very instructive place, and that it might be made more instructive still by a few simple regulations. In the first place, by lowering the rate of admission to a fourth of its present amount. The shilling being an embargo upon a vast many respectable persons who would be glad to give their children and themselves frequent opportunities of studying the forms and habits of those animals; and acting as a complete exclusion upon a vast multitude, who ought not to be overlooked in systems of public instruction. Schools, workmen, and the general crowd of the lower orders must thus be totally shut out, except perhaps once in their lives.

A very valuable addition would be made by a printed sheet, to be sold for the smallest possible sum, at the entrance of the gardens, explaining some of the principal features of Zoological science, and describing the animals, an enlarged catalogue *raisonné* of the collection. A publication on a more extended scale, but in which cheapness should be essential, might give a more general knowledge of the science, the valuable properties of the animals, the more curious peculiarities of their instincts and habits, their susceptibility of pain and pleasure, the mode of taming and rearing

all, and peculiarly the domestic animals of England, with some natural reflections on our duty towards the lower creation, the cruelty and crime of giving them unnecessary pain, the limits within which our right to use them are restricted by the laws of religion and of the land ; the whole tending to an improved knowledge of their nature, and a heightened feeling of the duties of humanity. An institution rendering such services as those to the popular mind, would be a national good, and must receive the patronage of every honest and benevolent mind.

This is the age of titles ; and as George Coleman, junior, says, " that nobody is any body, until he takes the title of somebody, and is laughed at by every body," we can feel no surprise at the passion for the " grinning honours that Sir Robert hath." But there is a reason for every thing, and the hundreds of knights, shrewd enough in other things, were not such asses in this after all. To be sure a knight, an *eques auratus*, giving lessons upon the piano to a covey of school girls, does not seem much within the original purview of the statutes of chivalry. But when milliners' apprentices wear spurs, and the youthful grocerage of Cheapside shine illustrious in moustachios, there is no great inequality in a Sir Charles Aldis knighting it behind the green curtain and private door of a receptacle for calamities that shun the day. The truth is, that without a title, a man is rather in the state of that puzzle of the first form, that school anomaly, a noun-adjective, that cannot stand by itself. The lesson in flats and sharps is so much money thrown away, unless the piano-man be a Sir Something or other. The lady-mother takes no pride in recounting the " enormous sums that Laura Maria has cost her for the last twenty years of tuition," unless she can add, that those sums have had the honour to be received by a knight. Laura Maria herself feels the want of dignity in the transaction, acknowledges the name of her untitled teacher with the reluctance natural to so painful a confession, and gives up her secret like one on the rack.

If an old she sinner of rank is visited for her sins by the gout, and the secret love of liqueurs at length transpires to mankind in the shape of three attacks a day, does any one who knows womankind above fifty, and five hundred a year, conceive the possibility of her applying to the wisdom of any man not illustrated by the king's touch ? Dr. Scudamore felt this keenly, before he made up his mind to run the chance of being drowned in the Irish Channel, besides being devoured alive or dead at his landing among the anthropophagi that line its shores. But a man whose profession is death, should be a hero. The doctor girded his breast with the "*Æs triplex*," committed himself to the tossings, tremblings, boilings, and blowings up of the Meteor steamer, luckily escaped the voracity of the natives, and has luckily been reimported, like a bale of manufactured goods returned to the country of the raw material, transformed into Sir Augustus Cambyzes Scudamore. He was a tolerable expeller of the *podagra* before, but he seldom soared above the toe of a common councilman, or of an old maid living in Paddington or Pyecorner, and desirous of peculiar secrecy in the name of the person employed to relieve her of her calcareous formations. But now he flourishes like a green bay tree ; his horn is exalted, he feedeth in the rich pastures of Portman-square, and Portland-crescent ; and when we shall have occasion to indulge ourselves with a fit of the gout, we shall

employ him par preference. We think him a very clever fellow. But that is not the point. We now know him to be a knight, and we honour the sword blade that honoured the spatula.

Then we have Sir Henry Halford. Is there a woman of fashion within fifty miles of Grosvenor-square, who would not rather die under his hands than live under anybody's else? Our old acquaintance Phipps, the oculist—what the deuce was he, till the steel transformation had made his renown? The hand of majesty metempsychosized the Æsculapius of eyes into the observed of all observers, at a moment's warning. He knelt down plain Phipps, and he rose Sir Wathen Waller, equal to superintend the ocular economy of the Great Mogul.

Physicians eminently love the royal touch, which, instead of curing them of the disease, for which its pious contact was piously invented, now cures them of the much more formidable ill—a vacant purse, and lifts them out of the beaten ways of men into chariots, houses, and services of plate; *Matthew Tierney, Equite Aurato, teste.*

But the "more exquisite joke than the other," is the ingenuity of ambition not yet touched by the refining hand of royalty. One of the French papers mentions that Kean has been lately leaving his card about Paris, as "M. Edmond Kean, *premier acteur de Londres!*" Poor Alderman Wood, and his card of *Feu Lord Mayor de Londres*, is fresh in the memory of the Parisians, though the idea had not the merit of originality, that heroic and very martial personage, Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, having set him the example. One of our artists figured away on the whole road from Calais to Coblenz a few years ago, as M. H., *Grand Peintre du grand Jugement de Midas.*

Our professors of other arts are not behind hand in the assertion of their titular glories. We see the title of "Bug-destroyer to the Princess Augusta" contended for with a fierce consciousness of the value of the royal distinction. "Purveyor of asses milk to Sir Watkin William Wynn, and Charles Wynn, Esq.," meets the public gaze in all the brilliancy of gilding. Old Sheridan on observing it, remarked that it announced a sinecure; the parties being already provided. "Old-clothes-man to his Majesty and the Royal Dukes," figures on the door of a Rabbi in Monmouth-street; and Sir Masseh Manasseh is already preparing a handsome show-board for his trade, with a scene of the true borough election—one candidate before a counter, and one elector behind it.

The French grasp at titles with shark-like avidity. Whatever office the husband holds, the wife has her share of the honours; and M. Le *Procureur* always confers on his spouse the happy title of *Madame la Procuresse*. Lately in Berlin nothing but the intervention of a corporal's guard prevented an ingenious mechanic from putting up over his workshop, "Wooden-leg-maker to his Majesty, the Princes, and Princesses." And an Austrian chevalier d'industrie, who last year figured at Spa, and was said to exceed any man in Europe in ringlets and rouge, a beau altogether so lovely, that he would have made a president of the Board of Controul, took leave with his P. P. C. inscribed, *Le Comte Raffzumousky, premier charlatan du monde.*

The Irish are dangerous in love and in war; and fully acknowledging the wisdom of the hussar regiment, the ever-famous Tenth, that inflicted a penalty of a thousand pounds on any officer who danced twice with



the same lady in the season, Coventry for dining at her papa's mansion, and eternal expulsion from the regiment for the offence of marrying her; we feel ourselves confirmed in the opinion, by the Irish treatment of favourites. O'Connell, a month ago the god of their idolatry, is now "Dagon on the groundsill's edge, tumbled from his pedestal." All was love and sunshine while he had none to extinguish but Protestants. But he has raised up for himself another class of antagonists, true Irish gentlemen, that would not eat meat on a Friday, on fear of a double dose of purgatory; nor start from their six bottles on that or any other day in the week, for the salvation of Ireland; nor refuse to have a shot at any gentleman of the county, or the thirty-one adjoining, on any conditions, not excepting those of being hanged for it themselves.

The great agitator, in an unlucky moment, by the prevalence of a treacherous memory, appears to have promised his county Clare interest to two opposing candidates, and he now stands in the cleft stick. The Irish law on the case is thus admirably laid down:

They must fight for it. He that is girt with the Knightly sword for Clare must first win it.

The question then comes, who will fight for the sword?

O'Gorman Mahon will fight; and has, to all appearance, already made his will, and, provided that, should he be *kilt* or wounded in the cause, his friend Steele should propose him as a Candidate. In short, he is "bloody, bold, and resolute."

Major M'Namara will fight; for, as Daniel well knows, the science of duelling is to him "familiar as his garter." He is a man of unflinching resolution—inimitable steadiness of hand, and can put a bullet through the ace of spades nineteen times out of twenty—and he knows the Liberator *well*, and for *what he is*.

But Daniel O'Connell will not fight. "A vow—a vow—he has a vow in Heaven." He must, therefore, renounce his claims; or, if he presume to oppose either of his rivals, prepare his back and shoulders, his nose and the nether extremity of his body for all manner of disagreeable and inconvenient rencounters: He must make up his mind to be kicked, cuffed, and cudgelled—beaten, bruised, and battered—to have his eyes black—his teeth broken, and his nostrils bloody—to have his shoulders caned—his shanks crippled, and his skin curried: he must be content to be spit upon between the eyes—he satisfied that his nose is not entirely pulled off his face, and compound for being able to sit upon a chair in ten days at the soonest. For, all these things will the candidate, who deals with two such fire-eaters as Daniel's rivals, have to endure, if he will not risk the less lingering torture of the single combat.

Such is the law of honour!

Worthy Daniel! there is but one way of *evading* the Algerine cruelty of *this* law. No coach and six can carry you in safety through the letter to M'Namara; no wheelbarrow convey you through your promises to O'Gorman Mahon,

\_\_\_\_\_ "either way you're sped,  
If *fight*, you're shot—if *finch*, they beat you dead."

You have but one trick left, and by playing it (as you must) you lose the game.

YOU MUST RENOUNCE YOUR PRETENSIONS TO THE REPRESENTATION OF CLARE.

We are by no means fantastic enough to suppose that retrenchment means any thing more in the mouth of a ministry, than reform in the mouth of an opposition; the simple translation of the words being, that every one shall retrench but the holders of place, and every one reform

but the professors of radicalism. We knew perfectly well how safe that luscious sinecure, the governorship of Windsor Castle, was from the cruel knife of retrenchment; and we augured, with a prescience worthy of Moore's Almanack, or the Pope himself, that, "about this time a certain great office, with a certain great salary, would be given to a certain great lord with a certain great wife." The event turned out in due accordance with our wisdom, and Lord Grizel was made commander-in-chief of the cooks, butlers, chambermaids, ostlers, and boots of his majesty's fortalice, stronghold, and Castle of Windsor. For what services we stop not to inquire. Doubtless Lord Grizel himself knows; and as the true virtue is in an approving conscience, we may be satisfied with the public conviction, that so many pounds sterling have not been got for nothing. However, Lord Grizel now pulls on his boots a richer Lord Grizel by £3,000 a year, than on his last day of feeding upon goose; and far be it from us to meddle with the successes of a worthy man and loving husband.

But a little sinecure has just dropped, to which we hope some trifling attention will be paid, before it drops into the hands, not of another Lord Grizel, for we believe that another is not to be found; but of some sleek dependent of some of those mighty men, whose burning zeal to promote those sleek dependents is the most extraordinary thing imaginable to country gentlemen and others not gifted with the faculty of seeing with their eyes open. The sinecure that we mean is the office of King's Printer—and a most delicious sinecure it is. Not, that like little Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt's, it consists in sitting in a corner of the House of Lords with a stick in one's hand; nor in that of the self-denying and much applauded Marquis of Camden, in signing one's name to the quarterly receipt of £4,000 per annum. The King's Printer has something to do, for he must employ a man to employ another, to employ half a hundred to set types, and actually print. And for this heavy duty he is under the severe responsibility of putting in his pocket a yearly sum, which would make a first Lord of the Treasury lament that he was not brought up to the press, or ever dipped his fingers in any ink but printing-ink.

We now announce, for the benefit of Mr. Huskisson and other men of public merits, in the hope that justice should be done to them by a handsome establishment for life, the news that the office of "King's Printer" is in the market.

The patent under which this most lucrative situation is held will shortly expire. The emoluments arising from it exceed a tellership of the exchequer under the *old system*. The late John Reeves held a moiety of the office for a few years, and left behind him between two and three hundred thousand pounds.

One of our *reform* newspapers is prodigiously pathetic upon the subject, in the following style:—

"Surely the Duke of Wellington will not permit the patent to be renewed without effecting an entire renovation in the charges at present made for acts of parliament, and the various and extensive volumes of records and other expensive documents ordered to be printed by the Houses of Lords and Commons, which, in the yearly estimates, constitute a fearful amount of charge, all drawn from the public purse, and consequently occasioning additional burthens. In the present improved state of press-work, machinery, and every thing else relating to printing, the old charges ought to be abolished, and a new rate substituted,

which would best be done by open tender for all the great jobs. More than one hundred per cent. upon the present system of expense would be saved to the nation."

This is perfectly ludicrous, and implies the most rustic ignorance of the ways of public business in this best of all possible worlds. We are satisfied that his Grace will do no such absurd thing.

We feel the spirit of Accum to be walking the earth again, in the pitiful remonstrances of medical men, old women, "monthly reports," and lecturers on coroner's inquests, against poisoning ourselves. Do those idiots forget that we live in a land of liberty, and have a right to feed on oxalic acid and arsenic, if our tastes lie in that direction? An attempt made some years ago to put down some of our ingenious fabricators of Foreign wines, was publicly put down with the scorn due to all attempts to shackle British talent, and violate the liberty of the subject. We now give another example of those invidious attempts to repel us from dying by our own hands in the pleasantest way possible, namely, asleep or drunk.

*"Imitation of Cyprus Wine.*—Some of the leading restaurateurs in Paris sell, at the rate of two to three francs per glass, a wine which they call *vin de chypre*; and many John Bulls believe that they are really drinking Cyprus wine. It is, however, only an imitation; the mode of preparing which is thus given by the *Bibliothèque Physico Econom.*—To ten quarts of the syrup of elderberries add eighty pints of water. Press the berries gently, and add two ounces of ginger and one ounce of cloves. Then boil all together for an hour. After skimming it well, pour it into a vessel, and add one pound and a half of bruised grapes, which are to be left in it until the wine has acquired a fine colour."

We hope to see all ridiculous prejudice extinguished in the judicious throats of our countrymen, and this receipt copied into every housewife's book in the empire.

The Duke of Newcastle is sending to the right-about a set of ungrateful radicals, who had flourished on his bounty, and grew plump, impudent, and liberal, by his sufferance; having raised a prodigious outcry of hurt virtue among the Whig and Papist patriots, the regular dealers in what Horne Tooke called "the bullock stalls." And the fact being stated in reply that his Grace of Norfolk had ejected a number of the Protestant tenants from his late Protestant relative's estates, on the mere ground of their having subscribed a Protestant petition, the following attempt at a palliative was written by a high Papist hand to the *Morning Journal*.

Signatures to a Petition reflecting injuriously on Catholics was industriously circulated amongst the Duke of Norfolk's tenants at Worksop, and even amongst the domestics in the establishment at Worksop Manor, and some were prevailed upon to sign it. Resenting what was thought to be deliberate insult and deep ingratitude, the notice copied ostentatiously into a conspicuous part of your paper was sent to the offending parties. Whether the Duke of Norfolk were right or wrong in sending this notice—whether he acted wisely or unwisely in so doing—or whether he acted under greater or lesser provocation than the Duke of Newcastle, I shall not stop to inquire. But mark the sequel. Within a very short space, when the irritation occasioned by an imaginary insult, if so you please to call it, had subsided, the notices were all recalled!



No tenant of the Duke of Norfolk has suffered injury from his conduct on this occasion; and it must be acknowledged that if he committed an error, he has nobly repaired it, and that the Duke of Newcastle has another movement to make before he places himself in a parallel position with the Duke of Norfolk.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

London, Oct. 24, 1829.

#### A FRIEND TO FAIR PLAY.

Now let us take the matter in the Papist's own showing. A number of Protestant individuals who owed no obligation whatever to their Popish landlord, and who, even if they did, would have been grossly culpable in suffering any such consideration to interfere with the duty of preserving their free constitution, and their scriptural religion, put their names to a petition that both should be preserved. His Popish Grace of Norfolk, in the incurable spirit of his church, looking upon any freedom of conscience in religious matters as intolerable, and, equally in the spirit of his church, thinking that persecution was the legitimate weapon in matters of faith, persecuted those men as far as lay in his ducal power, by ordering them off his estates. There was no charge of corruption, none of trafficking of any kind, none of the little pecuniary purposes that sometimes bias the conduct of greater men than those poor holders of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk. The head and front of their offending was, that being Protestants, they joined with their countrymen in desiring that Protestantism should not be insulted and brought low.

As to the Duke of Newcastle's case, we may leave him to explain himself, which we hope he will do, by turning off his estate every man who voted for Mr. Serjeant Wilde. To enlighten the innocent on such matters, suppose we put a case. Let us conceive that a couple of hundred "worthy and independent" blacks or blues in a northern town, hearing that very considerable sums sometimes wandered about the world when elections were the order of the day, and feeling the comfortlessness of having no share in this floating capital, had thought of contriving a little opposition in their town, setting themselves up as objects "worthy the attention of any gentleman in want of" a seat in the house, and, in short, turning the tenures which gave them votes into a good thing?

We shall not say that this has occurred at Newark, but we can safely swear that its perfect fac-simile has been exhibited in other towns by the score. If in East Retford, for instance, every man who bartered his vote for the candidate's pounds had been instantly stripped of his power to make the same iniquitous bargain in future, we should have felt no extraordinary surprise or sorrow; or if the chief land-holder of East Retford had looked upon those scoundrel traffickers with the disgust which was their due, and, warned by the narrow escape of the Borough from being disfranchised, had determined to punish and extinguish this vile abuse wherever it lay in his way, we can feel just as little surprise.

Mr. Serjeant Wilde was a total stranger to the people of Newark; there was neither family connection, nor connection of principle. The serjeant was merely a gentleman who wanted to have a seat in Parliament, and whether he got in through Westminster or Westbury, through Newark or Nova-Scotia, was to him quite the same; and whether the candidate were Mr. Serjeant Wilde or Mr. Jonathan Wild, was, to the impartiality of the Newarkites, quite the same. Now, are we to be surprised that a parcel of tinkers and tailors, headed by a malster and a retired inn-keeper, should be prevented from putting the town of Newark into the hands of Mr. Serjeant Wilde, or that their landlord, a man proverbially kind and generous to his tenantry, should

have been glad to get rid of the whole set together? Here, then is the contrast. The papist lord punishes his tenantry for doing their duty in upholding their constitution and religion: the Protestant lord punishes them for doing the very contrary to their duty. The one is a case of conscience, the other of Cocker; and so the Duke of Newcastle may leave it to the understandings of his countrymen.

One clause of the letter says that the Duke of Norfolk retracted the order. His Grace had unhappily gained his point in spite of protestant feeling, and he might afterwards expect to rest in perfect contempt of anything of the kind. The *Morning Journal* answers the clause by saying that the Duke of Newcastle has hitherto only sent notices of ejection. But this answer is not the one that we desire to see given—ours would be practical. In every instance where the duke shall be satisfied that corrupt influences have operated, he owes it not merely to himself, but to his country, to put the criminal to shame.

Some of the Irish papers, the *Warder*, the *Waterford Mail*, &c., which we are glad to see taking up the question, have adverted to the article on the "Protestant colonies" in our last number, and have expressed same doubts as to the advantageous introduction of poor laws into Ireland. Their observations deserve our respect for their manly, candid, and judicious tone, not less than for the general acuteness and ability of the writers. But we can here make only the brief answer—that poor laws, or an equivalent for them, must be enacted in every state that desires to avoid being overrun with riot and famine. The principle of poor laws is two-fold—charity and policy. A provision must be made for the aged and infirm—so far is the common dictate of benevolence. A provision must be made for the able-bodied who are willing to work but can get no work to live by—so far is suggested by a feeling for the public safety; for the able-bodied, if unable to live by labour, will live by rapine. In these countries men cannot be expected to lie down and starve, while they can resist and rob; and the result would be, as it was before the establishment of the poor laws, that the discharged labourers would march through the country in gangs, and live by riot and robbery.

So long as the convents lasted, the poor lived on the bounty of the convents; when they were broken up, the poor became public plunderers, and dreadful executions were necessary. It is recorded, that in one year of Elizabeth's reign, no less than the appalling number of twelve hundred human beings were hanged.

The lapse of years, and an unjudicious multiplication of statutes, has clogged the natural action of the poor laws in England, but there is no reason why an unclogged system might not be commenced in Ireland. But with all the disadvantages of the poor laws here, they supply the cheapest sustenance for pauperism known in any country of the world.

It has been calculated, that no common beggar in England lives on less than from twenty to five and twenty pounds a year, clothing and lodging included. The English poor rates provide him at the rate of seven pounds a year. And the rapine, the riot, and the misery which would have constantly disturbed and pained the public feeling, are thus extensively avoided.

In Ireland, the sum wrung from private charity is at least as large as the poor rates would be: with this disadvantage, that it is wrung from the best part of the community, while the miser, the unfeeling, and the

absentee, escape; the race of beggars is kept up, and in the first failure of the potatoe crop, there is no alternative but famine and contagion, or midnight robbery and rebellion.

The operation on the future would be of high practical benefit. The landlord has hitherto been willing to multiply tenantry, that he might extract the more rent; the result was, the gathering of population where the land was insufficient for them, and the splitting of acres, which was ruinous alike to farming and the farmer. But when the landlord knows that in case of public pressure, he may have to assist in maintaining his tenantry, he will be cautious of this unnatural accumulation: he will be more, he will feel it his interest to prepare his tenantry against such emergencies, by making them able to meet the change, by assisting them previously, adding to their comforts, and giving them their farms at such a rent as will allow them to live, not like brute beasts, but like men. Another advantage will be, that the absentees will not be suffered to throw the burthen on those who do their duty, and spend their rents at home. The twenty thousands and thirty thousands a year that cross the channel to be spent in Berkeley-square and Piccadilly, or wander to Paris and Rome, will be forced to pay their contributions to the country from which they are wrung; and the simplest and most useful of all absentee taxes will thus be enacted without trouble.

To the observations of the *Warder*, we reply, that in approving in the highest degree of Protestant colonies, we took the word *Orange* as it does—in the general sense of friends to Christianity and the Constitution.

There is just now a good deal of scampering about both England and Ireland, to jump into new seats in parliament. Little Otway Cave, having received some hints which hurt his sensibilities in Leicester, has been roving among the Whiteboys of Tipperary to collect their legislative good will. Spring Rice, in much the same condition at Limerick, is endeavouring to fish the troubled waters among his native grocership; and our favourite, Sir T. Lethbridge, having been cruelly thrown out of the Peerage plate, is spurring and whipping to get in somewhere or other within sight of the post. But the mark of a turncoat is upon him; and to be Philpotted out of society is his natural fate. Even Dan, Agitator *ipsissimus*, is in peril for Clare. His "bosom friends, his gallant coadjutors, his heroic pair, who fought with him shoulder to shoulder," are likely enough to try his popularity before long. The true state of the case is, the priests, the actual masters of the representation of Ireland, have not deemed it the proper time to put forth their mandate. They know the whole tribe of the brawlers too well not to know them unsafe to be trusted with the higher and only objects that the popish priesthood value. Hired lawyers, and clamorous clowns, did very well for a while; but the unalienable contempt of the popish priests for every layman under heaven, came into play at the first possible juncture; and the whole clique of the association are now only dust on the heels of the pontifical rulers of Ireland.

The priests wait for a *crisis*; they know that it will come; they are preparing for it in Maynooth, Clongowes, Stonyhurst, and every seminary and cloister in the empire. They are preparing for it, too, in Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, and Rome. They will not suffer the net to be broken by the boisterous gambols and tumblings of the O'Connel set. They may endure him for a while; but they will not stoop to raise him on their shoulders.



## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-me-not;*

1830.—Mrs. Hall expresses her sense of unfairness in Mr. Ackermann's adoption of her title; but she need not be afraid of the competition. Though the engravings are good, they are not excellent—not one of them coming near to "My Brother," or "Bob Cherry"—not even the "School-mistress," which is decidedly the best of the volume. Of the literary part, Montgomery's "Snake in the Grass" is, as might be expected, the best in the book. Mrs. Hofland's "Riding-School, or a Cure for Conceit," is even for her a failure—she evidently mistakes the tone and temper of a public school, quite as much as Miss Edgeworth did, when that lady wrote her "Eton Montem." Mrs. Hofland writes a vast deal, but always wants tact and simplicity. Her criterion for good writing is plainly long words, and rounded periods. The "Wind in a Frolic" reminds one too much of Wordsworth—the author has made too free.

The Wind one morning sprung up from sleep,  
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!  
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!  
I'll make a commotion in every place!"  
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,

Creaking the signs, and scattering down  
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,  
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls;  
There never was heard a much lustier shout,  
As the apples and oranges trundled about;  
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes

For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.  
Then away to the field, it went blust'ring and humming,

And the cattle all wonder'd whatever was coming;  
It pluck'd by their tails the grave matronly cows,  
And toss'd the colts' manes all about their brows,  
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,  
They all turn'd their backs, and stood silently mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks,  
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,  
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,  
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to hustle the bags  
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags:  
'Twas so bold, that it fear'd not to play its joke  
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roar'd, and cried gaily,  
"Now,

You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"  
And it made them bow without more ado,  
And crack'd their great branches through and through.

Then it rush'd like a monster on cottage and farm,

Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;  
And they ran out like bees, in a midsummer swarm;

There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,

To see if their poultry were free from mishaps:

M.M. New Series.—VOL. VIII. No. 46.

The turkies they gobbled, the geese scream'd aloud,

And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd:  
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,  
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had press'd on, and had met, in a lane,

With a school-boy who panted and struggled in vain:

For it toss'd him and twirled him, then pass'd, and he stood

With his hat in a pool and his shoe in the mud.

*The Winter's Wreath*, 1830.—This Liverpool annual may confidently challenge comparison with any of its Metropolitan competitors in point of decoration and executiveness. The contributors are, the greater part of them, already before the world, on all occasions, as Annualists, and many of them as compounders of separate volumes, with names and without. Whole families take its pages by storm—we observe three Chorleys, each with three initials, and three Howitts, one not better than the other, nor worse, and all respectable—indeed the equality of all these productions is one of the most marvellous things about them. In the list of contributors figure reverends, and dignitaries, and doctors, and some of faculties unknown to English graduates.

Among the choice morsels is what, for some unintelligible reason, is called a myriologue, by which, it appears, is meant, *five* versions of Mr. Bayly's song, "Oh no, we never mention her," in German, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish. The Latin is the well-elaborated production of the still very youthful taste of the very reverend Archdeacon Wrangham, who, moreover, we see, is translating Pignotti into *English* lyrics, for half the Annuals going. Miss Mitford has one of her sketches, the *Two Sisters*, admirably executed—the subject turns on the little confusions and *contre-temps*, occasioned by an unusual degree of likeness, and would have been truly nothing at all in the hands of any other artist.

Where one thing is as good as another, choice is perplexing—take the lines which illustrate the frontispiece.

## THE IDOL OF MEMORY.

It is not for the swimming lustre  
Of those beseeching eyes of thine,  
Nor for the glorious locks that cluster  
Like tendrils of the twisted vine,  
And with a natural garland deck  
Thy fair white brow, and swan-like neck;

It is not for thy cheeks, that glow  
Like clouds when day the world is leaving;  
Nor for the murmurs soft and low,  
With which thy lovely breast is heaving,  
Nor for the pearly store that peeps  
Through the soft portal of thy lips;

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That these, my tearful glances, dwell  
On thy young grace's virgin pride ;—  
Bright Lady! 'tis not Beauty's spell,  
That chains me, breathless, to thy side ;  
For Woman's voice, and Woman's eyes  
Have lost their power to make my sighs.

My heart is grown too cold with care ;  
And all the gifts that now remain  
From Love, who once was worshipped there,  
Are wild regrets, and sorrowings vain—  
Sad relics in a mouldering urn  
Where incense long has ceased to burn.

But o'er thy brow a quick light past,  
As summer airs the waters curl,  
That gave me as I viewed it last,  
The image of an English girl,  
With look, like thine, 'twixt smile and tear,  
And graceful as the forest deer.

And thoughts, that long had buried lain,  
In crowds before my memory rise,  
I press those gentle lips again,  
And gaze into the deep blue eyes,  
Whose stealing glance could once controul  
The sternest passions of my soul.

She comes once more! the breezing sighs  
Of her young voice are whispering near,  
Like the old native melodies,  
Breathed in a home-sick exile's ear—  
And my wild bosom's throbs reply,  
She was too fondly loved to die!

'Tis past—the passionate vision fades—  
And, Lady, though thy face be fair,  
That nameless grace, which woke the shades  
Of memory, rests no longer there!  
The charm is gone—the spell is o'er,  
And I can look on thee no more!

J. R. C.

The plates are of the very first class of beauty and execution—the *Idol of Memory*, especially, not looked at too *nearly*, and the *Mandoline*, with features so sweetly regular, so unruffled by care or excitement, so ready to receive your plaudits, without elation as a customary tribute—her due. An engraving from Jan Stein, by Lizars, is very remarkable for the strong and effective strokes of the graver.

*Forget-me-not*, 1830. — Ackermann's *Forget-me-not* has a larger proportion of prose than usual, and fewer contributions from the magnificos of the literary world. The reason assigned is decisive—the best writers contribute the worst pieces—a reason applicable, the editor himself declares, to both prose and verse, but more especially to the verse. Supported by the opinions of friends of indisputable taste and judgment, the editor accordingly has clipped the poetry part of the volume ; and we take upon us to recommend a still farther clipping another year—there is no danger—it is not the current coin of the realm. Like almost all the poetry of the *Annals*, it is all strain and affectation, half Byron and half Moore, with little music, and less thought. A few lines

on *Solitude*, by James Kenney, Esq. are among the simplest the volume affords.

There is a time when tears will flow,  
To soothe the throb of care ;  
When the gaunt eye of hollow woe  
Looks up and mocks despair!  
'Tis where the breeze has no controul,  
Where pine trees darkly nod,  
And Silence yields the gasping soul  
To nature and to God!

Good spirits there a healing charm  
On wounded bosoms shed ;  
And Virtue nerves the languid arm,  
And lifts the drooping head ;  
And then we deem a time will come,  
When tyrant wrong shall fly,  
Or fondly dream of martyrdom,  
And how the proud ones die!

Under the blue and boundless sky,  
Couch'd on the bright green earth,  
Oh! then we smile for vanity,  
And feel Life's only worth ;—  
We trim no coronet for wealth,  
For fame nor honour sigh ;  
We pray to God to live in health,  
In love and charity.

And he whose cares in ruthless troops  
Come thronging day by day,  
To sap his heart, and make his hopes  
A slow and inchmeal prey,  
Shall here, the legion to defy,  
Inhale a heavenly power ;  
Breathe Resignation's balmy sigh,  
And bless that silent hour!

The curiosities of the volume are the first lines known to have been written by Lord Byron, and some of Francis Jeffery's. The first are duly attested by the lady to whom they were written, and were communicated by Miss Mary Ann Cursham, who also contributes some mystifications of her own, called the *Destinies*, apparently on the subject of Lord Byron and her friend, but we do not undertake to decide. Of the tales, the *Red Man*, by a "modern Pythagorean," is by far the best managed piece—nobody can anticipate the solution of the mystery.

Among the engravings, the *Flower Girl*, by Gauguin, is most distinguishable—it is a beautiful face, full of intelligence, and with a gleam of archness, but still the figure has too much ease and *nonchalance* for a flower girl, and is as little like one, as can well be imagined. The *Orphan Family* is a good group, but the boy is too young for the story—indeed we have often observed the stories do not fit the pictures. The *Death of the Dove* is remarkable for the girl's eyes—the fire and fright conspicuous in them, are more forcibly expressed than anything of the kind we remember to have seen.

*The Amulet*, 1830.—The *Amulet*, edited by Mr. S. C. Halls, is distinguished by the epithet of *Christian* as well as literary remembrancer ; but the reader need not anti-

cipate nothing but sermonizing. The term is invidious, and had better have been avoided, for really nothing appears in any of the *Annals*, which is not perfectly decorous, and as little alien, and quite as consistent with the epithet, as the general contents of the Amulet. With the exception of the verses on the crucifixion, and the two sisters of Bethany, illustrative of two of the engravings, and a few other verses interspersed here and there, the topics are wholly of the common literary cast. Mr. Halls' contributions are the best and most lively of the prose pieces. Dr. Walsh's inquiry as to the inhabitaney of other worlds, is too long and too learned by half for the occasion, and will be sure not to be read. Among the verses, the virtues of which are of the usual average quality, we were surprised by some of Mr. Sadler's (M.P.), not having the least notion that rhyming was among his qualifications, or occupations. They are easy and smooth as any in the volume. We extract them.

## BANKS OF THE DOVE!

(Written on leaving my native village in early youth.)

Adieu to the Banks of the Dove!  
My happiest moments are flown;  
I must leave the retreats that I love,  
For scenes far remote and unknown:  
But wherever my lot may be cast,  
Whatever my fortunes may prove,  
I shall dwell on the days that are past,  
And sigh for the Banks of the Dove!

Ye Friends of my earliest Youth,  
From you how reluctant I part!  
Your Friendship was founded on truth,  
And shall ne'er be erased from my heart.  
Companions perhaps I may find,  
But where shall I meet with such love,  
With attachments so lasting and kind,  
As I leave on the Banks of the Dove?

Thou sweet little Village, farewell!  
Every object around thee is dear;  
Every woodland, and meadow, and dell,  
Where I wandered for many a year:  
These scenes which could rapture impart,  
These seats of contentment and love,  
And thee! the dear home of my heart,  
I leave;—and the Banks of the Dove.

The hours of my childhood are past,  
They seem even now as a dream;  
They glided as peaceful and fast,  
As the waves of this beautiful stream;  
They fled—but their mem'ry remains,  
Nor shall from my bosom remove;  
As the fugitive flood still retains,  
Reflected, the Banks of the Dove!

But I go! for the Dove's crystal wave  
Now murmurs commixt with my tears;  
My Mother is laid in her grave,  
Where yon hallowed turret appears!  
Ye Villagers, think of the spot,  
And lay me beside her I love!  
For here in my birth-place forgot,  
I'll sleep on the Banks of the Dove!

Till then, in the visions of night,  
O may her loved spirit descend!  
And tell me, though hid from my sight,  
She still is my Guardian and Friend!  
The thought of her presence shall keep  
My footsteps, when tempted to rove,  
And sweeten my woes while I weep  
For her, and the Banks of the Dove!

Among the engravings the more remarkable are the Darty Bairn, designed by Wilkie, and the Pedagogue, Sir Hugh, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, catechising William in his accident; but Mrs. Page is too handsome and lady-like for such a dolt and fright of a boy. Martin's Crucifixion is stamped by his own genius, and Le Keux has engraved it with Martin's own tool. The worst of Martin's pictures is, that seeing one, you seem to see all—he masses his shades all alike. The sisters of Bethany is no subject for the pencil; the artist has done his best, but there is an awkwardness, which no gravity in the features of the principal can remove. Mary's is a beautiful face, and interestingly earnest; but Martha need not have looked so very a girl, nor have been so literally encumbered. How she balances the dishes we cannot imagine, engaged as one hand is, and that hand, by the way, more like a stump than even a fist.

*The Gem*, 1830.—The *Gem*, with a sufficient mixture, like the rest of the *Annals*, of the stale and idealess romance in the verses, has many graceful little pieces—more, we are quite confident, than any we have yet noticed. The "Stolen Interview," by we do not know whom, is among the best, if it be not the very best; but, unluckily for us, it is too long, and we cannot commit violence upon it by clipping it. "Love's Reproach, a rustic plaint," by Mr. Kenney, comes very near it—both are easy, playful, and natural. Of the graver kind, Mr. Malcolm's verses on the subject of one of the engravings—the Halt on the March—a soldier with his wife and children, deserves distinction.

Rest, wearied ones! it is the hour  
When faints the heart, and droops the flower,  
And shadows shrink, and breezes swoon,  
Beneath the burning eye of noon;  
When every sound is deeply still,  
Save of the torrent on the hill,  
Which lifts its lonely voice, that seems  
The moan of Nature in her dreams, &c.

Miss Isabella Hill's, too, on the "Widow" of the last year's *Gem*, begins well at least.

No, 'tis not on a face like *this*  
That fools should gaze, and jest;  
Thoughts of for-ever vanished bliss  
Should shield that matron breast,  
Too holy *she* to be a theme  
For slander's hackneyed tone,  
Or the coarse doubts of those, who deem  
All Faith light as their own, &c.

Redding's "Hamilton on the Alps" has the tone and spirit of poetry; and Charles



Sheridan's *Fairy Fancies*, if he had condensed them into half the compass, might have been readable; but Mr. Archdeacon Wrangham might surely leave his *Anthology Scraps* to the young Masters and Misses of his family, if he have any.

Miss Bowles has touched the subject of Death delicately and soothingly.

Come not in terrors clad, to claim  
An unresisting prey;  
Come like an evening shadow, Death!  
So stealthily! so silently!  
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath:  
Then willingly—oh! willingly  
With thee I'll go away.

What need to clutch with iron grasp,  
What gentlest touch may take?  
What need with aspect dark to scare?  
So awfully! so terribly!  
The weary soul would hardly care,—  
Call'd quietly—call'd tenderly,—  
From thy dread power to break!

'Tis not as when thou markest out  
The young, the gay, the blest,  
The loved, the loving—they who dream  
So happily! so hopefully!  
Then harsh thy kindest call may seem,  
And shrinkingly—reluctantly  
The summon'd may obey.

But I have drunk enough of life,  
(The cup assign'd to me  
Dash'd with a little sweet at best,  
So scantily! so scantily!)  
To know full well that all the rest,  
More bitterly—more bitterly  
Drugg'd to the last will be.

And I may live to pain some heart  
That kindly cares for me,—  
To pain, but not to bless. O Death!  
Come quietly—come lovingly,  
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath,  
Then willingly—oh! willingly  
With thee I'll go away!

Some of the contributors of this successful volume work double duties; Lord Nugent, Mrs. Norton, and Howitt; but all handle the prose tales best—especially Mrs. Norton: her tale of William Errick is very effectively told. Miss Mitford's *Little Miss Wren* is in a very lively tone, but bordering here and there pretty closely upon the extravagant—she cumulates her descriptions occasionally—too intent upon exhibiting the fertility of her fancy, or the minuteness of her observances.

To speak of the ornaments would be quite superfluous—they have been selected by Cooper, and executed by the first artists. The *Gipsy Belle* is a fascination of form and feature—ease, grace, dignity, and confidence combined. The lady of the "Love Letter" is supposed to be sleeping—she will soon wake benumbed—the attitude must murder sleep.

*The Juvenile Forget-me-not*, 1830.—Mrs. Hall's *Juvenile Forget-me-not* is very

superior in point of ornamental decoration. Nay, two or three of the engravings excel any thing we have seen in the annuals that have yet fallen into our hands; for instance, 'My Brother.' It is life itself; the fondling sisters burst of affection and pride, and the little fellow's unyieldingness—his eyes apparently intent upon something else, and not understanding her fondling. The illustrating verses, are as ridiculously inapplicable as anything can well be; 'Boy, love thy sister,' as if the writer meant to drive affection into him at the point of the birch. 'Bob-cherry,' with the little ones' protruding earnestness to catch the tempting morsel is little inferior. Mister Hugh Littlejohn, about whom Allan Cunningham makes some verses for the purpose of 'clawing' the father and grandfather, is a very odd looking lad, with a head large enough for two—the Edinburgh phrenologists of course have discussed it, and the features anything but those of a boy. A child's prayer, by Hogg, is beyond the usual dog-grel style of such things.

O, God of yonder starry frame,  
How should a thing like me  
Dare to pronounce thy holy name,  
Or bow to thee the knee?  
I know not of my spirit's birth,  
How dust and soul combine,  
Nor being of one thing on earth,  
And how can I know thine?

I only know that I was made  
Thy purpose to fulfil,  
And that I gladly would be good,  
And do thy holy will.  
For this, my being rational,  
For this, my dwelling place,  
I bless thee, Lord; but, most of all,  
For gospel of thy grace.

Direct my soul to search and know  
What Jesus did for me,  
And teach my little heart to glow  
With thankfulness to thee.  
And when this weary life is done,  
And dust to dust declines,  
Then may I dwell beyond the sun,  
Where thy own glory shines.

Take my dear parents to thy care,  
My little kinsfolk too,  
And listen to their humble prayer,  
When they before thee bow.  
And when they pray for sinful me,  
With fervour that exceeds,  
Do thou return the blessing free  
And double on their heads.

*Friendship's Offering*, 1830.—Next to the *Forget-me-not*, this is the oldest of the Annuals; but neither has time crippled its vigour, nor success relaxed its efforts. In beauty and spirit it is surpassed by none that have since started in the generous career, where the competitors rather contend for excellence than wrestle for conquest. It is almost invidious—where equality prevails to perhaps a more than

usual degree—to point out particular pieces ; but without meaning to depreciate others, we were most pleased by "Muirside Maggie," by the author of the "Odd Volume ;" and Mrs. Hall's "Larry Moore ;" which latter successfully competes with Miss Edgeworth, in her own line. "Il Vesuviano" is spiritedly sketched ; and the "Author of London in the Olden-time," has a well-told little tale. Of the poetry—if we must speak generally—it is below the usual standard of the writers ; yet a scrap of Montgomery's—James of course—nobody will mistake him for the other stringer of phrases—entitled the "Cry of Africa," is worthy of him ; and this song of Hogg's—

A SCOT'S LUVE SANG.

By the *Eltrick Shepherd*.

I.

Could this ill world hae been contrived  
To stand without mischievous WOMAN,  
How peacefu' bodies wad hae lived,  
Released frae a' the ills sae common !  
But since it is the waefu' case  
That Man maun hae this teasing wony,  
Why sic a sweet bewitching face?  
—O had they no been made sae bonny !

II.

I might hae wandered dale and wood,  
Brisk as the breeze that whistles o'er me,  
As careless as the roe-deer's brood,  
As happy as the lambs before me ;  
I might hae screwed my tunefu' pegs,  
And carolled mountain strains so gaily,  
Had we but wantit a' the Megs  
Wi' glossy e'en sae dark an' wily.

III.

I saw the danger, feared the dart,  
The smile, the air, an' a' sae taking,  
Yet open laid my wareless heart,  
An' gat the wound that keeps me waking.  
My harp waves on the willow green ;  
O' wild witch-notes, it has nae ony,  
Sin' e'er I saw that pawky qean,  
Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny !

*Napier's History of the Peninsular War, Vol. II., 1829.*—Colonel Napier's object is to give a complete view of the Peninsular war, not only in military details, but in civil and political influences—not merely tracing the successful career of the English and their allies, but searching into the conduct of the French, and developing their plans, and the causes of their failures. His knowledge of the country, his professional acquirements, his free politics, (which sometimes, by the way, betray too much of the bias of party,) his critical spirit and sound judgment, qualify him eminently for the effective accomplishment of his undertaking. In addition to the common sources of information, open to every body, he has had access to original papers belonging to Soult and Jourdain—to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Stuart de Rothsay, Sir Johns Craddock and Moore. The first volume concluded, it will be remembered, with the death of Moore, at

Corunna. The present is occupied nearly with the campaign of 1809, and brings up the story to the battle of Talavera, and the subsequent retreat of the British army, leaving it, at head-quarters, at Badajoz, in September. But before the author enters upon this active campaign, he describes the events of the latter part of the previous one in the east of Spain. The siege of Saragossa, in Arragon, and St. Cyr's operations in Catalonia to preserve Barcelona, were necessary to complete the survey of 1808.

After the embarkation of the English army at Corunna, Napoleon being now recalled to Paris by the prospect of Austrian hostilities, Soult was commanded to invade Portugal on the north, and Victor to co-operate with him on the east. Though retarded by untoward circumstances, Soult succeeded in getting possession of Oporto, but was disabled from advancing further ; and Victor, apparently from some dissatisfaction, or perhaps on this occasion controlled by Jourdain and the king, who were thinking more of Madrid and the Spaniards than of Portugal, was certainly not active in co-operating. In the mean while, the English troops, now in Portugal, continued in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, under the command of Sir John Craddock, who was left without specific directions—with no adequate force for bold operations, and fettered by the controul of the political agents, especially Mr. Frere. Had the French commanders been capable of acting cordially and in unison, Portugal must have been irrecoverably lost.

In the month of April, Craddock, though chargeable with no fault, for he had done all that his insignificant means enabled him to attempt, though far short of what was enjoined by Mr. Canning's rhetoric at home, was unhandsomely superseded ; and Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived to take the command, to the great satisfaction of the army. He was welcomed as a successful commander, and a new spirit was infused into the troops, now considerably augmented. Sir Arthur knew what was expected of him, and he was not inclined to let the grass grow under his feet. Soult was already in Portugal, in the north, and Victor was in the east, but still at a distance from the frontiers. These commanders it was desirable to attack singly, before they could possibly unite their troops. His own force little exceeded 20,000 ; Beresford, with his newly disciplined Portuguese, was in the neighbourhood of the Douro, and Cuesta, with his Spaniards, in the valley of the Tagus. Where should he begin ? Soult was the nearest—this decided the matter. The march commenced forthwith ; the Douro was boldly and successfully crossed, and Oporto entered, and Soult retreated before him without a conflict. The real cause of the little opposition the English commander met with, was the treachery of the French officers, and a plot they had

long been planning. Though themselves aware of the concentrating of the English and Portuguese forces, and their advance, they kept Soult in ignorance of it—their own scheme was to make a truce with the English, choose a new chief, march to Paris, and force Napoleon to a change of system. The project was baffled, but it embarrassed Soult, and forced him to give way, for he could get no orders executed.

Soult thus routed, Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to the south, and lost not a moment in directing his march along the valley of the Tagus, in full confidence, in union with Cuesta, of bringing Victor to action, before Soult, at all events, could recover himself. But he seems not to have correctly calculated Soult's activity; and of the thorough inefficiency of the Spaniards he had no suspicions whatever. Of this, however, he was soon destined to be convinced. The battle of Talavera was fought bravely and skilfully, but at a great sacrifice of life, and with little or no utility; for the want of steady co-operation on the part of the Spaniards prevented the victory from being so complete as it might have been. The English commander gained no ground. He could not advance with safety, for Victor was joined by Jourdain and Sebastiani; and Soult, with Ney, was rapidly advancing to cut off his retreat, and he was all but surprised. Time was just given him to cross the Tagus at Arzobispo, and thus escape inevitable destruction; for the French troops were on the very point of uniting with an overwhelming force of 100,000. The wounded were left, by the dastardly if not treacherous conduct of the Spaniards, in the hands of the enemy, who, however treated them generously. The escape of the British army was most critical. The commander had placed himself in a position, from which he escaped by a combination of circumstances upon which no man could have calculated. Colonel Napier sums up the evidence with great judgment, and hesitates not to pronounce the affair a *blunder* on the part of the great Captain. But experience was not lost upon him; it taught him caution—he never made a similar blunder. It taught him also to estimate duly the Spaniards, and he trusted them no more. "I have fished in many troubled waters," he observed, "but Spanish waters I will never try again;" and he kept his word.

The military details are often too particularizing to please the general reader; but every body must be pleased with the searching inquiries he makes into the causes of events—many of them before very unsatisfactorily accounted for. The full and free estimate he draws up of the conduct of all—the commander in the field, and the cabinet at home, is equally agreeable and satisfactory. Nothing so well explains the general failure on the part of the French against an enemy like the Spaniards, un-

united, unskilful, and undisciplined, as the jealousies and dissatisfactions of the French marshals. St. Cyr thought himself sacrificed by Napoleon—Ney did not like being placed under Soult, and Victor as little liked being controlled by Jourdain and the king. Could Napoleon, this campaign, have been present, his energy and vehemence, and controlling power—the only person capable of forcing all to act in union—he would have settled the matter decisively; and, on the other hand, had Wellesley been furnished with 80,000, he might have pushed forward into Spain, beaten the French in detail, and driven them out of the country. But our blessed cabinet at home split the force at command by dispatching 40,000 to Walcheren, and 20,000 to Sicily, and, all alike, at every point, were thus made ineffectual.

*The Borderers, by the Author of the Spy, Red Rover, &c., 3 vols., 1829.*—Mr. Cooper's new volumes give as much history as romance, and history that runs deep into American, or, at least, New England antiquities. The facts, for the main incidents are matters of family tradition, go back 150 years, within fifty, that is, of the very first settlers of New England, handed down from generation to generation, and, finally communicated to the author by a direct descendant, now a religious teacher in Pennsylvania, "one who can point to a line of ancestors, whose origin is lost in the obscurity of time. You," says he, addressing his reverend friend with all the humility that becomes a *novus homo*, "you are truly an American. We, of a brief century or two, must appear in your eyes little more than denizens quite recently admitted to the privilege of a residence."

The scene of the new story is a "clearing" in the depths of the forests that covered the vale of the Connecticut, and the period of action from 1665 to 1675. The present states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, it is known, were occupied, before the English settlements, by four great nations, bearing the uncouth names of Massachusetts, Wampanoags, Narragansetts, and Piquods—the first three covering the hunting grounds along the shores, and the Piquods stretching to the west of all them. With the Massachusetts the story has nothing to do; but a few words relative to the other three is essential to the grasp of it. The Piquods, though the most remote, were the first to come in fierce conflict with the settlers; but luckily neither the cunning nor the ferocity of Indians, was a match for English intelligence, and the Piquods, thoroughly broken, fell into the rank of allies and auxiliaries, and contributed to the ruin or reduction of others. The Wampanoags were, from the first, on friendly terms with the settlers, partly, perhaps, from the gentler disposition of Massasoit, their chief, and in part, no doubt, from a terrible epi-



demie, which thinned their numbers and humbled their spirits; but Metacom, the son of Massasoit, better known as King Philip, looked on the settlers and their encroachments with a jealous eye, and, finally, getting up a powerful confederacy, kindled a fearful war against them, which broke out in 1675. The Narragansetts, a few years before quite subdued, and their chief, Miantonimoh, killed by the Piquods, aided by the settlers, were recovering their strength, when Conanchet, a son of the murdered chief, concurred with Metacom in the attacks on the settlements. The chief scene of Mr. Cooper's story is connected with a foray of these formidable chiefs.

Captain Heathcote, a man of a Puritan cast, and an old soldier, is supposed to have been of those who quitted England, and first colonized Massachusetts, about the period when Cromwell and Hampden, by a most unlucky act of authority, were prevented from migrating. After a residence of twenty years, when neighbours were gathering thickly about him, and some of them apparently inclined to interfere with his opinions—his praying and preaching—the very reason which drove him from his native shores—he resolved to take a new and deeper plunge into the forests, and actually planted himself, far up the vale of the Connecticut, beyond the limits of all cultivation. Here, surrounded by a considerable family, a son and son's wife and their children, man-servants, and maid-servants, sheep, and cows, and horses, the old patriarch, at the end of ten years, found himself settled with extensive buildings entrenched and palisaded, and broad lands in cultivation, and hitherto undisturbed by the Indians, though not always unalarmed. The story opens with some new alarms. A stranger, full of mystery, solicits admission in the night; and after a private conference with the old Puritan, departs the same night. That same night, too, a young Indian was caught in ambush near the palisades, whose capture apparently baffled an intended attack. Though treated with kindness, especially by Ruth, the wife of Heathcote's son, no impression appeared to be made upon his unsusceptible nature. Their own security seemed to demand his close confinement; but after the lapse of some months he was permitted to join a hunting party, and though separating from the hunters, he returned again in the evening. That very night re-appeared the mysterious stranger, and while he was conferring with the Indian boy, whom he recognized, and who, at last, was found to speak English, the whoops of a thousand Indians were heard close at hand. The attack was at first repulsed; but when arrows failed, the firebrand was effective. The stranger was active in repelling the assault; and the Indian boy, though apparently taking no part, rescued Ruth's little girl from the tomahawk of a fiery savage; but finally the whole pile of building was wrapt in

flame and burnt to the ground, and the party, with two or three exceptions, escaped by concealment in a well. Among the exceptions were Ruth's child, a beautiful little girl of eight or nine, a half-witted boy who looked after the cows, and the young Indian.

No time was lost in vain lamentations. The whole party bestirred themselves; assistance was procured from the nearest neighbours; and, in another ten years, not only was all replaced, but the settlement was enlarged by the accession of forty or fifty families, increasing and multiplying—some three at a birth. Every thing seemed prospering; but Ruth still mourned for her beautiful child, of whom no tidings could ever be heard, though search was made far and near, and the Indian quarters visited in vain. One fatal Sabbath, while the whole village were assembled at church, a new alarm of "Indians are coming" was made, and suddenly presented himself again the old mysterious stranger, who, in conjunction with Heathcote's son, quickly marshalled the forces of the village, to encounter the new attack. All resistance was useless. Some twenty of the party were killed, and the rest taken captives. The further slaughter was checked by the influence of Conanchet, who proved to be the Indian boy, the saviour of Ruth's child—the son of the renowned Miantonimoh, and himself of at least equal renown. In a few hours comes the young chief's squaw—she is, as the reader will anticipate, Ruth's child, and Conanchet introduces her to her mother. She is become thoroughly Indian—her old associations have wholly vanished—attempts to reclaim her are all in vain, and the consequence is nothing but discomfort to the disconsolate parent.

In the mean while, the old stranger, whose story is very slightly developed—he was, it seems, a fugitive regicide, and, by his intercourse with the Indians, had opportunities of detecting their schemes—is engaged in negotiating a treaty between the invading tribes and the Heathcotes; but unluckily, at the same time, a Wampanoag traitor betrays the chiefs into the hands of some of the villagers and a party of Piquods. Metacom escapes; but Conanchet is delivered up to the chief of the Piquods, and dies, with the heroism of his race, in the presence of his beautiful wife, who herself withered at the sight, dies also, recovering, in her last moments, some gleams of her early state, as insane persons sometimes do before death. The half-witted boy, too, who had disappeared at the time the little girl did, returns an Indian—not strengthened in intellectual vigour precisely, but imbued with the sentiments of the savage; and though but an idiot among the civilized, appears respectable among Indians—pithy in sentiment, and strong in purpose. That circumstances modify character, nobody, that considers at all, can doubt; but such

perfect transmutations as Mr. C. delights to represent, are full of improbability. This, however, detracts nothing from the work—that is unique. Mr. C. has, and can have no rival in his department; he is full of thought, with a mind direct and single, and describes, graphically and dramatically, to compete with any of his cotemporaries.

*Waverly Novels. Antiquary. 1829.*—The broad features of Jonathan Oldbuck, though masqued with all the writer's well-practised skill, were detected by one who recognized in them a friend of the author's family, and the fondly cherished secret was thus in manifest danger of exposure, for the discoverer could not of course consent to conceal the proof of his own sagacity. In the introduction to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, the author acknowledged the truth of the discovery, and now recurs to the subject only to protest against the too liberal interpretation of his acknowledgment, especially to guard against the supposition that any printer's ink polluted the pure current in his old friend's veins. Nothing, it seems, was borrowed from actual circumstances, but the bare fact of the original's residence in an old house near a flourishing sea-port; and the scene between him and the female proprietor of a stage-coach, which the author chanced to witness, and which it appears was very similar to the one which introduces the *'Antiquary.'*

Ochiltree had it seems an individual prototype—the author had in his eye one Andrew Gemmells, who many years ago was well known in the vales of Gala, Tweed, Ettrick, Yarrow, and the adjoining country. The beggars of Scotland, within the author's recollection, were, he says, like the Bacchoch, or travelling cripple of Ireland, expected to make some return for their quarters. They were often talkative, facetious fellows, prompt at repartee, and giving free scope to their fancies and tongues, using, with their patched coats, the privilege conferred on the ancient jesters by their pie-bald ones. To be a *gude crack*, that is, to possess talents for conversation, was essential to the trade of a *puir body* of the more esteemed class. Andrew was well known to the author in his youth. He was a fine old figure, and he *knew* it; tall and soldier-like, with intelligent features, and a sarcastic expression, he had little of the cant of his profession, and rather claimed than asked for food and shelter and a "trifle of money." He sang a good song, told a good story, launched a severe jest upon occasion, and secured a good reception as much from fear of his satire as feeling for his wants. Andrew, too, was ready and willing to play at cards and dice, and was in short a very jovial and companionable person. The late Dr. Douglas, minister of Galashiels, assured the author his last recollection of Andrew was seeing him playing a game of brag with a gentleman of fortune and birth, on

a window-sill; the great man within doors, and the beggar without, just to keep up the distinction of ranks a little, it may be supposed. A country gentleman, reputed a narrow man, once meeting him, regretted he had no silver, or he would give him a sixpence. "I can give you change for a note, laird," replied Andrew. The profession sunk, it seems, in profit and respectability in his time. "It was," he said, "forty pounds a year worse than when he first practised it."

Sir Walter also reminds his fellow collegians at Edinburgh, of a venerable old bedesman, or blue-gown (a privileged beggar) who stood by the Potter-row port, now demolished. He was as remarkable for reserve, and silent solicitation, as Andrew was for his impudence, and apparently was even more successful. He maintained a son in the theological classes of the University, at the gate of which he stood as a mendicant generally. The young man was cut in the college, but one fellow-student, perhaps Sir W. himself, feeling for his excluded condition, offered him occasional civilities, for which the old man felt equally grateful, and expressed his obligation in a very novel manner. Watching the coming out of the friendly student, the old man, one day, bent more than usually forward, and instead of receiving the halfpenny which the other was offering, thanked him for his kindness to Jammie, and gave him a cordial invitation to dine with them next Saturday, on a shoulder of mutton and potatoes, adding, "ye'll put on your clean sark, as I have company."

Sir Walter thus vindicates Ochiltree's right to the importance assigned him—one beggar he has shewn taking a hand at cards with a person of distinction, and another giving dinner parties.

*Historical Miscellany; &c. by W. Taylor, A.M., of Trinity College, Dublin. 1829.*—This is a very superior book, compared with the common run of school-books, and goes more out of the ordinary beat, taking in matters that hitherto have rarely been introduced into them. The volume is represented as fitted and destined to form a supplement to Pinnock's Greek and Roman and English histories, and is, in the same manner, furnished with sets of questions, and references for specific answers. In the story of Greeks and Romans, their respective struggles with the Persians and Carthaginians, are the prominent points, and the usual school books confine themselves chiefly to the details of the triumphant party. The little that is known, or can be fairly inferred, relative to Persia and Carthage, Mr. Taylor has thrown into separate narratives, and has attempted, as far as he could, to raise them nearer than has hitherto been done to their real importance; and thus counterbalance, in some degree, the effect that inevitably attends the hearing of one

side only. The history of Greece also, in the heroic and classic ages (why does he add the word *classic* ?), particularly the Argonauts, and the lives of Hercules and Theseus, to which allusion is perpetually made in the poets, and which are strangely omitted, or but slightly glanced at in the common histories; this is also supplied. The story of the Greek states in the south of Italy, and the successors of Alexander, furnish other neglected topics for the ancient portion; and the modern part is usefully occupied with sketches of the feudal system, chivalry, the crusades, and especially British India, and a glance at the British constitution and a few statesmen, lawyers, poets, &c. The whole very well executed.

*The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick, edited by his friend Henry Vernon, Vol. II. 1829.*—Wilmot Warwick's faithful executor has furnished half-a-dozen more tales or sketches, all of them distinguishable from the common run of things apparently of the same class, by their being delivered in a tone of good and considerate feeling, prompted by a desire to enforce cheerful and charitable impressions, to mitigate severe constructions, and stir up inquiry relative to habitual and indiscriminating judgments. The tales of Julia and Sternhurst are the more remarkable. The first is simply that of two ladies, the one about forty, the other twenty, the younger calling the elder aunt, who take lodgings in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, where, being by themselves, they are subjected, by the busy malice and busier tongue of a lady patroness of the place, to unfavourable constructions, for which it finally appears there was no foundation. The elder lady had sympathized with the sorrows of a victim to the arts of one with whom she was herself on the point of marriage, and brought up the child as her own daughter. The little sketch is introduced by some sharp and sarcastic remarks on the severity of the ladies towards the frail ones of their own sex, and their strange indulgence to the libertines of the other. The severity of married women is imputed chiefly to want of consideration; while the spinster's might be justifiable if directed towards the *really* offending party. But in fact they confound *vice* with its victims.

Surely the present economy of morals in England is bad. Looking at women as the guardians of propriety (which they profess to be), we cannot but observe by how great a loss of charity and humility the state of rectitude is maintained. They save pound-notes (that is, they keep them *uncharged*) and squander pounds' worth of pence. No doubt much purity is preserved; but by what allowances for scandal in women, and for liberalism in men!

The present system is one of delicacy. Ladies are to be keenly scrutinizing in the ways of "naughty women," and to exhibit a delightfully ignorant simplicity in respect to the naughty ways of men. The policy of this it requires no very great sagacity to discover. Were spinsters avow-

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edly aware of man's improprieties, they would only prove by their leniency thereto, as compared with their severity towards the failings of their sex, that, however badly they might think of a woman without virtue, they meditated still more fearfully on the possibility of their remaining without husbands; and, therefore, in respect to the gentlemen, are content to make the best of a bad helpmate. Candour, however, would, after all, prove the right policy. If women must scrutinize, let them demand from every wooer an account of his bachelorship. Let them look after the virtue of men, and their own virtue will take care of itself. Let them also be careful lest their aversion to impropriety be considered analogous to canine madness, which causes in the sufferer an abhorrence for that in the want of which the disease originated.

The tale of Julia shews a female may be liberal without loss of honour, and indulgence reclaim a young offender. That of Sternhurst is a tale of adultery, and the object, not to recommend restoration, more germanorum—Mrs. Haller to wit—but removal without public exposure, gentleness instead of severity, and forgiveness for virulence. In a distant retreat, the bewitched, but in consequence of gentle treatment, the repentant woman, instead of flying to her seducer's arms, lives a life of seclusion and propriety; and the husband dying in a few years, and convinced of his wife's reformation, bequeaths her his forgiveness, and even the guardianship of her own children.

*Family Library, Vol. VI. History of the Jews, 2 vols., 1829.*—In this second volume, Mr. Milman conducts his animated narrative through the captivity of the Jews—their re-settlement in Palestine—the invasions of Alexander, and his successors, both in Egypt and Syria—the achievements of the Maccabees—the reigns of the Herods, and the successions of Roman governors—the rebellions and massacres, unparalleled on so small an arena in any other part of the world—the tumults excited by Simon without, and by John within, the walls of Jerusalem, down to the period when Titus, on the accession of his father to the imperial purple, was dispatched to take the capital, and complete the subjugation of the country. The story is, of necessity, unequal in point of detail—a mixture of the scanty and abundant, varying of course with the supply of materials, and the author is, in consequence, occasionally tempted to compensate the meagreness of some portions, by amplifying others, when more circumstantial information is attainable. The effect of this is an alternation of unsatisfactoriness and satiety; and we are sure the performances of Josephus and John of Gischala might have been clipped considerably, to the great relief of the reader. Vanity led Josephus to dilate beyond the occasion, and doubtless to magnify.

We observe a very unworthy attempt, in a cotemporary publication, to depreciate Mr. Milman's work, by describing it as being



of too popular a cast for accuracy, and the value of it lessened by his giving no authorities. This is unfair, for it insinuates a distrust for which there is no foundation; and absurd, for it supposes the existence of other authorities than those which are in every body's hands. The authorities are few, and all, with the exception of Philo (and little use is made of him), better known than any historical records in the world. They consist of the Jewish Scriptures, canonical and apocryphal, and Josephus; and what security was to be gained by special references to these obvious and popular sources? The incidental matter collected from Greek and Roman writers is so small, as to be quite insignificant in any other view than a confirmatory one. The profession and name of Mr. Milman is a sufficient guarantee for the fair use of materials, which are, besides, so open to every body's knowledge and reference. For the latter period the author is solely dependent on Josephus; the historian must follow his narrative—he has no means of checking him by other authorities; but Mr. M. has not credulously and blindly adopted all his statements, and has exercised freely his judgment upon details. He has taken, apparently, a very fair estimate of Josephus—quite favourable enough. Josephus was a mere rhetorician in taste and spirit—the hero of his own tale, too, and full of conceit—delighting to dwell on particulars that shew off his own tact and fertility of expedient. “With all our respect,” says Mr. M. “for his abilities and virtues (for the latter of which, by the way, we have certainly nothing but his own word), it is impossible not to assign him the appellation of *renegade* (in the sense of traitor, he must mean, not apostate). Writing to conciliate the Romans, both to his own person and to the miserable remnant of his people, he must be received with some mistrust. He unnecessarily calls the more obstinate insurgent, who continued desperately faithful to that cause which he deserted, by the odious name of robbers; but it may be remarked,” adds Mr. M., “by way of illustration, that the Spanish guerillas, who were called patriots in London, were *brigands* in Paris.”

We noted a passage or two for remark as we went along, but we can only notice one. When the Jews (members of the Sanhedrin) delivered Christ to Pilate, and he, not supposing him chargeable with a capital offence, desired them to judge him themselves according to their own law, they declined, because they were not allowed to put any one to death. This is distinctly stated in St. John's Gospel—then why does Mr. M., when speaking of the event, add—‘whether the Jews had lost or retained the power of inflicting capital punishment, has been debated with great erudition; and, like similar questions, is still in a great degree uncertain.’ The Jews say, as plain as words can speak—by their own law he was liable

to death, but they were not allowed to execute it. Particular as Mr. M. is in distinguishing the members of the Herod family, he should have seen that the tabular pedigree corresponded with the text—who is to know which is right?

*Practice of Tenancy and Customs of Grazing Counties in Great Britain, by Messrs. Kennedy and Grainger. Part II. 1829.*—This second volume on the present state of the tenancy of land, is confined almost wholly to the subject of wool-growing. The coarse wool of the country, by far the largest portion, will not now bring what is called a remunerating price, or what is more to the purpose and more hopeless, scarcely any price at all. It is driven out of the market by the foreign wools, which, quality for quality, from the coarsest to the finest, are always cheapest; and even were the price and the quality at once the same, would, from the mere influence of fashion, be preferred; and, unluckily, it is not equally the fashion for foreigners to prefer ours. The grower, of course, cries out for protection, and protection he must have, though it do break in upon the project of free-trade. Wool is one of our *native* products, and must not be sacrificed to systems. The interests of the wool grower, the wool merchant, and the wool manufacturer, are all quite distinct, and cannot, as a matter of common sense, be governed by the same law. If the *home* wool be not protected, and taxation continue unmitigated, we can readily conceive a state, when the home product will be literally without a purchaser. The merchants and manufacturers may suffer little by such a condition of things; but what is to become of the cultivator? The land is the source from which all springs; and is it to be a matter of indifference with statesmen that whole regions are thrown into desolation? Free-trade looks admirably upon paper, and reads with a tone of equity and benevolence that gladdens the heart of the cabinet philosopher; it is a good thing too, in practice, and desirable where the freedom is really reciprocal, and where *native* productions are not crushed and extinguished by its operation. To be unshackled in dealings is unquestionably a good, but then it can only be so, where one party is not stronger than the other, or where the stronger will not take advantage; and what security can there be for this? Take the case of wool: if while we imported foreign wool, there were a market for our own growth, we should be for free-trade by all means in that article. But when the fact is, that foreign wool is preferred and is cheaper, and our own neither finds a sale at home, nor an outlet abroad, by withholding protection we sacrifice the interests of our fellow countrymen, the growers, to those of foreigners, or at best to the interests of the merchants and manufacturers; and why should there be any sacrifice at all to gratify scribbling lovers of fan-

ciful consistencies? If the wool does not sell, it cannot be grown, and mutton must go with it; and then the whole country suffers—eating philosophers and all. The present and temporary remedy is *protection*, and a strong one—there is no danger from smuggling so bulky a commodity; and the future permanent and absolute remedy is *improvement* of our own wool, which can only be accomplished by more care and attention, by keeping sheep in more equal temperature; cool in summer, and warm in winter, draining lands, &c. Messrs. Kennedy and Grainger talk like very rational men on these matters, biassed as they evidently are, on many topics connected with the interests of landlords.

*A brief Account of the Coliseum in the Regent's Park, 1829.*—A very effective account of this stupendous performance, describing the building, the painting, which covers 40,000 feet, the conservatories, and all the rest of the wonders of the fairy scene. Eight lithographic outlines give a tolerable conception of the prodigious extent, and multitude of objects, comprised in the painting; but no stranger, the describer well observes, can comprehend the varieties, vastness, and amazing effects of the Coliseum, by any account, however diffuse, and however eloquently written. Every body, however, likes to know something of what he has to see, before he goes—to prepare against surprise a little, to set his mind in order, and know where to direct his attention—to qualify, in short, for a perfect conception when there, and the full fruition of the scene.

*The Heraldry of Crests, 1829.*—An enlarged edition, it seems, of Elvin's Heraldry, the copyright and plates of which, after the original proprietor's death, who was both editor and engraver, fell into the hands of the present publisher. The favourable reception of the former edition prompted, of course, a new one, to which an addition of a thousand new crests has been made—making the whole amount to more than 3,500—constituting thus the largest collection known, relative to a "branch of the science of Heraldry, at no period more held in interest than at the present, and equally adapted to the use of the artist and the public." The engravings exhibit the crests of every peer and baronet, and also of nearly every distinguished family in the kingdom. A dictionary of terms is added, and copious indexes of the bearer's names. These 3,500 crests are borne by, probably, at least 20,000 families, the principal of

which only of course can be specified in the index; but where the line is drawn we do not know, and the drawer himself is perhaps not able to tell. The engravings answer the purpose well enough, but might have been better, and more up with the actual advance of the art.

*The Gardens and the Menagerie of the Zoological Society delineated. Parts I. and II.*—The commencement of a work sanctioned, it seems by the Council, superintended by Mr. Vigers, the secretary, and written by Mr. Bennett, the vice-secretary. Here is a combination of power—though we do not exactly understand what Mr. Vigers's superintendence is to do, nor what is likely to be the special advantage of the Council's sanction. But this is after the modern manner—the more parade, the more seductive and taking. The book, however, is a beautiful specimen of engraving, painting, and paper, and Mr. Bennett's descriptions highly respectable. The first portion published—the work is intended to be a monthly, or a two-monthly one, we do not know which—consists of six quadrupeds and four birds, all drawn, and very tastefully drawn, from the living species in the Gardens. The quadrupeds are the Chinchella, from Chili, an animal whose fur is well known, but the animal itself is the first of its species seen in this country; the Ratel, something like a badger, from the Ganges; the Wanderoo monkey; the Hare-Indian dog, from the Mackenzie river; the Esquimaux dog; and the Barbary mouse, a little striped animal, so scarce, that Desmarest questions its existence—the "Gardens," luckily, had a whole nest of them. The birds are the Condor—the crested Curasson—and two Maccaws, of very brilliant colours. The curasson is one of the very birds we were calling upon this somewhat obtrusive society to try and domesticate, for the purpose of adding to our very limited stock of eatable birds. The success in Holland, to which we alluded in noticing Mr. Griffiths' very extensive and excellent work on the Animal Kingdom, now in a course of publication, has been, it seems, interrupted, but it may not be too much (we are happy to find Mr. B. himself observing, of course with the "sanction of the Council") to expect that the Zoological Society may be successful in perfecting what was there so well begun, and in naturalizing the Curasson as completely as our ancestors have done the equally exotic, and, in their wild state, much less familiar breeds of the turkey, the Guinea fowl, and the peacock.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

WE feel that an apology, or rather a reason, is due to our readers for our seeming neglect, in having so long suffered two illustrative works of art, each of them of great merit and public interest, to continue in the course of publication for several months, without having been hitherto noticed in our pages. The excuse we have to offer is, that unless we had suffered the works in question to accumulate to a certain extent, the very brief space which we could have afforded them would have been wholly inadequate to the kind of notice and examination which they claim at our hands. The works to which we allude are Mr. Frank Howard's "*Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare*," and the "*National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious Personages of the 19th Century*." The first-named of these works, as first in date, no less than in value and interest, claims the precedence.

We are not able to state whether Mr. Frank Howard's elegant work in illustration of Shakspeare's Plays was undertaken previously to the appearance of Retsch's admirable set of outlines on the same subject, the first number of which (on Hamlet) was criticized at length, in the body of our work, some time ago. But whether it was or not, is of little import; since the next best thing to originating and putting into practice a bold idea, is that of adopting such an idea, and following it up to a successful result. In the case of an extensive and important work, like that before us, it is indispensable to a fair judgment of it, that we take into consideration the *object* of its author; and it is always better, if possible, in criticising such a work, to permit the author to explain his own views. We are able to do so in this instance, with a very trifling tax upon our space. Mr. Howard, in his brief preface, says, "The dramatist, who is limited in the time for representation on the stage, exhibits in his scenes those occurrences only which he considers most important, and best adapted for theatrical effect; but if painters, by making the story of a play complete in a series of designs, arranged as the events are supposed to have taken place, and by filling up what the nature of the drama compels the poet to leave undefined, shews the author's ideas in a new light, he does not take what is common to both, for that is no more than repeating the poet; but he throws all the advantages of his own art into the scale, displays an additional originality, and enhances the interest of the work. My object will be to give the spirit of the plays, rather than a servile imitation of individual passages; and, if possible, to render the plates complete in themselves, that they may interest equally as an illustration of the poet's ideas, and as an intelligible series of amusing designs." We cannot compliment Mr. Howard on his authorship; but neither shall we criticise him on it; be-

cause it is as an artist, not an author, that he comes before us. His views and objects may be gathered from these two passages, which is all that we need from them. And it must be confessed that those views and objects include a design of great boldness and hazard. To feel, much less to illustrate, so as to render clear and intelligible to the feelings of others, the spirit of the whole of Shakspeare's plays, is what was never yet given to mortal man duly to accomplish; and, in fact, it is not awarding a very extravagant degree of praise to Mr. Howard, to say that, of all who have hitherto illustrated that spirit, he, in the fourteen numbers of his work which are now before us (containing near three hundred plates), has done more towards accomplishing the design in question than any one of his predecessors. We have said that Mr. Howard's is a bold design. We will add, that the way to succeed in such a design is to plunge boldly into it at outset: and this is what the artist has done in the present instance. The "*spirit*" of Shakspeare's plays, means, in other words, the "*poetry*" of them; and, among them all, there is none which includes so much poetry as "*the Tempest*;" and with the *Tempest* Mr. Howard has commenced his work. Perhaps the fairest, as well as the most successful method of conveying to our readers a specific notion of the work we are commending to their notice, will be to examine any one number of it in detail: we shall therefore do so, and choose the very first—which is, as we have said, devoted exclusively to the *Tempest*, and which comprises twenty plates; the whole of the plates throughout the work being strictly in *outline*—a style of engraving which we need not describe further than by its name, as it has been made familiar to the world by Retsch's illustrations of various German works, and latterly of Shakspeare himself.

We may, however, premise an opinion, that this comparatively new style of engraving is singularly well adapted to the purpose of illustrating works of poetry, on several accounts; but chiefly because of the rapidity of execution and consequent copiousness which it admits of, and the purity of effect which it produces—the first of these qualities admitting of an artist accomplishing that in a year which, in the ordinary style of first-rate engraving, would cost him a life; and the second enabling him to confine himself to those mere hints and intimations which are all that *any* artist should dare to offer in illustration of the unspeakable beauties and wonders of the works here chosen for a subject.

It will have been understood, through Mr. Howard's own announcement of his purpose, that he does not confine himself to the actions, or even to the time of the play he is illustrating; but brings in whatever he



may deem explanatory of its spirit—always, however, drawing his illustration from, and referring it to, some passage of the text itself. The first seven plates, illustrative of “the Tempest,” are devoted to circumstances and actions which are supposed to have happened prior to the commencement of the play itself. No. 1 represents the witch, Sycorax, causing her imps to confine Ariel within the cleft pine. There are no figures in this plate which demand marked commendation, as illustrating the true spirit of Shakspeare better than volumes of commentary or criticism: we allude to Sycorax and Ariel. The drapery of the first is so designed that the figure to which it belongs seems to have just grown up, as it were, out of the earth, as if she were part and parcel of it—“of the earth, earthy;”—while that of Ariel, though dragged away by the little fiends that have momentary power over it, seems to exhale upwards like a subtle vapour.

No. 2 represents Prospero seized by his brother, to be hurried away from his dake-dom. The remarkable portion of this plate is the infant Miranda, lying beside her royal parent in unconscious sleep. The effect of this is highly appropriate, and even poetical: it speaks, as if by anticipation, of all the after events. No. 3 is, perhaps, the most happy of all the illustrations of this exquisite play. It represents Prospero in a small open boat, on the bare ocean, seated between the only sources of his hope and joy—his books and his infant. This is a composition as beautiful in its simplicity as it is poetical in its passionate truth. It truly illustrates the spirit which suggested it. No. 4 depicts the first operation of Prospero’s “so potent art,” in emancipating Ariel from the spells of Sycorax. The triumphant escape of Ariel, without waiting to see by what means the liberation has been effected, or to return thanks for it, is in the right spirit. Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8, we do not greatly admire, because we do not gather from them much of that which we seek in them—namely, an illustration of the spirit of Shakspeare’s work. They all refer to the early connexion between Caliban and Prospero; and we do not find any thing in the Caliban that answers to the wonderful creation of Shakspeare. The way, however, in which the gradual growth of Miranda, from childhood to womanhood, is made apparent in these three designs, is very pleasing and effective. No. 9 is a beautiful design. It represents Miranda, now a woman, at the opening of the play, soliciting her father to save the distressed ship from the “Tempest” which assails it. There is a natural purity and simplicity about this scene which are in no degree impaired by the poetical air which is cast over the whole. No. 10 is equally fine. It shews Ferdinand, listening in rapt astonishment to the wandering airs that greet him as he first paces the shores of the

“Enchanted Island;” while Miranda and Prospero watch his movements at a distance. The listening air and expression of Ferdinand are in the finest style of art; and the dawning wonder and delight of Miranda, at the sight of him, are no less appropriate. We shall be glad to know of those who object to this style of engraving, what additional expression could be conveyed to the two faces now alluded to, by the addition of the ordinary fillings up—the usual elaboration of light and shades. No. 11 is devoted to the same three persons of the drama, and refers to the scene where Prospero charms Ferdinand to obedience by feigned anger. The alarm of Miranda, and the astonishment of Ferdinand, are equally well expressed. The little aerial figure introduced as pressing down the hand of Ferdinand, so that he cannot (as he otherwise would) lift his sword, is in exact conformity with the object of these plates, to illustrate the “spirit” of Shakspeare; and more of the same sort of illustration might have been used with advantage—as every thing in this wonderful production is, as it were, brought about by spiritual agency—a circumstance which, contrary to the ordinary opinion, makes the play more fitted for stage representation than any other of Shakspeare’s productions.

In Nos. 12 and 13, representing the scene where Antonio and Sebastiano are about to murder the King, and that where Stephano discovers Trinculo under the cloak of Caliban, we do not find much to admire. No. 14, too, representing Miranda soliciting Ferdinand to let her carry the wood for him, though full of simple and natural grace, is faulty in respect to the figure of Prospero, who, though supposed to be at a considerable distance, forms one of the group. Neither do we think that the 15th and 16th plates, which represent the magical banquet that is prepared for the King and his train, and its removal, are successful attempts—though the group of the King, &c., in the first, is finely expressed. The truth is, that the merely human portions of Shakspeare—the simplicity of his females, the nobility of his youthful heroes, the dignity of his kings and rulers, those are what Mr. Howard depicts with a true feeling of the nature and spirit of his task. In the humour and oddity, and also in the supernatural, and the supernatural, he is less happy; though in these he occasionally shews great skill and judgment, and much strength of imagination. No. 17, shewing Trinculo and Stephano led astray by the music of Ariel, we do not much affect; but the scene which (No. 18) is one of the finest in the set, and answers admirably to the exclamation of Ferdinand at the sight of the super-human part of it:—

“This is a most majestic vision,  
And harmonious charmingly.”

It is illustrative of that scene in the fourth

act, where Prospero shews the effect of his art to Ferdinand and Miranda, by calling up the masque, in which Juno and Ceres bless the love of the youthful pair. The various parts of this scene are finely balanced one against the other, and the whole is embued with the true poetical spirit of the original. No. 19, of the spirits hunting Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, is a failure; but No. 20, the concluding scene, is equally fine with 18. It depicts, at one moment of time, and by means of one group, the consummation of the tale, in the introduction of Miranda to the King by Ferdinand, the parting of Prospero and Ariel, and the thwarting of the schemes of Sebastian and Antonio, by the discovery of the lost Duke in Prospero, &c.

We have thus gone through one number of this interesting work, as the best method we could devise of conveying to our readers a just impression of what the whole is likely to be when completed. We need only add, that, taking the whole fifteen numbers that are published up to this time, their merits and attractions are at least equal, on an average, to those of the number which we have examined: and we have no hesitation in saying that the work, when complete, will be at once the most appropriate, comprehensive, and satisfactory set of illustrations of the plays of Shakspeare that has ever been offered to the public. A number of the work is published every two months, at the price of twelve shillings—each number containing an average of 20 plates, besides the letter-press reference to the text from which each plate is taken.

*National Portrait Gallery.*—*Fisher, Son, and Co.*—We have now to introduce to the reader a work of no less permanent value than of immediate interest, five numbers of which have already been published under the above title. Each number of the work contains three highly-finished portraits of persons who have become distinguished during our own day; that is to say, during the first quarter of the nineteenth century; and to each portrait is appended an autograph of the person represented, and a brief but comprehensive biographical sketch: so that the work, when completed, will be found no less valuable as a book of reference and utility, than gratifying as a collection of the effigies of persons about whom every one of us must have felt more or less personally interested—seeing that they all either have lived, or still continue to live, in our own day. The biographical sketches occupy from four to eight pages; and we are happy to add that the collection does not exclude female portraits; neither is it confined to any particular class of persons, but is intended to include all who may be fairly included under the epithets of “illustrious and eminent.” Indeed, if we may anticipate a fault in the work, (we are not sure that we may not already impute such a fault,) it is that of evincing a disposition, on the part of

its conductors, to be rather too indiscriminate in their choice of subjects. To mention names would be invidious; but there are two or three among those already chosen whom we should not have looked for in a collection of this nature. It is not necessary to go through, in detail, the fifteen portraits that are before us in the five numbers already published; but we must add that all of them are highly creditable to the state both of portrait painting and of engraving among us in the present day, and that several of them are of a character which shews those arts, respectively, to have reached a pitch of excellence which has never been much surpassed in any day or country, and which sets competition at defiance in our own day in any other country. It is true the French have some admirable engravers among them; though we doubt if they have one who could produce specimens including such mingled force and delicacy as are to be found in the portrait of Dr. Wollaston, in No. 2, and that of Sir Humphrey Davy, in No. 5. But if there may be a question as to the capacity of any other country but England to have produced the engraving of these two portraits, there can be none as to the painting of them; yet neither of them is by our most distinguished artist in this department: that of Davy being painted by Lonsdale, and that of Wollaston by Jackson: the engravings are, in both cases, by Thomson.

With respect to the literary merit of the biographical sketches appended to these portraits, it is what scarcely falls within this department of our work to remark on; but as they are not of a character to require separate notice, we may add, that they display all that is required in sketches of this kind, and indeed all that is admissible consistently with their plan—namely, information as to subject, perspicuity in manner, and impartiality of remark, wherever the latter is called for. In conclusion, we may add that the “National Portrait Gallery” will be found a very fit and useful appendage to Lodge’s splendid work of a similar nature. It should be mentioned also, that the work is published under three different forms, corresponding with the different prices fixed upon it—namely, in demy 8vo., at 2s. each number; in imperial 8vo., at 3s.; and proofs, on India paper, 5s.

*Great Britain Illustrated.* *Till.*—This is another illustrated work of some interest, twelve numbers of which have been published, at the almost incredible price (considering its style of execution) of 1s. each number, containing four plates, and a portion of descriptive letter-press to each plate. The design of the work is, as its name indicates, no less comprehensive than that of illustrating the whole of the principal cities and public and private buildings of Great Britain. The designs are by W. Westall, and the engravings by E. Finden; and the work is of a character to secure for it marked

encouragement among those who either cannot, or will not, possess themselves of those works having a similar object, but pursuing it by a more expensive road. Detail is unnecessary; but we may mention,

that among the views already given are two of peculiar interest—Abbotsford, the seat of Sir Walter Scott, and Greta Hall, the residence of Mr. Southey.

## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

**Earthquake in France.**—Intelligence has been sent to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, that two shocks of an earthquake, with an interval of a second between, had been felt in the department of the Upper Rhine, at Colmar, about 3, A. M., of the eighth of August. At Pontroye and Belfort the shock was more violent, and accompanied by a sound like distant thunder.

**Natural Syphon.**—Several spouting and intermittent springs are situated in the departments of the Doubs and the Haute-Saone, in France. Among these the most curious is denominated *Frais-Puits*, distant about three miles from Vesoul, and known for many centuries, since Gollet, the historian of Franche-Comté, speaks of it in his memoirs. This spring discharges every two, three, four, or five years, sometimes after rain, sometimes without rain, a great quantity of water which rises to a considerable height, soon forms a torrent, and inundates the whole valley as well as the low ground about Vesoul, and even the lower parts of the town, and presenting the appearance of a great river, runs into the Saone three leagues from Vesoul. This eruption of water continues sometimes for three days, after which the waters retire by degrees until the torrent ceases to flow. A gentleman has recently visited the *Frais-Puits*, and found it in a mountain to the east of the city under an enormous rock. The opening of this abyss represents a vast funnel, shaped like a crater, having a diameter of about twenty yards, and being 16 or 17 yards deep, getting narrower as it descends. On going to the bottom of the funnel, the sides of which are entirely formed of loose sand, there is an opening two or three yards wide, and about one yard deep, filled with clear, perfectly still water, on a level with the opening. Sticks thrown into it are lost, and stones cast into it make no noise, and do not agitate the water; so that when this abyss discharges its waters they must bubble up more than thirty feet, which they do with a noise which is heard to a considerable distance, and then rushing into the bed of a torrent, which is worn away by them, they run down a sharp descent along a valley for 2,000 yards which, when the waters are not flowing, is the direct path to *Frais-Puits*. On the opposite side of the same mountain is found the *Font de Champ-Damoy*, a spring which flows continually, and appears to be only the surplus water from the *Frais-Puits*. We must leave our readers to form an idea of the magnitude of a reservoir which could

supply for three days such an enormous body of water.

**Rail-Roads in France.**—That rail-roads are far preferable to canals for communication is a truth of which England has been only of late convinced by the dear-bought fruits of experience. Our continental neighbours, profiting by our discovery, are gradually extending throughout the whole of their fine country, a system of communication by rail-roads which ultimately will be of extreme benefit to their domestic commerce. The tram-road between St. Etienne and Lyons is now rapidly advancing; and from the tunnels, bridges, and embankments required for its completion will be inferior to none which this kingdom can at present boast.

**To extract a Glass Stopper.**—It frequently happens that the glass stoppers of vials and bottles filled with scents and chemical preparations, become fixed so tightly that they cannot be removed by force without the risk of breaking the vessel. The following is a very simple and efficacious method of unstopping them, which is brought into notice by an intelligent writer in a German publication. Take a large strip of wool, pass it once round the neck of the bottle, attach one end of this band to some fixed object, hold the other, and then saw the bottle along it. The friction will soon heat the neck of the bottle, and, with the heat, the neck will expand sufficiently to allow of the stopper being extracted.

**Calculating Boy.**—Both in this country and in America some boys have appeared of late years, remarkable for their precocious talent in investigating numbers. Another has been met with in Sicily, who, from the accounts that have been transmitted respecting him, will rival, if not surpass, any of his precursors. He has been frequently examined in public; and it would seem that his method, like that of all the others who have fallen under the notice of scientific men, is an application which may be called natural, of the rule of false position. One of our most distinguished English, or rather Scotch, engineers at the present time, was a youth of this description, and exhibited as a prodigy. The hand of benevolence was extended for his support and education; and he reflects as much credit upon the profession to which he belongs as upon the individuals to whom he was indebted for the means of his advancement. We are happy to say that similar prospects await the young



Sicilian; a number of charitable individuals have come forward to provide this interesting boy with a suitable education.

*Natural History.*—Two lions, which died a few months ago in the royal menagerie at the garden of plants, in Paris, afforded an opportunity of verifying a curious fact noticed in some old works, but which modern authors have generally omitted in their writings. It is, that there existed at the extremity of the tail of the lion, a small nail concealed in the midst of the tuft of long black hair with which it is terminated; it is a corneous excrescence, about two lines in length, appearing in the shape of a small cone, slightly curved, and which adheres by its base to the skin only, and not to the tail vertebrae, from which it is separated by a space of about two or three lines. This small nail exists in both sexes. The commentators upon Homer thought they could explain by the presence of this nail a curious and true remark made by the author of the *Iliad*, viz., that the lion is the only animal which, when irritated, violently agitates its tail and strikes its sides with it. They thought the lion endeavoured to excite himself by pricking his sides with the goad of his tail. Blumenbach verified, some years since, the existence of this goad; but the pamphlet in which he had inserted his observations on the subject was not known among naturalists, and without doubt this curious fact itself would have been long unknown if M. D'Eshayes had not found the indication of it, and engaged the naturalists particularly occupied with the mammalia, to make some observations on the subject. This nail, adhering only to the skin by the circumference of its base, is very easily detached, so that no trace of it is generally found in stuffed specimens. It has not as yet been ascertained whether it is also to be met with among the other great species of the genus *felis*. To the above account we may add, that an idea is very prevalent among the peasantry of the united kingdoms, that a similar excrescence is to be met with at the extremity of the tail of the wild cat.

*To prevent Sea-sickness.*—A patent was obtained in the month of May last for an embrocation for sea-sickness, in some cases for preventing that malady, in others for curing the person afflicted with it, and in others for mitigating its severity; the manner of preparing and applying it is as follows:—Take of crude opium two ounces averdupois, two drachms of extract of henbane, ten grains of powdered mace, and two ounces of hard mottled soap, and boil them in sixty ounces of soft water, letting it boil for half an hour, stirring it well all the time. When cold, add one quart of spirits of wine, at sixty degrees above proof, and three drachms of spirits of ammonia. Rub a dessert spoonful of this embrocation well in over the lower end of the breast bone, and under the left ribs the latest time, you can conveniently do so previous to embarka-

tion, and again on board as soon as you have an opportunity. If, notwithstanding this, sickness supervene, apply the embrocation as before, and continue the application while the sickness continues.

*Iodine and Bromine in Waters in England.*—Dr. Daubency, Professor of Chemistry at Oxford, has made a discovery of iodine and bromine in several salt springs and mineral waters of this country. He has obtained the latter principle in a separate state from one of the Cheshire brine springs, and has fully satisfied himself of the existence of the former in two or three; but as he has not as yet had time to ascertain the proportions in which they occur, must content himself for the present with the simple announcement of the fact. He has found iodine not only in more than one of the Cheshire salt springs, but likewise in several waters containing purgative salts, such as those of Cheltenham, Leamington, Gloucester, and Tewkesbury, while bromine is of still more frequent occurrence, and is perhaps entirely absent from none of the English springs which contain much common salt, except that of Droitwich in Worcestershire, although the proportions in which it exists, seem to vary considerably.

*Continental Publishers.*—Brussels is rapidly advancing in the art of printing; one individual published no less than 250,000 volumes in the year 1827. Books are published much cheaper than in Paris, which creates no small jealousy there. Didot projected to bring his press into Brussels, but found that he had been forestalled by the labours of more than one printer. Neither the type nor the paper equal the printing of London or Edinburgh, or perhaps Paris, but they are daily improving, and an immense number of books are exported. A society is also forming in Brussels for the cheap publication of good books, and it is the intention of this body to circulate for about twelve francs what elsewhere would cost from thirty to forty.

*Statistics.*—When so much is said about the prospect of English manufactures, and the little cause of fear we need entertain from any foreign competition, we think it ought to be known that there are above twenty thousand cotton spinners and weavers in full activity in the city of Ghent; machinery is fabricated at Bruges, and perhaps the largest iron foundry in the world, has been established some years in the neighbourhood of Liege, in which the king of the Netherlands has a large share, having invested in it nearly a hundred thousand pounds sterling, and not less than four thousand hands are employed in it.

*Composition for rendering Leather Water-proof.*—Take of rosin 16lbs., of tallow 5lbs., which are to be boiled together in one gallon of linseed oil, until the rosin is perfectly dissolved and mixed with the tallow and oil; to this add one pound and a half of spirits of turpentine, in which has been previously dissolved about an ounce and a half

of caoutchouc, commonly called Indian rubber. This composition is suited for rubbing into the soles of boots and shoes, and will render them perfectly water-proof; but for the upper leathers of such articles, and for harness and other leather, the following composition is proposed:—take of neat-foot oil one gallon, of tallow six pounds, of hogs-

lard eleven pounds, and of bees-wax half a pound, which being boiled together until perfectly mixed, must be allowed to cool; and after its having become cold, add to the composition three pounds of spirits of turpentine, in which three ounces of caoutchouc has been dissolved.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

**The Olive Branch, a Religious Annual, for 1830.** Consisting of Original Contributions in Prose and Verse, embellished with a fine Portrait of the Rev. Robert Gordon, D.D., in 32mo., bound in silk.

**Letters of Locke to Mr. Farly, Mr. Clarke of Chipley, and Sir Hans Sloane;** also some Original Letters of Algernon Sydney, and of Lord Shaftesbury, Author of the "Characteristics." Edited by T. Forster, M.D., who will prefix a short Analytical Account of Locke's Life, Writings, and Opinions. In 1 vol. post 8vo.

**Mr. Britton's Fourth Number of "Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities"** will be ready in a few days, and will contain ten engravings, by J. le Keux, Varral, Redaway, Taylor, and Woolnoth, of Street Views in Salisbury, Winchester, Coventry, Norwich, &c. Also Accounts of the Antiquities of Rochester, Winchester, and Salisbury.

**The History and Antiquities of Bristol Cathedral,** a part of the same Author's "Cathedral Antiquities," will be ready at Christmas, and will be published complete in one volume, with eleven engravings and a wood-cut. On this occasion, for the first time, Mr. Britton proposes to print a list of his local subscribers; and from the list we have seen, it will be very creditable to the Bristolians. The History of Hereford Cathedral will follow that of Bristol; and the Author has prepared his series of drawings, and collected a large mass of historical materials.

**Tales in Verse, illustrative of the several Petitions of the Lord's Prayer.** By the Rev. W. F. Lyte.

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The Art of Dancing. By Mr. C. Blais, principal Dancer at the King's Theatre, will be published in a few days, accompanied with Sixteen Engravings, illustrating upwards of Sixty Positions.

In the course of the ensuing Month, Mr. Curtis's Sixth Volume of British Entomology, will be ready for publication.

Dr. John Hennen has in the press Sketches of the Medical Topography of the Mediterranean, comprising a Description of Gibraltar, the Ionian Islands, and Malta, by his Father, the late Dr. Hennen, Inspector of Hospitals, and Author of "The Principles of Military Surgery."

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The Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph, will appear in a few days.

The Adventures of an Irish Gentleman may be very shortly expected.

A novel entitled Basil Barrington and his Friends, is announced for immediate appearance.

Sir Edmund Temple announces an Account of his Travels in South America.

Stories of a Bride, by the Authoress of The Mummy, will be ready in a few days.

The celebrated author of Caleb Williams, is at present engaged in writing another Novel.

Random Records, by George Colman, the Younger, are nearly ready for publication.

The Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII., are just ready for publication.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Croly will be very shortly given to the public.

Nearly ready, in two volumes, The Memoirs of the celebrated Bolivar, including the secret history of the Revolution.

A new Novel, called the Heiress of Bruges, may be shortly expected from the pen of Mr. Grattan.

## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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David Stewart Erskine, eleventh Earl of Buchan, Lord Auchterhouse, and Lord Cardross, of the county of Stirling, whose death we have to record, was born on the 1st of June, 1742. The very ancient Earldom of Buchan, created in 1469, came into the family of Erskine with Mary Douglas, Countess of Buchan, grand-daughter of the Hon. Robert Douglas, by Christian Stewart, who married Sir James Erskine, Knt., eldest son, by his second wife, of John, the seventh Earl of Marr. His Lordship succeeded to the family honours on the demise of his father, in 1767; and he married, in 1771, Margaret, daughter of William Fraser, Esq. of Fraserfield; but by that lady, who died in 1809, he had no issue. At the University of Glasgow, he applied ardently to study; and, in his hours of relaxation, he devoted himself to the arts of drawing, designing, etching, and engraving, in the academy of Robert Foulis, a celebrated teacher of his day. As Lord Cardross, he commenced his political career, in the diplomatic department, under the late Earl of Chatham. On succeeding to his title, knowing that it was the practice of the minister, on the election of the Scottish peers, to send a list of sixteen to every peer, and to request him to vote for them, he took an early opportunity of declaring that the Secretary of State who might insult him with such an application, should wash away the affront with his blood. From that time, the offensive custom ceased.

His Lordship, however, seems to have had little taste for the harassing pursuits of public life. He had two promising brothers, both younger than himself—Henry, and Thomas, afterwards the celebrated Lord Erskine; and on their education he bestowed the utmost care. The fortunes of his family having been greatly impaired, he determined upon a plan of the most rigid economy; yet he continued to patronize public works and institutions. Amongst the students of the High School of Edinburgh, he bestowed an annual premium upon the successful competitor, in a trial of skill with the students of the University of Aberdeen, and it may be remarked that the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh is great-

ly indebted to him for its existence. Tytler, the translator of Collimachus; Pinkerton, the historian and antiquarian; Burns, the poet; Barry, the painter; and many other men of genius, were honoured with his Lordship's patronage and friendship. Lord Buchan also instituted an annual festive commemoration of Thomson, at Ednam, the scene of that poet's birth.

Lord Buchan, devoted to the principles of 1688, was also an enthusiastic admirer of the French Revolution, until the cause of freedom was sacrificed on the altar of crime.

Notwithstanding his attachment to literature, Lord Buchan published but little: a Speech, intended to have been spoken at the Meeting of the Peers of Scotland, in 1780—a Life of Napier, of Mercheston, in 1790—and, in conjunction with Dr. Minuto, an Essay on the Lives and Writings of Fletcher, of Saltoun, and of Thomson, the poet, in 1792, comprise the whole of his Lordship's acknowledged labours.

Lord Buchan died at his seat of Dryburgh Abbey, the latter end of April, and was succeeded by his nephew, Henry David, the eldest son of his brother, the witty and accomplished Henry Erskine.

### COUNT CURIAL.

General Count Curial was born at St. Pierre d'Albigny, in Savoy, in the year 1774. He served under Buonaparte in Egypt; in 1799, was made Chef de Bataillon; and, at the battle of Austerlitz, as Colonel of the 48th regiment, he so distinguished himself, that Buonaparte presented him with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. After the battle of Eylau, he was made colonel of the foot chasseurs of the guards; after the battle of Friedland, he was advanced to the rank of Brigadier General of the same corps, and rewarded with the order of St. Henry of Saxony. In 1809, his reputation was heightened by his conduct at the battles of Gross Aspern, and Essling; in 1812, he was engaged in the Russian campaign; in 1813, he was in the battle of Wachen, he carried the post of Doelitz, and took twelve hundred prisoners; and he also contributed greatly to the victory of Hanau. For his latter services, he

was invested with the Grand Cross of the Order of Reunion. In 1814, he commanded at Metz. On the restoration of Louis XVIII. he was made a Knight of the Order of St. Louis, advanced to the dignity of a peer, and made a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, and a member of the Military Commission. Buonaparte, on his return from Elba, took from him the command of the chasseurs of the guards, and placed him at the head of a division of the army of the Alps. After his final return, Louis XVIII. presented him with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.

This officer, who was a great favourite with Buonaparte, was fortunate in obtaining also the countenance of the legitimate sovereign. He died at Paris, about the end of May or the beginning of June.

DR. THOMAS YOUNG, M.D.

This gentleman, eminent as a physician and as a natural philosopher, was a nephew of the late celebrated Dr. Brocklesby, through whose care he received an excellent education, partly at Gottingen, and partly at Edinburgh. Having taken his degrees, with great credit, at the latter place, he came to London, and was some time lecturer at the Royal Institution. It was in the year 1807 that he published his great work, "A Course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy, and the Mechanical Arts," in two volumes quarto. These lectures, which had been previously delivered, in their first rough form, at the London Institution, are regarded as a performance of much merit. The second volume contains the best list extant of philosophical writers.

Subsequently to the period alluded to, Dr. Young was elected Physician to St. George's Hospital. He has written numerous papers on philosophical and medical sciences, for the *Philosophical Transactions*, &c.: and he has also published *De Corporis Humani Viribus Conservatricibus*, 8vo. Goet. 1796;—*Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy*, 8vo. 1803;—*A Reply to the Animadversions of the Edinburgh Reviewers*, 1809;—*A Syllabus of Lectures on the Medical Sciences*, 8vo. 1809; and a *System of Practical Nosology*, with an Introduction to Medical Literature. Of late, Dr. Young's name has been much before the public, owing to a long and acrimonious controversy between him and some of the first astronomers in England. He had been labouring under an obscure affection of the chest, in which at times the lungs, and at other times the heart only, seemed to be implicated. Dr. Young died early in May, at his house, in Park Square, Regent's Park.

JOHN PARKE, THE MUSICIAN.

John Parke—a man alike distinguished by professional excellence and private worth, was born in the year 1745. For the

theory of music, he studied under Baumgarten; and, as an instrumental performer, under Simpson, the best hautboy player of his time. In 1776, he was engaged by Smith and Stanley, the successors of Handel, to play the principal hautboy parts, in the oratorios during Lent; performances, which were then honoured nightly by the presence of their Majesties. He was next engaged at Ranelagh, where there was a band of first-rate performances, led by Hay, first violin to the Queen, Crossdill playing the violincello. This engagement occupied three nights in the week; the other three nights Mr. Parke played at Marylebone Gardens, which were then in the zenith of their fame, under Pinto, the celebrated violinist.

In 1768, Mr. Parke was engaged to play the principal hautboy at the King's Theatre. About the year 1770, he succeeded Fischer, the hautboyist, from Dresden, as hautboy-concerto player at Vauxhall; a situation which he continued to fill many years with universal applause. About the same period, Garrick engaged him at Drury Lane Theatre on the most liberal terms; and he and Garrick ever afterwards lived on the most intimate and friendly footing. Soon afterwards, he was honoured with the patronage and esteem of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland. The Duke, it will be remembered, was passionately fond of the science. He would sometimes call upon Parke in the morning, and order his band to have some music at his house, on which occasions his Royal Highness always played the tenor. Besides this, the Duke generally had music three mornings in the week, either at Cumberland House, or Windsor Lodge, where Parke frequently attended. To the Duke's patronage, he was also indebted for the honour of being musician in ordinary to his late Majesty.

It was at one of Queen Charlotte's concerts, at Buckingham House, in the autumn of 1783, that Mr. Parke was introduced to our present Sovereign, then Prince of Wales, who, professing himself delighted with his performance, did him the honour to desire his presence at Carlton House. He accordingly attended, and was immediately attached to the Carlton House band, on a salary of 100*l.* a-year.

Mr. Parke was now in high repute. He performed at the Professional Concert—at the Concert of Ancient Music, which their late Majesties attended every night—and at many private concerts. For nearly forty years, he was also regularly engaged at all the great provincial music meetings.

Having long been in the receipt of a handsome income, and living prudently, though respectably, Mr. Parke was enabled to retire from the duties of his profession about eighteen years since. He composed many concertos for his own performances, but could never be prevailed on to give them to the world. Mrs. Beardmore, who died at an



early age, in the year 1822, was his eldest daughter. She was one of the finest pianists and orchestral singers of this country. Mr. Parke has left an amiable widow, one other daughter, and a son, who, for his improvement as an architect, has traversed all the classic and interesting regions of the globe. This eminent professor died on the 2d of August. It should be mentioned that he has left behind an interesting MS. Sketch of the General State of Music in England during the last Forty Years.

#### THE EARL OF BLESSINGTON.

The Right Hon. Charles John Gardiner, Earl of Blessington, in the county of Wicklow, Viscount and Baron Mountjoy in the county of Tyrone, Governor of the county of Tyrone, and one of the representative peers of Ireland, was born on the 19th of July, 1782. His Lordship was maternally descended from the Stewarts, Viscounts Mountjoy and Earls of Blessington. His paternal ancestor, the Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, was successively representative in parliament for the boroughs of Tralee and Humastown; appointed Deputy Vice Treasurer of Ireland, and sworn of the Privy Council. This gentleman, mentioned by the Lord Primate Boulter, as eminent for his abilities in the service of his country, married, in 1711, Anne Stewart, only daughter and sole heiress of the Hon. Alexander Stewart, second son of William, first Viscount Mountjoy, whose male line terminated, in 1769, in the person of William Stewart, third Viscount Mountjoy, and first Earl of Blessington.

Luke Gardiner, created Viscount Mountjoy, in 1795, was the father of the nobleman to whom this brief notice refers. He was killed at the head of his regiment, in an engagement with the rebels, at Ross, in Ireland, on the 5th of June, 1798, and a monument was ordered by Parliament to be erected to his memory. His son was created Earl of Blessington on the 22d of January, 1816. His Lordship married, first, in 1812, Mrs. Browne, relict of Major William Browne, who died in 1814. His Lordship married, secondly, in 1818, Mrs. Farmer, relict of M. St. Leger Farmer, Esq. eldest son of Captain Farmer, of Poplar Farm and Laurel Grove, in the county of Kildare. His Lordship, who was distinguished by his literary taste and pursuits, died at Paris, in the last week of May, or

first of June. His only son, by his first lady, died in 1823; but, we believe, his Lordship had a son and heir by his second wife.

#### LORD CREWE.

The Right Hon. John Crewe, Baron Crewe, of Crewe, in the county of Chester, descended maternally from the Crewes, an ancient Cheshire family, who were advanced by the law, in the time of James I. There were then two brothers, Sir Randolph and Sir Thomas Crewe, both eminent lawyers. The younger was ancestor to the Lords Crewe, of Stene, in Northamptonshire, whose title became extinct in 1772. Sir Randolph Crewe, appointed Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, in 1624, was one of the Judges who opposed the affair of ship money, for which he was dismissed from his office in 1626. Of this gentleman, Fuller, in his Worthies, says,—“Sir Randolph first brought the model of excellent building into these remoter parts; yea, brought London into Cheshire, in the loftiness, sightliness, and pleasantness of their structures.”

Lord Crewe's grandfather, John Offley, of Maidley, in the county of Strfford, one of whose ancestors had married the heiress of the Crewe family, took the name and arms of Crewe, by Act of Parliament. John Crewe, Esq. born in the year 1742, was one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Chester, from 1768 to 1796. He was raised to the peerage on the 25th of February, 1806. This nobleman was familiarly known by the name of “Fox's Lord.” This arose from his having been an old Foxite, and advanced to the peerage at the time Mr. Fox was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, when the administration was formed at the decease of Mr. Pitt, under Lord Grenville, which acquired the appellation of “All the Talents,” and the “Broadbottomed Administration.”

Lord Crewe married in 1776, Frances Anne, only daughter of Fulke Greville, Esq. son of the Hon. Algernon Greville, second son of Fulke, fifth Lord Brooke, by Mary, daughter of Lord Arthur Somerset, son of Henry, Duke of Beaufort. By that lady, he had a son, John, a major general in the army, who has succeeded him; and a daughter, married to the son of Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart. His Lordship died on the 29th of April.

#### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The weather, since our last Report, has continued in the same uncertain state, still exhibiting the predominant feature of the year, a superfluity of moisture. We ventured, perhaps too hastily, to announce a nearly general period to the harvest; which, however, we find must be understood as referring to our best lands, and to districts and soils favourably circumstanced. Those fortunately form the majority. The northern parts of England, from the nature of the climate always the latest in their harvest, are peculiarly so in the present season; and a late letter from an old correspondent in the

bishopric of Durham, assures us that "vast breadths of corn, indeed the greater part in his vicinity, remained uncut in the second week of the present month, and that they had no expectations of a period to their harvest labours until gunpowder treason." Our friend further ventures the opinion that the present season may vie with that of *ninety-nine*, in all its disadvantages and cheerless prospects: an opinion in which, having kept a register of the weather during that unfortunate year, we cannot concur. The incessant rains of that year, from the latter end of spring until the commencement of autumn, attended by a constant low and chilling temperature, the wind being almost invariably fixed in the north or east, blasted, and in many parts of the country, totally destroyed the crops and fruits of the earth, rendering the year that followed almost a year of famine. Most fortunately, considering the present state of the country, *twenty-nine* can claim no near relationship with *ninety-nine*. In our present year, however drenched with too much moisture the land has been, and the ripening of the crops retarded by the want of solar heat, we have been invariably relieved by favourable alternations, the winds veering to the south and west, and by their genial though temporary influence, aiding the production of crops of almost every description, some of the most important in nearly the average quantity, the quality of the wheat, when fortunately harvested being of a superior degree.

Wheat, the first in importance, may, we hope, be deemed generally the largest crop: but as a heavy drawback, perhaps not one quarter of it has been successfully harvested, to which must be added the loss of quantity accruing from the necessity of keeping the damp wheat until sufficiently dry for the operation of the mill. The most wholesome, effectual, and best mode of drying, is in the stacks and barns of the farmers; but from the present depressed and impoverished state of that body, they are too generally unable to hold their corn, and the markets, since harvest, have been so glutted, with wheat particularly, that in the poorer districts the stack yards already begin to exhibit a meagre appearance. This state of things must necessarily continue, gradually reducing price, together with the absolute necessity for the use of dry foreign wheat, without the admixture with which our own could not be ground. A prospective view towards the spring does not afford very flattering expectations even to the opulent class of farmers who have been able to hold their corn, since the ample foreign supply, which can have no other vent, must inevitably keep our markets down. Here we may be allowed to repeat an anecdote of a great farmer, in a most productive part of the old renowned corn county of Essex, and which we had from a friend in his neighbourhood. With a superior talent both for speculation and execution, and well aware that *post est occasio calva*, he laid hold of the critical and uncertain opportunity of a few days fine weather in the beginning of harvest, sent a hundred labourers into his fields, cut and carted his wheat, had it immediately threshed in his machines, sent it to market, and saved five or six shillings per quarter on the greater part of his crop. In all the forwardest and best districts throughout the island, the corn has been secured somewhat before Michaelmas, scarcely any article remaining abroad but a small portion of the bean crop. In the great corn county of Lincoln, the wolds and poor sandy soils excepted, their harvest reports may be deemed favourable. The same may be said in a more considerable degree of certain districts in the north of Scotland—Perth especially; in the Casse of Gowrie, however, wheat appears to be the least productive crop.

Barley, oats, and pulse, taken in the aggregate, may be pronounced an average crop in respect to quantity, but generally deficient in quality, unless oats form a favourable exception. From the constantly succeeding rains, great part of the Lent crops were harvested in a damp and soft state, and not one quarter of the year's barley is fit either for matting or grinding. The stain and discolouration of the samples have reduced the market price considerably beyond the indemnity of increased measure. The total failure of mangel (bet), has been succeeded by a very considerable and general failure of the turnips, both common and Swedish, there being in fact no good crops of either, but upon superior and well tilled turnip soils. As well as from the moisture of the season, this misfortune has occurred from neglected tillage, the turnip foliage being absolutely surmounted by a lofty and luxuriant crop of every possible and mischievous description of weeds. The bulb of the turnip is in consequence small, and its juices aqueous and poor, very ill calculated to nourish and improve the animals by which it must be consumed; this, with the general lightness and deficiency of the crop, will necessarily occasion a great additional consumption of potatoes as cattle-food, to the enhancement of the price to the labourer of that indispensable article. Of late we have been incessantly and ridiculously bored, through the press, with that ancient novelty, Maize or Indian Corn, which was cultivated in various parts of the country more than half a century since, and the culture relinquished. The present writer has no other experience of it than in ornamental patches; but an intelligent Warwickshire cultivator, having made experiments of sufficient extent, states, that the quality of Indian corn is unsubstantial and washy, and that the pork fed with it is equally loose and innutritious as potatoe-fed pork, than which he could not well have given it a worse character; to which may be added that maize may be always imported from America cheaper than it can be grown in Britain. Unpropitious however the seasons have

proved, we have very little complaint of vegetable diseases; of grown or sprouted, shrivelled, and green or unripe corn, indeed we have too much, but we hear little of mildew, brand or smut, a good fortune which we owe to a relief from the easterly winds, by the early and unfailing changes to the south and west; whereas in the seasons of 1799, the almost invariable prevalence of easterly winds, occasioned a universal accession of those diseases. We have had an improved state of weather for digging and clearing the potatoe grounds, which will be finished in the course of the present month. The crop of fair quantity on good soils, but the quality cannot be expected to equal that of dryer and warmer seasons. Of hops there cannot be half a crop, and few samples can be expected to excel in colour and condition; yet we do not find that eagerness in purchasers, or extraordinary rise in the markets, which used to occur on a short crop in former days. Of late days production has well attended upon increasing population. The immense abundance of all kinds of fruit, demonstrates an active principle of fertility in the soil, which, had it been conjoined with a kindly atmospheric influence, would have constituted the present an *annus mirabilis*, a wonderful year of production. Our brethren, the Scots, are so overburdened with apples and pears, that they are really *puzzled* to find out a use to which they can apply the superabundance. Strange that so discerning a people, and so proverbially alive to their interests, should yet have to learn the art of making elder and perry. Dairy farming is said to be in a peculiarly distressed state, yet at the great fairs, cheese of good quality appears to have been saleable at a fair price. We expressed our surprise in the last Report, at the reduced quantity of fog, or latter grass, in various parts of the North; we have since been informed that in many parts the lands are quite bare of grass. Thus, from the failure of the turnip and mangel crops, and the reduced quality of every kind of fodder, our former flattering descriptions of superabundance for Spring provision, unfortunately cannot be realized. At foot of this chapter of lamentations, we will put a very serious and important national question to the great body of our landlords, farmers and cultivators. The universally foul and weedy state of our lands is acknowledged. *What addition to our national stock of corn and pulse might have resulted, had the lands been tilled in a creditable and husband-like manner, and applied to the production of useful and valuable, instead of useless, exhausting and mischievous vegetations?—* taking into account the possible full employment of our present distressed and starving surplus of labourers? If it be retorted that money could not be found for the repayment of their productive labour, whence is it to be derived for their support in unproductive idleness? And supported they must be, or driven to exchange their lawful and industrious occupation for that of lawless, profligate and desperate banditti. Surely the horrible instances of arson which have occurred of late, in various parts, must operate as a fearful warning.

Wheat sowing, the chief business on hand at present, is so backward, that on heavy soils and in the poorer districts, much of it must be deferred until after Christmas. In truth the late protracted harvest so entirely and exclusively engaged the farmer's attention, that we have heard from various quarters, not a plough has been put into the earth during the last three months! The poached and foul state of these lands must have an unfortunate effect on the future crops. The seasons have proved so unfavourable to the industrious community of bees, that it is apprehended they have been unable to obtain a sufficient stock of winter provision, whence their staple commodity may become scarce and dear, and an increased import be found necessary. The wool trade continues in the same, or rather an increasing state of depression, without the most distant prospect of any available remedy, a truth meriting the serious and impartial deliberation of flock-masters, who seem in expectation of relief from the legislature, which it is utterly out of its power to afford. The graziers and feeders of cattle and sheep have hitherto complained that they scarcely obtained more money for their fat, than they had paid for their store stock. The tables are now completely turned, for almost all markets have been of late so overstocked, that the prices have declined fifteen, twenty, even thirty per cent, and even at those rates, vast numbers, both of lean and fat stock have remained unsaleable and unsold at the great fairs. The common cause assigned for this is not altogether satisfactory, since no deficiency of flesh meat has been experienced in the shambles, and certainly there is no deficiency in our breeding and feeding stock. **PRODUCTION** is the order of the day in all articles of the first necessity, and in all those which minister to luxury or convenience—yet how we are ruined!

The rot is said to have made considerable ravages among the sheep upon unsound lands, and ewe lambs are thence in request; but no want of sheep stock has yet been experienced, and mutton has fallen in price, according to regular autumnal usage. In the great fair of Bullinashloe, in Ireland, the same depression of price took place as in our fairs, with regard to all kinds of stock; and the situation of the breeder and grazier, in both countries, is said to be more unfortunate than that of the corn farmer, yet we hear, from various quarters, that farms are taken on lease with the utmost eagerness, even in Suffolk, where of late we were appalled by the intelligence of such a number of tenants' effects taken in execution. After the late deluge, as we may well style it, a long, dry and hard frost during the ensuing winter, need not be held an improbable occurrence; and it ought to be one of the first,



immediate, and most important objects of deliberation among all the influential classes in the country, to devise means for the support of the unemployed labourers. Their next consideration is the general state of the tenantry, which is too much reduced to receive any effective benefit from partial and eleemosynary donations. Some just and feeling landlords are exhibiting a noble example, in reducing their rents to the level of the times. Beyond even this, the general existing affairs of the country will soon give rise to considerations and questions of high national concern, which however, can never be impartially weighed and acted upon, by interested classes and associations, among whom the old principle is invariably dominant—every one for himself or his class, and God for us all. One thing, however, the landed interest may well receive as an incontrovertible fact,—they can never regain that monopoly which they have so long enjoyed. It is inconsistent with the existing and probable future state of this great commercial and manufacturing country.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, to 2s. 6d. 4s.—Mutton, 3s. to 4s. 4d.—Veal, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 4d.—Pork, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 6d.—Best Dairy Pork, 5s. 0d. to 5s. 2d.—Rough Fat, 2s. 4d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 43s. to 82s.—Barley, 26s. to 40s.—Oats, 12s. to 34s.—Fine Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 60s. to 105s.—Clover, ditto, 70s. to 120s.—Straw, 32s. to 46s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. to 39s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, October 23rd.*

### MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—The sugar market last week gradually improved: the holders were more firm, and the purchases were extended to nearly 3,000 hogsheads and tierces, the prices were without variation. Prices of Muscavadoes a shade lower. The request for refined goods increased considerably last week. The letters from Hamburg state the arrival of refined goods from the United States. Low lumps sold at 28s. 6d., the quality very bad, but shows the gradual improvement in America, and we have no doubt in a few years she will become a formidable rival to England for raw and refined sugars, in the Continental markets; the purchases for Mediterranean continues also crushed; the request for Basturas is also considerable. Molasses, 6d. lower; East India sugar, by public sale on Friday last, 4,541 bags; Mauritius sugars, a good parcel, nearly the whole sold, 1s. per cwt. lower, particularly the sugars about 50s. Few purchasers of Bengal coffee. The purchases of Coffee last week were rather on a confined scale; the old descriptions of Jamaica went off with more spirit, and at rather higher prices; the other descriptions unvaried.

**RUM, BRANDY AND HOLLANDS.**—The Government contract at 1s. 9½d. has an unfavourable effect on the market; some parcels of Leewards are reported averaging proofs at a 1s. 9d. In Jamaica rum there are no purchases of any extent. Brandy continues firm. In Geneva no sales worth reporting.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—Tallow has become very heavy; one of the most determined sellers, both of parcels and also for future delivery, being one of the most eminent firms. Hemp and Flax are also dull.

**Bullion per Oz.**—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars £3. 17s. 0d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), 4s. 11½d.

**Course of Foreign Exchange.**—Amsterdam, 12. 8.—Rotterdam, 12. 8.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburg, 14. 0½.—Paris, 25. 75.—Bordeaux, 26. 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 152. 0½.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 9.—Trieste, 10. 9.—Madrid, 36.—Cadix, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0.—Gibraltar 49. 0½.—Laghorn, 49. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 82½.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Lisbon, 45. 0.—Oporto, 45. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 24. 0½.—Bahia, 28. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

**Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.**—Birmingham CANAL, 306½.—Coven-try, 1,080½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 105½.—Grand Junction, 302½.—Kennet and Avon, 27½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 515½.—Oxford, 675½.—Regent's, 22½.—Trent and Mersey, (1 sh.), 790½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 275½.—London Docks (Stock), 84½.—West India (Stock), 185½.—East London WATER WORKS, 112½.—Grand Junction, 50½.—West Middlesex, 70½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8½.—Globe, 153½.—Guardian, 24½.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 105½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53½.—City, 187½.—British, 12 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. VIII. No. 47. 4 F

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from September 22d to October 22d, 1829, in the London Gazette.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Byrns, J. jun. Trowbridge, clothier  
 Michellion, L. Union-street, Kent-road, merchant  
 Sammons, J. and W. L. Swinton, lace-manufacturers  
 Tyser, T. jun. Barking, fisherman  
 Gadderer, C. E. and J. C. Edwards, Gray's-inn, wine-merchants  
 Drew, T. Exeter, linen draper

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[ This Month, 97. ]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Brooke, J. and J. Hayward, Islington, iron-founders. (Lindsay, Cophal-court)  
 Bennis, C. Old Bailey, tobacconist. (Tilbury and Co, Falcon-street)  
 Burn, E. George-street, city, clothier. (Willis and Co., Token-house-yard)  
 Bird, H. Brighton, linen-draper. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Miller, Frome-Selwood)  
 Broadhurst, J. Buglawton, corn-dealer. (Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Gaunt, Leek)  
 Baker, R. Birmingham, linen-draper. (Bourdillon, Bread-street; Dunn, Birmingham)  
 Bishop, J. Dean-street, grocer. (Green, Sambrook-court)  
 Bruton, C. Cheltenham, grocer. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Prince and Co., Cheltenham)  
 Chalmers, T. St. George's Fields, lodging-housekeeper. (Gill, Queen-square)  
 Curtis, W. J. Dockhead, engineer. (Quallet and Co., Bermondsey)  
 Cheesement, R. Bishopwearmouth, wine-merchant. (North and Co., Temple; Winsor, Sunderland)  
 Chandler, W. W. Norwich, grocer. (Taylor and Co., Temple; Newton, Norwich)  
 Culverwell, W. and T. Bath, carpenters. (Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath)  
 Clerk, C. T. Gildersome, cloth-manufacturer. (Emett, New-inn; Alexander, Halifax)  
 Cuthbertson, J. Borough-road, linen-draper. (Hannington and Co., Carey-lane)  
 Chick, G. Bristol, dyer. (Frew and Co., Henrietta-street; Beddoe, Bristol)  
 Chapman, S. H. Crawford-street, plumber. (Whiteley, Token-house-yard)  
 Drury, J. F. Islington, musical-bell-founder. (Tilson, jun. Coleman-street)  
 Dring, J. jun. Leicester, grocer. (Toller, Gray's-inn; Toller, Leicester)  
 Darlington, W. Comberbach, dealer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Nicholson, Warrington)  
 Dickinson, W. O. and J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants. (Burn, Gray's-inn; Morton and Redhead, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)  
 Davis, W. Pinner, baker. (Trehern, New-inn)  
 Dafter, F. Tiverton, brewer. (Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath)  
 Deans, E. and J. Lambert, and J. Severn, Upper Thames-street, wholesale grocers. Swaine and Co., Frederick's-place  
 Elves, W. Gracechurch-street, iron-monger. (Hoppe, Sun-court)  
 Ellis, E. Botolph-lane, wine-merchant. (Thomas, Crane-court, Fleet-street)  
 Fall, G. Bread-street, draper. (Jones, Size-lane)  
 Farmer, S. Atherstone, mercer. (Heming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Batton, Atherstone)  
 Franklin, I. Ipswich, carrier. (Chester, Staple-inn; Pearson and Co., Ipswich)  
 Gastrell, J. and J. Dew, Bristol, haberdashers. (Holme and Co., New-inn)  
 Getliff, L. and J. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, dealer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn)  
 Gadderer, C. E. and J. C. Edwards, Gray's-inn, wine-merchants. (King, Bedford-place)  
 Harrison, T. late of Sheffield, miller. (Hall, Great James-street; Shute, Walsall)  
 Harris, L. Wyndham-street, coal-merchant. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings)  
 Hunter, W. Arundel-street, merchant. (Oliverson and Co., Frederick's-place)  
 Harris, J. and F. Bristol, carpenters. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn)  
 Hole, T. Woodbury, tanner. (Anderson and Co., New Bridge-street)  
 Hews, S. Hendon, wine-merchant. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane)  
 Hughes, W. and W. Paris, Newbury, linen-draper. (Turner, Basing-lane)  
 Hallet, W. Witney, attorney. (Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Leak, Witney)  
 Hodge, H. Bow-lane, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane)  
 Hayward, F. New Sarum, tailor. (King and Co., Gray's-inn; Sanger, Salisbury)  
 Higgin, C. Cheapside, and Heigham, Norwich, shawl-manufacturer. (Birker and Co., Cloak-lane)  
 John, S. Penzance, money-scrivener. (Coope, Guildford-street; Paynter, Penzance)  
 Jennings, W. Abergavenny, draper. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Atkinson and Co., Manchester)  
 Kelsey, H. Bolton-row, silk-mercet. (Harker, Hatton-garden)  
 Kew, W. New Palace-yard, commission-agent. (Baker and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)  
 Knott, W. Oldham, innkeeper. (Milne and Co., Temple; Whitehead and Co., Oldham)  
 Lee, C. K. Mincing-lane, merchant. (Elicke, Old Broad-street)  
 Lyon, J. R. Cambridge, grocer. (Fuller and Co., Carlton-chambers; Randall and Son, Cambridge)  
 Mellor, R. Manchester, ironmonger. (Hampson, Manchester)  
 Meredith, J. Burlington-arcade, hosier. (Armstrong, St. John's-square)  
 Murray, C. Bath, hardwareman. (Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath)  
 Martin, W. Buckingham, draper. (Jones, John-street, Bedford-row; Hearne, Buckingham)  
 Marshall, W. Spitalfields, brush-maker. (Harrison, Sidmouth-street)  
 Northcot, J. Ashwick, maltster. (Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn; Craddock, Shepton Mallett)  
 Nichols, J. Bristol, builder. (Young, Temple-chambers)  
 Nelson, C. Bradford, lime-burner. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Moulten, Bradford)  
 Platt, J. Baker-street, merchant. (Boden and Co., Aldermanbury)  
 Pruddah, E. and J. Riddiough, Liverpool, brokers. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Houghton, Liverpool)  
 Packer, R. Bath, timber-merchant. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Savery, Bristol)  
 Perry, C. Drury-lane, victualler. (Reynolds, Carmarthen-street)  
 Parr, W. Bread-street, Manchester, warehouseman. (Makinson and Co., Temple)  
 Richards, B. Bognor, innkeeper. (Rore, Essex-street)  
 Randall, W. Summerland, Ratcliffe-highway, publican. (Heathcote, Coleman-street)  
 Robinson, C. sen. New Bread-street, wharfinger, &c. (Drew, Bermondsey-street)  
 Soper, E. Bath, milliner. (Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath)  
 Severn, B. and F. B. King, and J. Severn, Whitechapel, grocers. (Freshfield and Son, New Bank-buildings)  
 Smith, J. Caroline-mews, Bedford-square, livery-stable-keeper. (Hally and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)  
 Smith, R. and H. Perrin, St. Martin's-lane, woollen-draper. (Gale, Basing-hall-street)  
 Stammer, T. Francis-street, grocer. (Nias, Princes-street)  
 Sharpe, J. Duke-street, Piccadilly, bookseller. (Foss and Son, Essex-street)  
 Smith, J. Reading, shoemaker. (Moore, Serle-street; Mogridge, Reading)  
 Serley, B. Holloway-road, horse-dealer. (Norton, Jewin-street)  
 Snell, J. W. Commercial-road, shoe maker. (Hailstone, Lyon's-inn)  
 Smith, J. J. Liverpool, broker. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Bardswell, Liverpool)  
 Sykes, T. Accrington, cotton-spinner. (Milne and Co., Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester)  
 Smith, W. St. John's-wood, builder. (Carlton, High-street, Mary; -le-bone)  
 Salmon, W. Liverpool, victualler. (Constable and Co., Symond's-inn; Yates, Liverpool)  
 Scammel, W. N. Warminster, carrier. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Chapman, Warminster)  
 Tanswell, S. jun. Shaftesbury, victualler. (Seevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle; Chirity, Shaftesbury)  
 Thomas, W. Bath, woollen-draper. (Tilleard and Co., Old Jewry)  
 Trew, G. Bath, hosier. (Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath)  
 Taylor, C. T. Chippenham, clothier. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bryan and Co., Bristol)  
 Terry, W. and J. Bath, hardwaremen. (Kemp, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Else, Bath)  
 Thompson, T. Upper Thorne, dealer. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings)  
 Thompson, J. Alder-gate-street, linen-draper. (Smith, Walbrook)  
 Thurston, J. N. Bath, upholsterer. (Fisher, Castle-street)  
 Vandrant, C. Brewer-street, engraver. (Fisher and Co., Gray's-inn)  
 Wheeler, R. Greensted, farmer. (Jager, King's-place, Commercial-road)  
 Whitaker, T. Holderness, horse-dealer. (Rushworth, Southwark; Rushworth, Hull)  
 Warren, H. Pimlico, builder. (Richardson, Golden-square)  
 Wilkinson, W. Leeds, flour-dealer. (King, Bedford-place; Granger, Leeds)  
 Woods, S. and G. G. Webb, George-yard, woollen-draper. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange)  
 Webb, J. Leicester, hop-merchant. (Pullen and Son, Fore-street)  
 Wathen, C. I. South Hamlet, Gloucester, victualler. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Prince and Co., Cheltenham)  
 Watson, J. Hook, York, innkeeper. (Bell, Bedford-row; Capes, Rotherham and Howden)

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. W. Boycott, jun., to the Rectory of Wheat-acre Burgh, St. Peter, Norfolk.—Rev. R. Buller, to the Rectory of Lameath, Cornwall.—Rev. W. B. Mack, to the Rectory of Horsham, Suffolk.—Rev. J. Hampden, to the Rectory of Hinton Martel, Dorset.—Rev. R. Ward, to the Rectory of Stanton, Norfolk.—Rev. J. B. Sams, jun., to the Rectory of Fakenham, Suffolk.—Very Rev. Dean of York, to the Vicarage of Weaverthorpe, Yorkshire.—Rev. J. H. Cottrill, to the Curaey of St. George's church, Newcastle-under-Lyme.—Rev. P. Gordon, to the Rectory of Hackford, Norfolk.—Rev. F. E. Arden, to the Rectory of Borrough, Norfolk.—Rev. C. Green, to the Rectory of Bury Castle, Suffolk.—Rev. T. G. Parr, to Vicarial stall

attached to prebends of Brewood, Adbaston, in Lichfield cathedral.—Rev. E. S. Remington, to the Vicarage of Wirksworth, Derbyshire.—Rev. W. Moore, to the Rectory of Brinsfield-cum-Cranham, Gloucester.—Rev. A. Neate, to the Rectory of Aloescot, and the Vicarage of Shilton, Oxford.—Rev. H. Cleveland, to the Rectory of Barkston, Lincoln.—Rev. Dr. Goddard, to a Prebendal stall in Salisbury cathedral.—Rev. J. Crosthwaite, to the Rectories of Barlavington and Egdean, Sussex.—Rev. J. S. Stockwell, to the Vicarage of North Newton, with the chapel of Little Knoyle, Wilts.—Rev. W. F. Powell, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Sussex.—Rev. A. M. Campbell, to the Living of Paddington.

## POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Marquis Conyngham to be governor, captain, and constable of Windsor Castle, in room of Earl Harrington, deceased.—Francis de St. Croix,

esq., to be Hanoverian consul at Jersey, and R. L. Jameson, esq., at Cork.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

September 29. Alderman Crowder elected Lord Mayor for the ensuing year, and on Wednesday, 30. Messrs. Richardson and Ward, the new sheriffs, were sworn into office at Westminster, before the Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer.

October 1. The Governors of Christ's Hospital gave notice, that in lieu of the fifty £10 blind pensioners, established by Mr. Hetherington's charity, they shall be enabled, in future, to extend the annuity to upwards of 500 persons, owing to the very munificent additions made to Mr. Hetherington's original fund.

— A meeting of the malt trade, held at the York Hotel, for taking into consideration the heavy and vexatious taxes on malt and beer [upwards of £8,000,000!!!], when, after great discussion, it was unanimously agreed to petition parliament for an abolition of all duties on those articles, or otherwise a considerable reduction and simplification of the mode of assessment.\*

3. A young female presented herself before R. Broughton, esq., at Worship-street, to obtain an

order of settlement for herself and children in the parish of Spitalfields. She said that her name was Matilda Pickering, and her husband was now a prisoner in the Fleet for "contempt of Chancery."\* Mr. Broughton immediately signed an order for settlement, with a recommendation to the overseers to take care of the unfortunate woman!

4. News arrived of peace having been signed between the Russians and Turks.†

10. By the abstract of the yearly revenue, published this day, it appears there has been a decrease on last year, from the year preceding, of the sum of £146,442.

12. The Recorder made his report to his Majesty, at Windsor, of the prisoners capitally convicted at the last Old Bailey sessions, when three were ordered for execution.

13. His Majesty presented a valuable collection of rare minerals to the British Museum.

15. Parliament prorogued to December 10.

— The Dolphin frigate, used as a hulk for the safe keeping of the convicts, at Chatham, suddenly sprung a leak, swayed over, and went upon her

\* The abundance of wholesome food for the People is the best security of their allegiance and their content. *Comfort* is the greatest anti-radical principle in Europe. Let the powers that be, duly consider the admirable properties of this species, which never fails them among the comparatively great; and weigh well the advantages of administering a larger portion of it to the middle and lower classes. In the remotest periods of history the poor people of this country have always been habituated to the social and invigorating enjoyment of malt liquors; but now they cannot get a glass of good beer without the liability of paying the monstrous duty of 175 per cent. or of 35s. in the pound, and at such a rate how can they be able to purchase it?

\* About six months ago she had the misfortune to have a share in a very large property bequeathed to her by an uncle, amounting in value to nearly £30,000. This was thrown into the equity court, Chancery, and a "bill" was filed against her husband, to which he was required to put in an answer. Unable to raise the sum to pay the fees, a "Writ of Rebellion" was immediately issued, which has kept him in prison two months, without any provision for himself or family, who are now in a state of comparative starvation!!!

† By this treaty the passage through the straits of Constantinople and the Dardanelles from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, &c., is declared free!!!



broadside at midnight. She had upwards of 200 persons on board of her, only three of whom were drowned.

16. The Duc de Laval Montmorency, arrived in town as ambassador from the court of France.

— Washington Irving, esq., arrived in town, from America, as Secretary of Legation to the Embassy of the United States.

19. Three convicts executed at the Old Bailey.

— The King of the Netherlands opened the Session of the States-General at the Hague, felicitating them on the improvement in the chief Branches of Industry, and of the welfare consequent thereon! He mentioned that the Criminal Code had been revised, and would be laid before them, as well as the new laws relative to Public Education!!!

#### MARRIAGES.

The Hon. H. B. Arundell, brother to Lord Arundell, to Frances Catherine, second daughter of Sir H. Tichborne, bart.—At Warling, H. Elphinstone, esq., son of Sir E. Elphinstone, bart., to Elizabeth Julia, youngest daughter of E. J. Curteis, esq., M.P. Sussex.—At Iver, Rev. T. G. Tyndall, to Ann, daughter of the Right Hon. J. Sullivan.—At Burnley, T. H. Ingham, esq., great grandson of the Lady Margaret Hastings, daughter of the 8th Earl of Huntingdon, to Miss Mary Thompson.—At Milford, T. le M. Saumarez, esq., son of Sir J. Saumarez, bart., to Catherine Spencer Beresford, daughter of Col. Vascall.—At Exeter, O. Coathupe, esq., to Eliza, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Cumberland.—At Marylebone, Capt. R. Fletcher (Grenadier Guards), to Miss Judith Ballie.—At Washington, Earl Ferrars, to Miss Sarah Devey.—Isle of Man, A. W. Hillary, esq., son of Sir W. Hillary, bart., to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of W. Christian, esq.—Hon. Col. Seymour Bathurst, son of Earl Bathurst, to Miss Hankey.—At Brecon, Mr. D. Baylis, 22, to Mrs. Read, 66, widow of Mr. W. Read; eight widows whose united ages amounted to 640 years, attended the wedding, decorated with costly nosegays!—At Marylebone, J. Searle, esq., to Harriett, eldest daughter to the late J. Talbot, esq., and sister to the present Earl of Shrewsbury.

#### DEATHS.

At Edinburgh, Sir W. Arbuthnot, Bart.—At Sheldon, Mrs. Coulthard, sister to Admiral Sir R. Barlow.—At Gloucester, Lieut. General Sir M. Nightingale, M.P. for Eye.—At Exeter, Mr. J. Kendall, statuary; his work on the Principles of English Architecture, and his altar-piece in the cathedral, amply record his talents.—At Rugby, Rear Admiral Chambers, 82; he had been present at the memorable siege of Quebec.—Charlotte Anne, second daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir J. Gore.—At Ecclesham, Mr. R. Green, 100.—At Pembroke, Miss Campbell, 76, sister to Lord

Cawdor.—At Sherborne, J. Harker, esq.—At Petersham, W. Hunt, esq., 78; it is stated that he left £200,000 to Guy's Hospital for 100 more patients than the original founder provided for.—In Devonshire-square, the Hon. Mrs. E. Grey.—In Manchester-square, the Hon. B. North, brother to Lord Guilford.—Rev. R. H. Roughsedge, 84, of Liverpool.—At Harrowgate, Mrs. Anderson, 73, sister to the late Master of the Rolls.—At Saxton, H. Handley, esq.; a claim of 10s. was made at his funeral, as a mortuary, or *soul scot*, being the first which has been claimed and paid in that parish within the memory of man! *Leeds Mercury*.—At Barham Court, Lady Barham.—At Greenwich, Dr. Robertson, 88.—Near Newcastle, Josiah Spode, esq.—At Freshford House, Sir W. J. James, bart.—At Warwick, 86, Elizabeth, widow of W. Landor, esq.—In John-street, Isabella, second daughter of the Rev. Sir W. H. Cooper, bart.—At Hewell, the Honourable F. C. Amherst, second son of Earl Amherst.—At Gloucester, S. Woodcock, esq., 85.—In Newman-street, A. Angelo, esq., 83.—At Dublin, J. Hamilton, esq., author of the *Hamiltonian System*.—At Capesthorpe Hall, Mrs. Davenport, wife of D. Davenport, esq., M.P. Cheshire.—At Norwich, 102, Mr. Kingaby; he has left a widow aged 98, and a daughter in her 70th year.—At Leicester, Rev. E. T. Vaughan, brother to Mr. Baron Vaughan.—At Edinburgh, John Horner, esq., father of the late Mr. Horner, M.P.—Mrs. Felicia Elizabetha Hele, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich.—At Bath, Major-General Sir J. P. Dalrymple, bart.—At Richmond, Duke of Buccleugh's, the Lady Isabella Cust, wife of the Hon. Capt. P. F. Cust, M.P.—In Grosvenor-street, the Countess Dowager of Radnor, 71.—At Shabden Park, Sir J. Little.—At Kentish Town, G. Dawe, esq.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

In Savoy, Louis de Saldanha, Marquis de Taubate, Brazilian Plenipotentiary to the Court of Petersburg, to Sophia, eldest daughter of the late J. Burn, esq., of Orton Hall, Westmoreland.—At Paris, A. D. Gordon, esq., to Harriet Elizabeth, only daughter of the late R. Gordon, esq. Governor of Berbice.—At Florence, Lieut. Col. Byam, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir G. Temple, bart.—At Barbadoes, the Rev. C. Layton, to Mary Christian, only daughter of the Hon. G. Maynard.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

M. Graser, 93, councillor in the Duke of Nassau's service. The reigning duke is the seventh sovereign of Nassau whom M. Graser served; he has left a widow of 80 to whom he was united 64 years.—At Gibraltar, His Excellency Gabriel Ciscar, 70, well known in the literary world for his numerous valuable writings.

#### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—A petrified oak has just been found in the free-stone quarry, at Wide-open, about five miles from Newcastle, at considerable depth from the surface, and six feet from the head of the stone. Twenty-four feet of the upper part of the tree has already been taken out; the

extent of the remainder cannot yet be ascertained, as about nine months will be required to remove the stone which covers it.

**DURHAM.**—It appears that the sea is encroaching upon the Town Moor of Sunderland, to

such a degree, that the pond which was formerly situated in the centre of the moor, is now so near the verge, that it may be expected in a very short time to run over the edge of the bank into the sea. If the sea continue to advance as rapidly as it has hitherto done (of which there is every probability), the lower part of the town of Sunderland will, in a few years be swept away.

The Bishop of Durham has put four Roman Catholic gentlemen into the Commission of the Peace for this county.

A most tempestuous gale from the N. and N.E. did great damage amongst the shipping on the coast of Durham, in the night of the 13th, and the morning of the 14th of October. Thirteen vessels were stranded near Sunderland. The gale was attended with rain; and great damage was done from the rivers overflowing their banks.

**YORKSHIRE.**—St. Stephen's new church, Kirkstall, has been consecrated by the Archbishop of York; it contains 500 free sittings, and about 500 that are charged for the maintenance of the minister. The first stone of a new church has been laid at New Mills, Glossop; the inscription deposited in the corner stone was enamelled on a fine China tile executed at Messrs. Potts and Co.'s establishment.

In excavating the ground in the vicinity of the old bridge at Layerthorpe Porten, York, several tomb-stones have been found. There were also found about 50 coins of a kind which has puzzled the antiquarians to say to what class they belong. They are of the rudest workmanship; and the *Yorkshire Gazette* says, "There is a head on the obverse, bound round with a plain fillet; and on the reverse, a naked figure of a man, with a lance or club in his left hand, in his right the sun; and a half moon reversed is placed at the bottom, on the left side." The material appears to be block tin.

The York Corporation have chosen the Hon. Edward Petre, a Roman Catholic, as an alderman of that city, in the room of Mr. Chaloner, resigned.

It has been ascertained, that a portion, at least, of the city of York, is raised about thirty feet above the former level; for remains of a Roman wall, and of a jetty, have been discovered underground, at that depth, on the banks of the Foss.

Ripon minster is about to undergo a thorough repair. A liberal subscription has been entered into for the purpose.

A bazaar, for the benefit of the Dispensary, was opened in the little town of Bedale, on the 5th of October, at which the very considerable sum (when the population of the place is considered) of £450 was taken.

Hull fair never went off with so little eclat as this year; owing to the dulness of the season.

The debtor's gaol, belonging to Lord Fitzwilliam's Manor Court, at Ecclewall, is at present so crowded, that an order has been issued to stay personal executions of warrants for female debtors.

We regret to perceive from the Carlisle, Manchester, and Stockport papers, that the improvement in trade, so loudly boasted of, as having taken place in those districts, is, as we suspected it to be, a fable.—*Leeds Intelligencer*, Oct. 22.

**LANCASHIRE.**—The burgesses of Liverpool have held a public meeting in the Music Hall,

when several resolutions were passed, and a committee formed, "for the purpose of obtaining the recovery of the privileges of the freemen, and of securing to them a wholesome controul over the administration of the corporate estate, and to give to them an unquestioned right to the management of their own concerns!!!"

"On Sunday week, the Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, preached two elegant sermons in Ebenezer Chapel, Darwen, near Blackburn, when the munificent sum of £109 was collected towards liquidating the existing debt on the chapel!"—*Macclesfield Courier*.

There has been a trial of locomotive carriages on the Manchester and Liverpool rail-road, for a prize of £500 given by the directors; some of them moving at the rate of 24, 11, 12, 16, 30, and one of them even at the rate of 32 miles in the hour, making good the observation of all the spectators, "that the power of steam is unlimited!"

A most disastrous and extensive conflagration has occurred at Manchester. The warehouses belonging to the company of merchants trading to and from Liverpool, Leeds, York, and Halifax, with the adjoining warehouses of Messrs. Barnaby and Falkner, have been reduced to a heap of ashes, and one life lost on the occasion.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.**—A meeting of the inhabitants of Newark has been recently held for proposing a petition to the House of Commons, relative to notices received by some of the voters, from the Duke of Newcastle's agent, to quit their premises, in consequence of voting for Mr. Serjeant Wilde, when resolutions were entered into for that purpose.

Last week the whole of the tenants of the Earl of Cardigan, residing in Nottinghamshire, sent in a round-robin to his lordship's steward, stating that it was impossible for them, under the present distressed state of affairs, with no market for their produce, to think of remaining in their farms at the same rents. We have not yet heard his lordship's answer. A similar document has been forwarded to the steward of Sir J. Isham, by his tenants; the worthy baronet, in reply, has informed them that he felt for their distressed state, and that he had ordered the whole of their farms to be re-valued, and the price regulated according to the present times. He further added, he could not suffer one to leave him. Many other farmers are following a similar plan, the poor's rate being in some parishes as high as 28s. in the pound, annual, and at the rate of £3 an acre.—*Leicester Herald*.

**DORSET.**—At the recent sessions for this county the chairman regretted to see the unusual number of prisoners in the calendar, and then alluded to the urgent distress prevalent in the country, stating the necessity of being more than ordinarily vigilant to prevent the alarming extent of crime.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—At the quarterly meeting of ironmasters, held last week at Birmingham, the increasing depression of that important article of commerce was evinced by a further reduction of 3s. per ton upon pig, and 10s. upon bar-iron. The internal consumption of iron in England has decreased in the last year by at least

one half in agricultural districts. In Shropshire, the reduction in price is greater than in Staffordshire.—*Burrows' Worcester Journal*, Oct. 22.

**CAMBRIDGESHIRE.**—Mr. Serjeant Storks, in his address to the grand jury at the late quarter sessions, at Cambridge, regretted to find the number of cases in the calendar so numerous; for although the charges were most of them of a trivial nature, still it must remove the impression that there was any diminution of crime. It might be that this increase was in a great measure to be attributed to the present inefficient state of the police. The town of Cambridge had of late much increased in population and extent, and yet there was nothing to protect its peace and good order but the old system of common constables, which, it is evident, is not adequate to prevent the increase of crime!!! The grand jury would judge whether they might not with some benefit, as a portion of the individuals whose property and happiness was concerned, turn their attention to the consideration of some plan which might tend to prevent this apparent evil.

**HANTS.**—If the great annual mart of Weyhill fair be allowed to be a fair indication of the times, they are deplorable indeed. Upwards of 150,000 sheep were exhibited for sale, for a great portion of which not even a price was asked, and those which were sold were at prices lower by 5s. and 7s. per head under the low prices of last year, 4s. per head cheaper than at the late Weyhill Lammas fair, and several shillings under the late Wilton fair.

**CHESHIRE.**—St. George's Chapel, Macclesfield, one of the most elegant edifices in England, and which was originally built for a congregation of Evangelical Dissenters, has, with the greatest portion of its congregation, seceded from the ranks of dissent, and been consecrated by the Bishop of Chester.

At the inauguration dinner given by the new mayor of Macclesfield, the healths of the county members were toasted by the mayor. On rising to propose the health of the county members, the mayor begged to offer them his warmest acknowledgments, and he was sure he spoke the sentiments of thousands around, when he thanked their honoured and honourable county members, for the votes they had given six months ago, when the constitution of the country was placed in such imminent peril. He would thank them too for their benevolent and strenuous exertions on behalf of the distressed and famishing poor of the neighbourhood—and he would thank them too most heartily for their unwearied assiduity to promote the interests of the staple trade of the town; had their exertions been crowned with the success they merited, Macclesfield would have still been a flourishing town, and the silk trade one of the most prosperous in the kingdom. He wished their long tried and faithful—found members' happiness and comfort, and sure he was their comforts would not be diminished by knowing that they were co-existent with the comforts of the poor!!!

\* The Whig Club lately held a meeting at Chester, and from a letter addressed to the chairman by the county member, Mr. Davenport, we select the following:—"For some years past the country has been labouring under difficulties with

Mr. Sadler has been presented with the freedom of Macclesfield for his public conduct in and out of parliament; and more especially for his defence of the long established, but now abandoned, commercial policy of this country.

Owing to the depressed state of trade, the usual festivities at the Wakes were not observed in any great degree; there was not a single show exhibited to gratify the holiday people; several of the benefit clubs, the members of which used to parade the streets and then dine together, omitted, for economy's sake, the latter part of the fete.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—By the abstract of receipts and disbursements of the treasurer of this county, it appears that from Easter sessions, 1828, to those of 1829 inclusive, the expenses amounted to upwards of £25,000—the whole of which, after deducting about £11,000 for building and repairing bridges, &c.—was swallowed up in the proceedings of justice and its accessories, gaols, bridewells, &c. &c.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—At the recent annual meeting of the Devon and Exeter Infant School Society, it was announced in the report, that the daily attendance of the children had been increased from the previous year, from 70 to 80, to 100 and 120 children. Colonel Macdonald remarked that he had been in most parts of the world, and in the principal towns of the united kingdom, but that he had never been in any place where there were so many charitable institutions, and so well supported, as in Exeter.—*Woolmer's Exeter and Plymouth Gazette*.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—Some of the principal tradespeople of Bath having submitted to the corporation their wishes to plant and lay out the estate belonging to the freemen, as shaded drives and promenades, by which the property would be much improved, and a great desideratum obtained, they were pleased to give their sanction and support to the plan, and the proper means are now being pursued to effect the same. The estate

which nothing but a vigorous opposition, or a minister who preferred the public welfare to his place could grapple. Yet during the first year of the present parliament all effort was suspended, every tongue was tied by the mere promise of a Finance Committee. . . . Wait and see what the finance committee will do. . . . Yet in the last session this famous bugbear, which has kept us all in check for above two years, was as much forgotten as if it had never existed, scarcely any allusion having been made to it! . . . For my part I know not of what use it is to study politics unless it be to promote the welfare of our fellow-creatures; and for men, whether in or out of parliament, calling themselves politicians, to think themselves justified in sitting still, boasting past triumphs, or crowing over fallen foes when Rome is on fire in a dozen quarters, instead of contributing energetically whatever rights or knowledge they possess, or such sentiments as their good feeling may dictate, is, I think, not the way to evince either the purity of their faith, or the efficacy of their works. . . . And yet I apprehend there never was a time when Bankruptcy, and ruin, and distress, were so widely spread in England as now. Read the reports from all the great towns in the empire, some of which describe whole districts subsisting upon earnings not exceeding fifteenpence a-week!!! And why are these abominations suffered to endure for a moment? To enrich the loan-monger, the placeman, the pensioner, and the capitalist, to whom, no doubt, allusion is made when we hear of the general and permanent interests of the country!!!



is about 96 acres, beautifully situated, commanding a very extensive prospect. It is proposed to form also a zoological and botanical garden.—Dr. Wilkinson's philosophical institution is now completed, and has many members. There will be a class for zoology and botany, for the purpose above alluded to.—The baths have been very much improved, cleansed, and beautified, the pump-room beautifully painted, and a superb fountain, on a marble column, erected; some new baths formed, and the hot water conveyed to the hospital for the patients, instead of taking the patients through the streets; and many judicious alterations effected.—Gravel walks have been made in Queen-square, and additional shrubs planted, and the arena of Catherine place will be made similar. Gas lights have been placed about the environs, and very extensive improvements effected in Bathwick; the old buildings about the abbey are now being removed, and the new turnpikes to be situated at greater distances from the city, so that the rides on the public roads may be more prolonged.—The new church of Walcot parish is nearly completed, and a suspension bridge will shortly be built across the Avon, at Grosvenor-buildings: the contract is signed.—*Bath Herald.*

At the late bazaar held at Bridgewater, £220 were collected for the Benevolent School.

The interesting ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new church of St. Philip and Jacob, at Bristol, took place Sept. 22; it will be very spacious, capable of accommodating 2,500 persons, including 1,590 free sittings, and is to be built in the Gothic style, "No part of Bristol wanted an additional church more than this district," says *Felix Farley's Journal*, "the parish church of St. Philip being inadequate to the reception of a 20th part of the inhabitants, the poorer classes of whom are in a most lamentable state of demoralization!"

The Bristol Clergy Society celebrated their anniversary, Sept. 30, when the report of the proceedings of the day stated, that £494. 12s. had been collected on the occasion for the benefit of that excellent institution. The next day The Gloucestershire Society held their meeting also, when £247. 12s. 1d. were collected for the furtherance of the views of that benevolent institution; and the day after, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge likewise met at the cathedral, where the hundreds of children from the various public and parish schools of Bristol, were in attendance, and a collection was made at the doors.

**LEICESTERSHIRE.**—The departing wishes of the late Duchess Elizabeth, of Rutland, have been carried into effect; her earthly remains now repose at Belvoir, that beautiful domain which her genius was so instrumental in adorning. The work of exhumation has been in progress for some time past, as not only the coffin of her Grace is removed from the church at Bottesford, to the tomb on Blackberry-hill, but those of the three Dukes of Rutland, the renowned Marquis of Granby, with the various members of their families, are now deposited in the capacious vaults beneath the structure. The coffin of her Grace occupies the interior of a white marble sarcophagus, placed within the centre of the elaborate Anglo-Norman arch. On its side are sculptured the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity. At the back of these appears, in Parian marble, a whole-

length statue of her Grace, who appears to have burst the confines of the grave, and is in the act of ascending to the realms of immortality.

Mr. Secretary Peel, recently passing through Hinchley, a deputation from the framework-knitters of that place waited upon him during his short stay, to represent to him the very distressed situation of that town and neighbourhood. The answer was: "The communication made to me shall be brought under the consideration of his Majesty's government, and particularly of the Board of Trade. His Majesty's government has every motive of inclination and of duty to adopt such measures as shall be calculated to relieve local distress, provided those measures are consistent with the general and permanent interest of the country."

**HEREFORDSHIRE.**—The Hereford Tram Road to Monmouth Gap has been completed and opened for public use, forming a permanent, certain, and rapid medium of conveyance and traffic between Hereford, its vicinity, and the important district surrounding Abergavenny, and other parts of Monmouthshire, comprising advantages of the greatest consequence, and affording a new source for the conveyance of produce, and facilities for commercial intercourse.

At his last audit day, Mr. Knight allowed his tenants a deduction of 10 per cent. from their rents; he attended the audit, and told them he had always instructed his steward to let them his estates at 10 per cent. below their fair value; but that times had proved worse than he had anticipated, and therefore he should make them the additional allowance of 10 per cent. He also assured them that however bad times may be in future, if they would manage their farms well and properly, he should be content to receive whatever rents his steward thought they could afford to pay, "consistently with their families living comfortably!"

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—The Birmingham Society of Arts was opened, Sept. 22, for the exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and architecture, under the patronage and auspices of all the nobility and gentry of the county.

The business of the Joint Stock Bank commenced on Thursday last under the management of Mr. J. Gibbins and 12 directors. The capital is fixed at £500,000 in 10,000 shares of £50 each.—*Birmingham Journal*, Oct. 3.

The receipts at the several performances at the Birmingham Musical Festival amounted the first day to £1,482. 17s. 5d.; the second to £2,422. 7s.; the third, £2,351. 7s. 6d.; and the fourth to £2,841. 5s. amounting in the total, with the sale of books and some donations, to £9,604. 1s. 11d. The gratuitous collection alone, at the church-doors, on coming out, amounted, *in toto*, to upwards of £1,700!!!

The expenses for lighting, watching, cleansing, and otherwise improving the town of Birmingham, during the year ending June 30, 1829, amounted to upwards of £10,000.—£2,407 were paid for watchmen; upwards of £2,000 for scavengers, and more than £1,900 for gas-light.

Thirty-nine pictures, including several paintings by artists residing in Bristol, have been sold for between £800 and £900, out of the present exhibition of modern paintings at Birmingham.—*Felix Farley's Bristol Journal.*

**ESSEX.**—At the recent sessions held at Chelmsford, the Clerk of the Peace read the report delivered in by the visiting magistrates, respecting the state of the gaols, by which it appeared that crime has so alarmingly increased that there is no accommodation for the prisoners. In consequence, it was contended by Mr. Western, that the only remedy was a more frequent gaol delivery; it was therefore resolved, that the court, at its rising, do adjourn to November 25, for the trial of prisoners.

**KENT.**—Now the herring fishery has commenced, the harbour of Ramsgate contains an enormous quantity of fishing vessels from Boulogne, and other parts of the French coast; there are above a thousand fishermen, who do not behave in the most decorous manner. The boys beg with the most annoying importunity, and the men either walk or lie in groups on the pier, uttering the most disgusting oaths, and conducting themselves in the most filthy manner. Quere—why is it that French fishing-boats are allowed to enter our ports free of any sort of toll or port duty, while English boats and vessels are obliged to pay duty every time they even send a small boat into a French harbour to buy provisions? Is this Free Trade?

**WALES.**—At the Denbigh county meeting, recently held at Ruthin Town Hall, for the purpose of taking into consideration the proposed change in Welsh judicature, it was resolved—That as it is the intention of the legislature to modify, if not to abolish, the jurisdiction of the existing courts of the principality, it is our duty carefully to ascertain to what extent our posterity will be benefitted or injured by our concessions.—That it appears to this meeting, if any abuses have crept into the practice of our courts, or defects become apparent, that by legislative aid they may be corrected, or supplied, without the destruction of the fabric on which our constitutional privileges are founded.—That it would be highly beneficial to the interests of the principality that justice should be administered by the judges of the realm, provided the ancient jurisdiction of our courts could be preserved.—Several other resolutions were proposed and negatived, particularly one signed by noblemen and gentlemen connected with the principality, at the house of Sir W. W. Wynne, "If," said Mr. G. Griffiths, "these great men would go and sign a paper like this without consulting the Poor who are most interested, and who alone will be injured by its operation, I think that no reason why we should acquiesce in their act. The rich man may go to law where he pleases, regardless of the expense. He may have his cause tried at Shrewsbury or at Hereford; but, if a poor man cannot have his cause tried at home, and at little expense, it amounts to a denial of justice to him!" At this meeting an anecdote was related by Mr. C. W. Wynne, relating to that blessed Court of Equity, the Chancery: "As to the evil of a common law bar in proceedings in Equity, he (Mr. Wynn) was himself a living instance of it. During his time at the bar, he happened to be engaged as counsel in an Equity cause, and was absolutely unable to draw the pleadings. Well, what did do in this emergency? Why he applied to his friend, Mr. Bennion, who was on the other side in the question, and actually got him to draw his pleadings; so that his learned friend was literally counsel on both sides."

**SCOTLAND.**—Mr. Yeats, a native of Glasgow, and afterwards residing in Devonshire, has bequeathed the island of Shuna, of which the annual income is about £500, to be vested in the magistrates of Glasgow as trustees, for the purpose of the yearly produce being applied as follows:—One fifth for public improvements or charities in Glasgow; two-fifths for the benefit of the Professorships of Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Mathematics, and Botany, in the University of Glasgow; one-fifth to the trustees of the Andersonian University; and one-fifth to the Glasgow Infirmary.

**IRELAND.**—An important meeting took place lately at Cork, Earl of Mountcashel in the chair, to consider the state of the Irish Protestant church, and the propriety of petitioning the king and the legislature to reform the church establishment of Ireland, by enforcing a more exemplary conduct among the clergy, and particularly a more equitable distribution of its revenues. Lord Mountcashel, in opening the business of the day, expressed that nothing but a speedy purification of the abuses which had crept into the discipline of the Protestant church of England and Ireland, could prevent "the glorious fabric of England's pride from soon becoming a shadow." He attributed to three causes the present deplorable state of the church:—The government of the country were, in the first instance, blameable; the second cause was the neglect of the performance of their duties by the generality of the clergy; and the third cause was the consequent supineness of the laity. The resolutions were unanimously adopted; and it was agreed that a petition, in conformity with them, should be drawn up by a committee, and transmitted to the Right Hon. Robert Peel for presentation to the king; that a copy of the petition should be presented to the House of Lords by Lord Mountcashel, and one to the House of Commons by the Hon. Mr. King.

At a meeting of the corporation of weavers, held at Dublin, Oct. 9, it appeared that starvation of their numerous and helpless families is so alarmingly prevalent from a want of employment occasioned by the great influx of French and other foreign goods, that they thought it necessary to pass several resolutions to that effect, and to bring their melancholy case before the king and the parliament. The following is the 4th:—"Resolved, That it is our solemn and deliberate opinion, that the system of 'Free Trade,' now pursued, falsely so called, being without 'Reciprocity,' is a mere delusive theory, impracticable and incompatible with the present state of the country, as respects its trade with France, and other foreign countries, inasmuch as the operatives in France, and those other parts, have food considerably cheaper than our operatives; there being no Corn Laws in France to keep the price of corn up to a certain height, to enable farmers to pay Landlords Rack-rents; nor are there in France the heavy burdens of Excise and other Taxes that are in this country; nor have the French the heavy National Debt to labour under that we have; and, above all, the French are not cursed with an Absentee Landed Proprietary, like unfortunate Ireland, who take the produce of the industry of the country, and squander it abroad!"